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ANNALS OF IOWA



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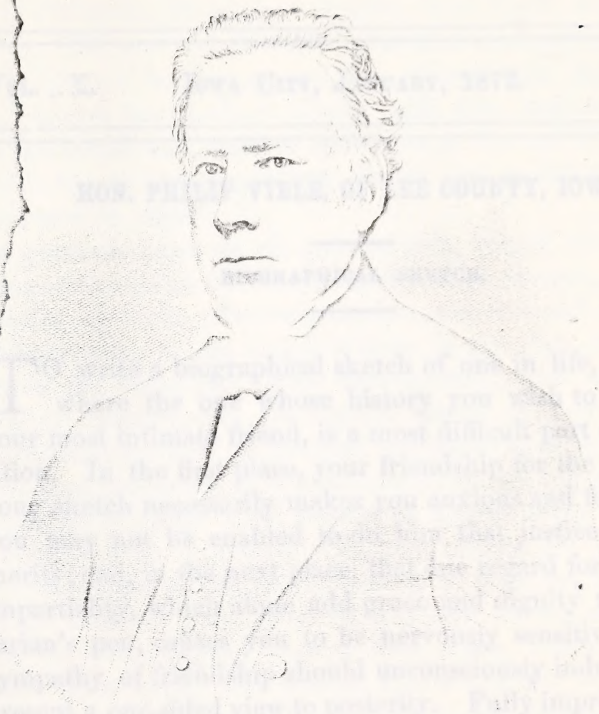
# ANNALS OF IOWA

VOL. II.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, 1872.

No. 1.

HON. PHILIP VIELE, OF IOWA COUNTY, IOWA.



A biographical sketch of one in life, especially  
 of the history of the State, is a most difficult task of com-  
 position. In the first place, your friendliness for the subject of  
 your sketch necessarily makes you anxious and fearful, lest  
 you may not be qualified to do the work which he  
 made for him. He was a man for truth and  
 integrity, and his life was a study in the his-  
 tory of the State. To be perfectly accurate, let the  
 writer of this sketch should necessarily follow you in  
 your own view to posterity. Fully impressed with  
 the difficulties of my undertaking, and feeling that though  
 there are many others that I more competent to do justice  
 to the subject of my remarks than myself, provided they  
 are acquainted with the incidents and facts as I am, yet as  
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 to write, and my friendship for  
 I draw a brief histor-  
 ical sketch of his life.

*Philip Viele*

Madison, Iowa, —





# ANNALS OF IOWA.

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VOL. IX.

IOWA CITY, JANUARY, 1872.

No. 1.

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HON. PHILIP VIELE, OF LEE COUNTY, IOWA.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

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TO write a biographical sketch of one in life, especially where the one whose history you wish to record is your most intimate friend, is a most difficult part of composition. In the first place, your friendship for the subject of your sketch necessarily makes you anxious and fearful, lest you may not be enabled to do him that justice which he merits; and, in the next place, that due regard for truth and impartiality, which alone add grace and dignity to the historian's pen, causes you to be nervously sensitive lest the sympathy of friendship should unconsciously induce you to present a one-sided view to posterity. Fully impressed with the difficulties of my undertaking, and feeling that though there are many others much more competent to do justice to the subject of my remarks than myself, provided they were acquainted with the incidents and facts as I am, yet, as I believe no other person knows the incidents I am going to relate as well as myself, I will plead my friendship for my excuse of humble abilities, while I draw a brief historical sketch of Hon. P. Viele, of Fort Madison, Iowa,—a



name familiar and pleasing to the "Old Settlers" of Iowa, and which they have often honored with their confidence in both private and public trusts.

The subject of our sketch is commonly known as Judge Viele, and by which designation we will now proceed to speak of him.

He was born at The Valley (*now* Valley Falls), in the town of Pittstown, Rensselaer County, New York, September 10th, 1799, and has, therefore, passed his seventy-second year. Though he has passed his "three-score and ten years," nature has dealt so kindly with him, that he possesses the health and vigor of most men at the age of sixty, and bids fair to survive, in both his life and usefulness, for many years to come.

His great ancestor, on his paternal side, was of the name of Arnaud Cornelius Viele, a Frenchman by descent, and a Holländer by birth, who emigrated to America and settled in Schenectady, on the Mohawk river, in the state of New York, in the latter part of the 17th century. His name is honorably mentioned in the colonial history of New York, for important services he rendered government in the negotiations and procurement of treaties with the Indian nations. The parents of Judge Viele resided on a farm at the time of his birth, and he remained with them under the parental roof, and assisted as his youth allowed, in work on the farm until his fifteenth year, when he was sent to the academy in Salem, Washington County, New York, where he remained three years. He entered Union College, at Schenectady, New York, in 1817, and there, for several years, pursued his studies with zeal and success, under the instruction of the learned and distinguished Dr. Nott. Hon. William H. Seward was a student in Union College at the same time, and he and the Judge there formed an acquaintance, which was pleasantly remembered for many years afterwards. He commenced the study of the law in October, 1821, in Waterford, Saratoga county, New York, and was admitted to the bar of the supreme court of that state in 1824.





Possessed of a penetrating and ready wit, quick at repartee, strong in his mental perceptions, possessing a most happy flow of language, polished by literary attainments and reflection, and fearless in the advocacy of what he believed to be the right, he must necessarily have attained to an exalted position as a jurist and advocate, had he confined his attention to law studies and the practice of his profession. But here, the Judge, misled by the glare and excitement of politics, as hundreds of others of inexperienced years are constantly being misled, left his Blackstone and Coke to slumber on the shelf of his office, while he addressed the populace from the hustings.

At the presidential election of 1824, four great historic characters appeared before the American public, soliciting suffrages for the presidency. William H. Crawford was the Democratic nominee, as Democratic nominees were nominated by Congressional caucusses in those days. John Q. Adams, General Jackson, and Henry Clay, each contested for the envied prize as independent candidates.

The great historic family name of Adams, the great military reputation of Jackson, and the splendid oratorical abilities and statesmanship qualities of Clay, created a deep political excitement all through the United States. All these men had been distinguished as Democratic leaders, and had personal friends and admirers in all sections of the country, who engaged in the support of their respective favorites with all imaginable zeal and activity. Judge Viele caught the enthusiasm of the hour, and took the stump in behalf of "Old Hickory." His youth and splendid speaking ability soon gained him a wide reputation as the "*Boy Orator*." A former citizen of Keokuk, Iowa, who lived in New York at the time when the Judge was talking politics from the hustings, says there was no other speaker, *old* or *young*, in eastern New York, who could draw together such large crowds, and stir them to the same excitement as Judge Viele could. Such were his services to his party, and so highly were his merits esteemed, that DeWitt Clinton, then



governor of New York, tendered him the office of surrogate of Rensselaer County, New York, which he accepted in 1827, and held it until 1831, when he was re-appointed by Governor Throop, and then held until 1835. The salary of that office was about two thousand dollars a year, which, in those primitive days, when money was worth three times what it is now, made it a position that almost any man might have coveted.

In June, 1828, he married his wife, Catherine Gertrude, daughter of Isaac Brinckerhoff, of Troy, a most estimable lady, the affectionate sharer of his trials of life; possessing a sound and discriminating mind; with sweetness of temper and elegance of manners; fervid in her religious principles; and whose study and love of the beautiful in nature and art were surpassed only by her veneration of God. Admired and beloved by all who knew her, or came within the range of her influence, her decease, which occurred about two years ago, was mourned as a public loss.

During the eight years the Judge held the said office, its duties were so heavy and exacting, that he could find no time to pursue his law studies, except so far as the same related to probate business, and when he had retired into private life, he saw the error he had committed in abandoning his profession. He had gone security for a relative for a large amount of money, and the relative failing in business, the Judge was called upon to meet his obligations. He felt the moral force of the claim, and yielded up his property, *even to his homestead*, to liquidate the demands his generosity had incurred, and with his wife started westward, not knowing exactly where he should settle, to take a new start in the struggle of life. After a tedious travel of a month or more by stages and steamboats (for there were no railroads west of New York in those days), he and his wife "pitched their tent" at the place where now stands the thriving city of Fort Madison (then in the territory of Wisconsin), on June 2d, 1837. That is now, and has been his home ever since he landed in Iowa.





When he arrived at Fort Madison, it was a little village of twenty or thirty cabins set among bushes and trees; but as it was the county seat of Lee county (though without a court-house), he hung out his "Law Shingle," and once more resorted to his old friends, Coke and Blackstone. Madison soon grew into business and legal importance, and for six or eight years the Judge continued at the bar with a growing business.

But he still had a lingering love for the excitement of politics. Before he left New York, he had become estranged from the Democratic party. There was a "*clique*," or "*ring*," in that state in those days, called the "*Albany Regency*," of which Van Buren and Marcy were the leaders; men whom the Judge cordially disliked. The Judge belonged to the Clinton wing of the Democracy, and between it and the "Regency" there was an old feud. Upon the death of Clinton, the "Regency" got the control of, not only the state of New York, but also of the Democratic party generally throughout the United States. The Judge regarded the "Regency" in about the same light the honest portion of the American people now regard "*Tammany*," and the "*Washington Government Rings*," and united his political fortunes with Henry Clay and the Whig party. Indeed, the controversy, as between the honest parties of the Whig and Democratic parties of those days, was more a dispute about personal preferences than principles, at least so far as the Whig and the Northern wing of the Democracy were concerned. If the Whigs were in favor of internal improvements by the general government, so were the Northern Democracy. If the Whigs were mostly in favor of a protective tariff, the Northern Democracy were willing for a revenue tariff, which should discriminate so as to give incidental protection. If the Whigs repudiated nullification and secession, General Jackson swore "*By the Eternal*" that the Union should be maintained at all hazards, and all the Democracy of the nation, outside of South Carolina, straightened themselves to sustain the oath of the Old Hero by the





sword. If the Whigs insisted that the safety of the nation required that the presidency should be limited to one term in the same person, the Democracy threw out the banner of "Rotation in Office;" but claimed that such was the exigency of the times that the rule should not apply to General Jackson; and they applied the rule to his successors, Van Buren,\* Polk and Buchanan. If the Democracy insisted on a strict construction of the Constitution, the Whigs admitted that the government was one of *limited* powers, and had not authority, except such as had been given to it by the Constitution, upon which the people of the several states had agreed as the *terms of their national compact*. But the Whigs insisted these powers should receive a liberal construction, and not be hampered by too narrow a rule.

Having duly weighed the men and professions of the two parties, the Judge thought his future line of duty lay with the weaker party, and he united his fortunes with it. In 1840 the United States was almost, or quite, as much excited over the presidential contest between General Harrison and Van Buren as they had been between Crawford and others in 1824, and the Judge took the stump for General Harrison against his old associate, Van Buren.

He made several speeches in Iowa during that campaign which elicited great applause, and the Whig masses of Iowa, by apparently common consent, named him as their candidate for delegate to Congress. It has since then been believed by the leading men of both parties in Iowa, that if the Judge had been allowed to be the Whig candidate in 1840, he would have been elected. But certain persons in his party, fearful of his influence, set a convention machinery in motion to get rid of him, and the Judge having no taste for such a conflict, and feeling that a strict party nomina-

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\*Through the aid and force of government patronage and influence, Mr. Van Buren secured a re nomination from the Democracy for the presidency in 1840. But the "one term" idea proved too strong for party discipline; and many Democrats who held to that idea, united with the Whigs, all of whom held or professed to hold, to it in the election and triumph of Gen. Harrison.



tion in a Democratic territory as Iowa then was, would be hazardous, let the "*small men*" of his party have their way; and who, though they nominated a very creditable speaker, yet, by such nomination, drew the party lines upon him and defeated him. These party conventions have ever been, and perhaps *ever will be*, the curse of American politics, since the wire-workers and political trimmers of each party, always manipulate them, and procure nominations for their selfish purposes. In 1846 the Judge united in a political movement of a local character, which once more separated him from his profession, to which he never again returned. Lee County had grown rapidly in population and wealth, and as it was enabled to stand heavy taxation, a "ring" of political partisans, under the guise of a Democratic name, had fastened upon the county offices, and levied taxes, and disposed of the public moneys, as though the county was their private domain, and the taxes their individual property.

County orders were depreciated to about fifty cents on the dollar. The Whigs had tried, under their party organizations, to remedy the evil complained of, but were unsuccessful at each election. The Judge, with some other friends, conceived the idea of dropping the Whig name for a season, and calling on the honest men of all parties to unite for the redemption of the county, under the name of the "*Union, Retrenchment, and Reform Party, of Lee County.*" The masses of both parties gladly responded to the call, and a meeting of the citizens, irrespective of party, was held to nominate county candidates in 1846. The friends of reform insisted in putting the name of the Judge on their ticket for Judge of Probate, and would not accept "no" for an answer. Fearing lest his refusal might weaken the cause he had assisted in starting, he gave his consent. The whole ticket was elected at the fall election of 1846 by a large majority. He was elected three terms successively on the reform ticket, as Judge of Probate of Lee County, and gave universal satisfaction in the performance of the duties of his office. The wisdom of the reform ticket was shown by the





fact that the financial credit of the county soon revived, and county orders were made worth a hundred cents on the dollar. In 1852 the Judge allowed his Whig friends to tram-mel him with a party nomination as Whig candidate for Congress for the first congressional district of Iowa; and running in a party garb, he excluded himself from the support of many personal friends in the Democratic ranks, and though he got the full support of his party, and, perhaps, something more, was defeated. When the Kansas-Nebraska imbroglio stirred the waters of American politics, he threw all his influence into the anti-slavery scales and was chosen, with enthusiasm, president of the first Republican state convention of Iowa, held at Iowa City, in 1856. On the organization of the Fort Madison branch of the state bank of Iowa, in 1859, he was chosen its president, and held that office for five years. In 1859, he was also elected a member of the state board of education, and performed the duties of the station for one term.

How much he is respected by the people of Fort Madison is shown by the following circumstances. Though that city is, and always has been, strongly Democratic, it has on four several occasions elected him its mayor. In the early part of 1870 a meeting of the stockholders and citizens of Fort Madison was called in reference to a railroad project which they had worked hard to get accomplished, but which, owing to untoward circumstances, seemed likely to fail. The speeches of those who had it in special charge were desponding, and it was generally considered as a "lost cause," when the Judge, inspired by the necessities of the occasion, addressed the meeting with all the authority of age, and all the fire and eloquence of youth. He stirred the local pride of the citizens to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and who entered anew into the spirit of the cause with such energy, that it passed immediately from doubt to certainty. He accepted the position of treasurer and financial agent of the railroad, and in less than one year, the "Fort Madison, Farmington, and Western Railroad" became an accomplish-





ed fact, and the cars were running twenty-five miles of road west of Fort Madison. It is now being fast pushed westward towards the Missouri river.

The Judge has no children to cheer his old age, and he is now residing in quiet and dignified ease, at his beautifully located residence in Fort Madison. He has a competency of "worldly estate,"—all that is necessary to make his declining years entirely happy—except for the absence of her, who, as devoted wife and friend, for forty years, had associated with him in the pilgrimage of life, shared his joys, and alleviated his sorrows. But he is a firm believer in Christianity, and the immortality of the soul, and doubts not but that hereafter he will meet his companion (and not only her, but others, united to him by sympathy and affection in earth life) in a purer and more perfect home, where there will be no more partings; and this idea and belief is a constant spring of solace to his loneliness and old age.

When I had commenced writing this sketch, I had it in my mind to relate some of the witticisms and repartees of the Judge, for which he was much noted while at the Iowa bar as a lawyer. I had also thought to quote portions of some of his public speeches, such as I have heard them, when they excited crowds to the wildest enthusiasm. But many of these items have already been published and passed into history, and my remarks are, probably, already too long for a mere biographical sketch. In conclusion, I feel, that however defective is the performance on my part, the *Old Settlers* of Iowa will, at least, appreciate my motives, and thank me for the notice I have made of one of their ancient associates.

KEOKUK, IOWA, Nov. 2, 1871.

D. F. M.



## THE EARLY HISTORY OF IOWA.

BY CHARLES NEGUS.

(Continued from page 652 of Vol. (X).)

## THE EXPLORATIONS OF THE MISSOURI AND OF THE WEST.

THE country between the Mississippi and the Missouri, in richness of soil and beautiful native scenery, is not surpassed by any location in the world. Hence its early history becomes a matter of interest, and for this reason some of the early events connected with the west are collected.

At a very early date, the Spanish from Mexico made explorations on the coast of the Pacific as far north as the forty-third degree of latitude.

In 1610, Henry Hudson, while on an exploring expedition, entered, for the first time, the bay which bears his name. In 1669, some London merchants associated themselves together under the name of the "Hudson Bay Company," and received a charter from Charles II., granting them exclusive privileges to trade with the Indians in the whole region around Hudson Bay. The French of Canada were their rivals in the fur trade with the Indians till the cession of that province to Great Britain, in 1763, but the acquiring of this country threw the whole trade into the hands of this company.

Jonathan Carver was the first to conceive the project of crossing the North American continent, and in 1766 he left Boston, and traveled as far west as the river St. Francis.

In 1766 some native merchants of Upper Canada got up a rival company against the Hudson Bay Company, established their headquarters at Michilimarkinoe, and extended their trade into the west, and in 1778 they established a fort for aiding in carrying on their trade on Lake Athabaska, which was called Fort Chipewyan. The interest of these





two companies led them, in 1783, "to an association of the principal merchants under the name of the 'Northwestern Company,' with their headquarters at Montreal. After this union they took measures to extend their trade. Among the members of this new company was Alexander Mackenzie, who, under the auspices of the company, in 1789 started from Fort Chipewyan on an exploring expedition, made his way north, following the river, which now bears his name, to the Arctic Sea. After making this discovery he returned, and in 1792 again started from Fort Chipewyan and ascended Pease river, crossed the Rocky mountains, and struck the head waters of Frazer's river, which at first he proposed to follow to its mouth, but learning from the Indians that its course was nearly south, he left that river and turned his course west, and reached the Pacific ocean, in latitude fifty-two.

In 1792 Robert Gray, commander of the ship *Columbia*, from Boston, while exploring the Pacific coast, discovered and ascended a large river near latitude forty-two, which he called *Columbia*, after the name of his ship.

After acquiring the country west of the Mississippi from France, the government caused exploring expeditions to be fitted out to examine the newly acquired territory. President Jefferson commissioned Meriwether Lewis, captain, and Wm. Clark, lieutenant, both natives of Virginia, to take charge of one of these exploring companies. This party consisted of nine young men from Kentucky, fourteen soldiers of the United States army, two Frenchmen (an interpreter and hunter), and a black servant. In addition to these, there were engaged a corporal, six soldiers, and nine water men, to accompany the party to the head-waters of the Missouri, to help in carrying their stores, and assist against any attacks that might be made by hostile Indians. The party started from their encampment near St. Louis, on the 14th of May, 1804, and pursued their journey up the Missouri. On the 30th of July they had ascended the river as far north as the 41°, 18', 1.14", where they stopped and made an en-





campment on the west side of the river. The land at this point consisted of a "plane above high-water level." Back of this plane was a woody ridge about seventy feet above it. At the edge of the latter they formed their camp. "This ridge separated a lower from a higher prairie," "which extended back about a mile to another elevation of eighty or ninety feet, beyond which is one continuous plane." From this point may be had a beautiful view of the river and adjoining country for a distance of from four to ten miles. Messengers had been sent out to the neighboring villages of the Indians to invite them to visit the camp for the purpose of holding a council. And "the next morning the Indians, with six chiefs, were all assembled under an awning formed with the main sail, in presence of all the party paraded for the occasion." Here the Indians were informed of the change in government, and that they were now under the protection of the government of the United States. This intelligence seemed to please them, and they manifested a desire to have trading houses established among them.

"The incident above related induced the party to give the place the name of Council Bluffs, a name which has become much noted."

There were in this vicinity several bands of Indians.

Near the mouth of the Kansas river, north of that river and west of the Missouri, the Kansas Indians had two villages, at which there lived about three hundred men. The Otoes, who had once been a powerful nation, and lived on the south side of the Missouri, about twenty miles above the Platte, had, with the Missourians, been involved in a war with the Omahas (Mahas), which had so much reduced these two nations in numbers that they were no longer able to sustain themselves against their enemies, and had placed themselves under the protection of the Pawnees. And at this time the remnant of these two nations lived together on the south side of the Platte, about thirty miles from its mouth, and were only about two hundred in number.

About five leagues above the Otoes, on the same side of



the river, was the principal village of the Pawnees, at which there were about five hundred men.

There was another village on the Wolf fork of the Platte, about ninety miles from the principal village, at which there resided two hundred and eighty men. There was another village on the Red river, where they formed a tribe of four hundred men.

Above the Pawnees were the Omahas (Mahas). Their principal village had been located about five miles back from the Missouri, on Maha creek, which had "once consisted of three hundred cabins," but about four years previous to this time they had been visited with the small-pox, which "had destroyed four hundred men and a like proportion of women and children," and after this calamity they set fire to the village and burned it up.

A short distance below where the party held their council, on the opposite side of the river, at a point where the bluffs approach the river, there had been a village of the Iowas; but they had abandoned this location and taken up their abode on the river Des Moines. Above the Omahas were the Yankton and Titon bands of the Sioux.

On the 20th of August the party arrived at the point where the bluffs reach the river on the east side, the first bluffs near the river they had found since they left the place where the Iowas had had their village. Here they had the misfortune to lose one of their men, Charles Floyd, who held in their company the position of sergeant. "He was seized with a bilious colic, and all their care and attention were ineffectual to relieve him." A little before he died he said to his companions: "I am going to leave you; I want to write a letter,"—but his strength failed him before he accomplished his wish, and he died with a composure which justified the high opinion his companions "had formed of his firmness and good conduct." He was buried on the top of the high bluff with the honors of war, and the place of his burial was designated by a cedar post, on which was inscribed his name and the date of his death. This place was





called Floyd's Bluff, in honor of the deceased; and about a mile beyond this point there is a small river, about thirty yards wide," which is called Floyd's river. Here, in this lonely wilderness, many hundred miles from his friends, his remains rested in quiet till 1857, when the high water washed away the bluff so that they were about to tumble into the muddy waters below. When this information was brought to the citizens of Sioux City, a large number of persons repaired to the spot, secured his remains, and re-interred them, with great ceremony, within about two hundred yards of their former resting place, on a bluff about two hundred feet high, which point commands a view for many miles of the surrounding country in Iowa, Nebraska, and Dakota.

The party industriously pursued their journey up the Missouri till the second of November, when they stopped and commenced building cabins to winter in, while those who were to return to St. Louis commenced building a piroque for that purpose. On the 20th of November they left their boats and moved into their cabins. These quarters they called Fort Mandon, from the fact of its being located in the territory of the Mandon Indians. They were located on a "point of low ground on the north side of the Missouri, covered with tall and heavy cottonwood, in  $47^{\circ}$ ,  $21'$ ,  $47''$  of north latitude, at a computed distance, from the mouth of the Missouri, of sixteen hundred miles." They remained at this point till the seventh of the next April, when they left their quarters, embarked in their boats, and pursued their journey up the river.

The party now consisted of thirty-two persons. Captain Lewis, with four men, started on foot in advance of the rest of the party, and on the 13th of June he came to the great falls in the Missouri. "The hills, as he approached, were very difficult of ascent, and two hundred feet high. Down these he hurried with impatience, and seating himself on some rocks under the center of the falls, enjoyed the sublime spectacle of this stupendous object, which since the creation





has been lavishing its magnificence upon the desert unknown to civilization." "The river at this cascade is three hundred yards wide. On the left there is a perpendicular cliff about one hundred feet high, which extends up the stream a mile. On the right the bluff is perpendicular for three hundred yards above the falls. For ninety or a hundred feet from the left cliff the water falls in one smooth, even sheet, over a precipice at least eighty feet." The remaining part of the river the rocks break the current of water, which forms a splendid spectacle of perfectly white foam. From this point, for miles above, there is one continual series of falls and high bluffs, the water dashing furiously over the rocks, all of which presents most magnificent scenery to the observer.

Here they left the river, and made their way by land till they passed the falls, when they again pursued their journey by water. Having ascended the river to that point where it was evident they must soon abandon their boats, and not having recently met with any Indians, and feeling the necessity of procuring horses to enable them to cross the mountains, Lewis, on the tenth of August, accompanied by three men, left the party, to proceed to the head-waters of the river and penetrate the mountains, till they should find the Shoshones, who resided in that section of country. On the next day Lewis discovered "a man on horseback, at the distance of two miles, coming down the plain toward them," but he became alarmed, and fled, without their being able to converse with him. They undertook to follow the Indian, but there coming on a shower of rain, they lost the track and abandoned the pursuit. On the twelfth they found "a large, plain Indian road," which they ascertained led up the valley of the Missouri. They followed this road along the river, which led for some distance through a valley (in a southerly direction) two or three miles wide, when it "turned abruptly to the west through a narrow bottom between the mountains."

The stream now gradually grows narrower, till at the dis-



tance of two miles one of the men stood with one foot on each side of the rivulet, and "thanked God that he had lived to bestride the Missouri."

They pursued their route up the stream, till at the distance of four miles from the abrupt turn, they reached a small gap between the mountains, from the foot of one of which "issued the remotest waters of the Missouri." "They had now reached the hidden sources of that river, which had never before been seen by civilized man."

And as they sat down beside this pure fountain, and surveyed the scenery around it, "they felt themselves rewarded for all their labors" and difficulties.

"They left reluctantly this interesting spot, and followed the Indian path" till they arrived at the top of a ridge, from which they could see high mountains, covered with snow, in the distance, at the west. This ridge on which they stood formed the dividing line between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific. They descended the mountains for three-fourths of a mile, when they reached a creek of clear, cold water running to the westward. This was the headwaters of the Columbia, and was called Lewis river, after the name of the discoverer.

Early the next morning they started again in the Indian road, and after pursuing their journey four miles they discovered a man and two women coming in the road towards them, but when they saw the strangers they turned and fled. They pursued their course and soon met another party. With them they obtained an interview, and succeeded in satisfying them that they were their friends, and the party conducted them to their village, where they were received with great kindness. This was the first time these Indians ever saw a white man.

Lewis took with him the chiefs and a large number of men to the point where Clark, with the rest of the men, had arrived with the boats, where they held a council, and obtained from *them* the requisite number of horses to pursue their journey, and a guide.





On the 30th of August they left their camp on the Missouri, situated at the point where they had arrived in their boats, and started across the mountains. After suffering many trials and hardships, on the 16th of November they arrived in full view of the Pacific ocean. They here rested for the winter, and formed their camp on the north side of the Columbia, three miles up Netul Creek, "in a thick grove of lofty pines, about two hundred yards from the water, and thirty feet above the level of high tide. At this point they remained till the 23d of the next March, when they distributed among the natives several papers giving a brief account of their travels, and also posted up a copy in the fort, for the purpose, if in case they should be lost on their return, that their discoveries might be known to the civilized world.

They now took their leave of the Pacific coast and made their way back across the mountains, and arrived at St. Louis on the 23d of September, 1806, having been about two years, four months, and nine days, and during this long fatiguing journey they only lost one man — Sergeant Floyd.

The explorations of Lewis and Clark created a stimulus among adventurers to explore the western wilderness, and open up a trade with the Indians. The Missouri Fur Company formed at St. Louis in 1808, at the head of which was Manuel Lisa, established trading posts in the Indian country, extending to the upper Missouri, and beyond the Rocky Mountains on the head waters of Lewis river, which appear to have been the first trading posts established by white men in the country drained by the Columbia.

In 1810, John Jacob Astor, of New York, engaged in the enterprise of the Pacific Fur Company; sent the ship *Iroquois* around to the Pacific coast, and another party was sent across the mountains to meet the others at the mouth of the Columbia, for the purpose of establishing trading posts and opening up an extensive trade with the Indians. But the ship was lost, and this effort did not accomplish what it was supposed it would.



In the war with Great Britain in 1812, most of the Indians on the frontier united with the English, which almost entirely interrupted all trade with the Indians on the part of the United States. The trade with the Indians was quite limited till 1823, when ——— Ashley made a successful expedition beyond the Rocky Mountains. And in 1826 the Rocky Mountain Fur Company of St. Louis commenced regular trips to the waters of the Columbia and Colorado. The American Fur Company also extended their trade through the west, and in 1832 Captain Boneville started with a party for the mountains, and was absent two years, most of the time on the waters of Lewis river. About the same time Nathaniel Wyeth, with a party of men, started west to establish trading posts, and "he established two posts;" one at Fort Hall, near the junction of the Pont-neuf and Lewis rivers; and the other at Fort Williams, on Wappatoo island.

The earliest emigrations across the plains from the United States, to make permanent settlements west of the mountains, was in 1832, but the whole of the great western country, from the Mississippi to the Pacific, had been extensively traversed by hunters and traders.

In the fall of 1834, three companies of dragoons were stationed at "Fort Des Moines" (Montrose). At this time but little was known of the country which comprises the northern part of Iowa. To learn of this country, by the directions of the United States government, one of these companies, under the command of Captain Nathaniel Boone, was sent on an exploring expedition of the country up the Des Moines river. They started from the fort on the 6th of June, 1835, and pursued their journey up the dividing ridge between the Des Moines and Skunk rivers till the 22nd, when they arrived at the mouth of the Boone river. At this place they left the Des Moines valley, and took a northeast course, and on the 4th of July they reached Trout river, a small stream flowing into the Embarras river, not far from the waters of the Mississippi.





They spent three days on this river, and then took a south-east course, and on the 7th, struck the Mississippi in about latitude forty-four, at a point where Wabasha, the head chief of the Sioux, at that time had his village. A short distance below this village they made an encampment, where they remained till the 20th. From this encampment they took a southwest course till the 22nd, when they struck their outward path and pursued it till the next day, and crossed Root river at the same place they had before; and now they followed the dividing ridge between this river and the upper Iowa, pursuing nearly a west course till they crossed the upper waters of the lower Iowa, where they found the water four and a half feet deep, and forty yards wide. They then traveled a little west of south till they struck the northern extremity of Fox (Albert Lea) lake; thence in a westerly direction till they were between the head-waters of the Blue Earth river and the Sandy or east branch of the upper Des Moines, near the northern line of the state, where, on the 30th of August, near evening, they were attacked by a party of Sioux Indians and a brisk fight ensued.

This encounter seems to have changed their intended course, and caused them to hasten from this locality as fast as they could, and from this point they turned an almost due south course, and crossed over to the west side of the Des Moines, and by forced marches reached the Raccoon Forks of the Des Moines on the eighth of August, where they camped a short distance up Coon river and rested for one day. On the 14th they were at Appanoose's village, then situated on the south side of the river, near Ottumwa, which then contained three hundred and fifty persons. On the 16th, they crossed over the Des Moines and camped near where the town of Iowaville was subsequently laid out, at which point there was a village of Keokuk's band of four hundred and fifty Indians.

The next day they struck their southward track, and pursued it back to Fort Des Moines.





The acquiring, in 1832, from the Indians large tracts of land in northern Illinois and Iowa attracted particular attention to the west, and the country purchased from the Indians rapidly settled up.

In 1834 a party went across the plains in company with Wyeth, who was then acting as the agent of the Boston Fishing and Trading Company, which was under the direction of the Rev. Jason Lee and David Lee, who established a missionary station among the Callahpoewahs (Flatheads) Indians on the Willamette river, about sixty miles from its discharge into the Columbia.

Jason Lee made a visit to the states, and in 1839, returned again to Oregon with a party of fifty persons. From this time on the country purchased from France by the United States attracted much attention throughout the states, and emigration flowed rapidly to the west. In 1840, 1841, and 1842, large numbers crossed the plains with pack-mules for the purpose of making settlements west of the mountains.

In 1843 quite a number of families left Missouri, crossing the river at St. Joseph, a large number of which were from Iowa, with wagons and cattle, and succeeded in getting their wagons to Walla Walla, where there was a missionary station established; here they disposed of their wagons, and "packed from there into the valley, a distance of about five hundred miles."

In 1844 there was a large emigration west, which went up the Platte river, and pursuing a more southern route, found a way across the mountains by which they traveled to the end of their journey with their wagons.

The lands purchased from the Sacs and Foxes, which was thrown open for settlement in 1843, brought a large emigration to Iowa, and much interest was taken in exploring and finding out the resources and wealth of this state.

In the summer of 1848, A. Randal, who was detailed by Dr. D. D. Owens, of the United States geological corps, accompanied by M. Dagger of Iowa, undertook to make a geological survey of the Des Moines valley. They started



from Keokuk on their exploring tour in June, and made a careful examination of its botanical, agricultural, and mineral resources. When they had reached "the Chanjurhkop river, a tributary of the St. Peter's," they encountered a large party of the Sissitong Sioux Indians, who robbed them of their horses, provisions, and everything they had, except their papers and collections, and broke to pieces their instruments, and then ordered them to leave their country; and they would probably have perished in this wilderness country had they not, "on the evening of the same day, met a camp of Fox Indians," from whom they obtained a supply of provisions, and a pony, which assisted them in packing what little had not been taken from them. After being robbed they abandoned further explorations, and made their way as best they could for the settlements, and after a journey of nine days, nearly exhausted, they arrived at Prairie du Chien.

The report of their travels was published, in which they spoke "in the highest terms of the country" through which they went, "for beauty, agricultural capacity, and mineral resources." They represented that "for two hundred miles on the Des Moines, coal, gypsum, forming cliffs for miles; limestone, suitable for lime; clay, suitable for brick; rock, suitable for polishing, for grindstones, whetstones, and for building purposes, of superior quality," were found in abundance.

These favorable reports were extensively circulated, and caused large numbers to seek homes in the newly acquired territory.





"A POLITICIAN OF THE PRIMARY DAYS."

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EDITOR OF THE ANNALS OF IOWA:—By the politeness of our mutual friend, Prof. T. S. Parvin, my attention was called to an article by Hon. Hawkins Taylor, in the October number of the ANNALS, page 708, which reflects discredit on the character of Hon. S. C. Hastings. The article contains some errors which I might correct, but the object of this communication is chiefly to call in question the propriety of Mr. Taylor, or our ANNALS, in publishing such disrespectful pieces, reflecting severely upon the character of our eminent men and pioneer settlers.

That Judge Hastings took a very conspicuous part in politics in the early history of the territory, or state, is true; and that he drank whisky, and used profane language, is also true. Is Mr. Taylor and the ANNALS correcting all these evils? If so, you have a great undertaking.

He is charged by Mr. Taylor with being a lawyer for the criminals. What of it? What criminal is without a lawyer? or what lawyer declines to serve in that capacity? Hastings got bail for the criminals, and Mr. Taylor says: "Hastings, the bail, and the two horse thieves left on the next steamboat, and neither the thieves, bail, nor attorney had been heard of in Dubuque thereafter, until he met Hastings as a member of the legislature." That legislature met in Burlington. "Expressionless countenance!" No man ever walked our fair state with a more expressive countenance, or a nobler looking specimen of a man, than the subject of our remark. As a political leader of the Democratic party in this county, and in the territory and state, very few men acted with better judgment and profound statesmanlike wisdom. I well remember that Hon. Edw. Johnson, of Fort Madison, told me when I, as a Whig, was trying to berate some of Hastings's acts: "I underrated the talent and influence of our representative,—that no man in our legislature



had more influence or talent than Mr. Hastings." Nor has Mr. Taylor pointed out a single dishonest act in Judge Hastings. He has left in Muscatine county an unblemished character for truth, veracity, and honesty. In proof of the estimation and confidence the people put in him, in the twelve years he lived here he was twice elected to the house in our legislature, once speaker of the house, once to the state senate, once to congress, appointed by the governor a judge on the supreme bench. In all these offices of trust he discharged his official duties with ability and fidelity. Nor should he who seeks professional practice, gold, and lands in California, in all of which Judge Hastings was eminently successful, be considered less patriotic than he who seeks a clerkship in Washington.

SUEL FOSTER.

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MONETAH.---A Legend of Spirit Lake.

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BY SAMUEL B. EVANS, OTTUMWA, IOWA.

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THE cool, fresh wind, from the prairies,  
Was ruffling the bosom of the crystal lake;  
The early frost had kissed the oak leaves,  
And they blushed the hue of an Indian maid;  
The smoke of the camp fires of hunters  
Doomed to wander forever on the earth,  
Was clouding, in misty covering,  
The hill-tops and the timber by the brook.

A war tribe of the chief, Multnomah,  
Has gathered by the lake side a moon ago,  
And THEIR camp fires were burning brightly.  
And old men had told of the latest wonder,  
The story which had come from the east,





How that where the Sun comes out of the Water,  
Big canoes with their white wings outspread,  
Had come to the shore with white men and fire that talks.  
Those were stories for old men and boys,  
When the chase was over with and big shadows fell,  
When the buffalo hump was eaten,  
And the juicy antelope broiled on the coals;  
But stories were told in the shadows,  
Far sweeter to hear in the ears of a maid.

A tall young Sioux, who had slipped the sentry,  
Was telling his tale to Multnomah's child;  
She had loved him since early summer,  
When he came with the hawk-skin bearing a bribe,  
Offering the bear grounds on the river  
For this beautiful land on the Lake of the Deer—;  
Multnomah had scorned bribe and bearer,  
He hated the Sioux from pappoose up to the chief.

The night dark — not a moonbeam dancing  
Over the wavelets on that marvelous lake;  
The lovers wandered near its border,  
Talking softly and low, scarce breathing their joy,  
When a leaf rustled behind them;  
The Sioux turned — too late! the tomahawk fell!  
'Twas buried in the crest of the lover:  
Multnomah stood over him! — Monetah fled!

They saw her no more on the border,  
But the legend is still heard in the camp,  
That often as yet in the autumn,  
When the shadows are thickest and the moon is hid,  
A voice is heard out in the water  
Of this beautiful, marvelous, crystal lake,  
And the smoke from mystic camp fires  
Wreathes above it in wonderful forms at night.



## EARLY MEN AND EARLY DAYS RECALLED.

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BY HAWKINS TAYLOR, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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I HAVE been greatly disappointed at not getting a copy of the Journal of the first Iowa Legislature that I might be able to write up that session for the benefit of the legislature now just meeting. It might have done them good. But I fail to get the Journal. If any man in Iowa will send me a copy of that Journal I will agree to furnish him a set of *Congressional Globes* — eleven volumes, and averaging more than five thousand pages each.

I wonder that a Negus or some other lawyer of the "Old Settlers" does not give the list and "items" of the bar of the days of its minority as a territory. It certainly should be done, and when done I am greatly mistaken if it is not shown that while the state has outstripped all of the other states in almost all else, so far as the bar of the state is concerned, as a whole it is not up to what it was during the territorial days, in legal ability or brilliancy of intellect. I confess to a wonderful "hankering" for the Old Settlers. In Lee county there were Judges Eno, Viele, Reid, Johnston, Rich and Runes, Daniel F. Miller, George H. Williams, now Attorney General, Judge Beck, of the Supreme Court, and Espy. In Burlington, Grimes and Starr, David Rorer, Phelps, Milton F. Browning J. C. Hall, now living in that city; then J. C. Breckenridge, since vice-president and candidate for president of the United States, and rebel general, and his partner, Bullock, Hugins, and Mills, men of great brilliancy. Mills was killed in the charge on the City of Mexico, during the Mexican war. Francis S. Keys, Jr., afterwards killed by Sickles; Boody, now a man of position in California; J. H. Claymud, brilliant, but ruined himself by dissipation, is now dead; H. W. Starr, Judge Stockton, Judge Mason, who was then on the bench, Springer and





Thurston, at Wapello, Wright and Knapp, Howell and Cowles, Capt. Hall, Gustus C. Hall, and probably others that might be named in these three counties. I do not think they could be duplicated now in the same counties, notwithstanding the present high standing of the present bar of these counties.

The first two lawyers in Fort Madison were Philip Viele and Henry Eno, both from the State of New York, the one from the City of Troy, the other from New York City, both men of ability, but in manners very different. Judge Viele never had a peer in polished politeness, while Judge Eno was rather retiring and austere in manner — always a great favorite with those who knew him best. It was said that he dissipated badly before he left New York, but was strictly temperate, with few exceptions, in Iowa. He, many years since, removed to California, and was at one time candidate for Lieut. Governor, but was on the ticket that was defeated. While a member of the Iowa Legislature, in the winter of 1838-9, Judge Eno sent me the following draft of memorial:—

*“ To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress Assembled :—* The memorial of the Council and House of Representatives of the Territory of Iowa in General Assembly met, most respectfully represents —

*“ That they are desirous of calling the attention of Congress to the expediency of constructing a railroad from the town of Fort Madison, on the Mississippi river, by the way of the town of West Point to the Indian boundary line at or near where it crosses the Des Moines river, a distance of about sixty-five miles.*

*“ The country through which it would pass being alternate prairie and woodland, affords, from the make of the ground, an opportunity of constructing a railroad at but a very trifling expense compared with many in different parts of the United States, or with the good that would result from it.*



"Its great value and importance to the country through which it would pass is deemed unnecessary to detail at length. It would afford a channel through which the products of the industry of an enterprising, hardy, and numerous population would be sent to the Mississippi. It would enhance value of the lands through which it would run, and afford a quick and ready communication over a fertile country through which there are now no good roads. It would give additional value to government lands, as its course must be through several large prairies which will not be otherwise settled for many years; and taking into consideration the enhanced value of government lands, and the growing value of those lands which at present are of no value, the constructing of the railroad prayed for would subtract little or nothing from the revenues of the general government.

"But, aside from the great and manifest utility to the whole country through which the road would pass, your memorialists deem it of paramount importance to provide in time of peace for the safety and defense of the thousands of American citizens who are now residing in a land contiguous to large and numerous bodies of Indians.

"As a military road by means of which soldiers, provisions, and munitions of war could be sent from the Mississippi river at the commencement of hostilities on the part of the Indians, to a section of country lying on the Des Moines river, where, in all probability, they may be needed, the great importance of the road will be manifest to the most superficial observer. It would facilitate the supplying and relief of a military post now erecting by government at or near the Raccoon Forks of the Des Moines river, and would contribute materially in keeping the Indians in awe, and securing the peace and tranquility of our frontier. Your memorialists, therefore, pray for the appointment of an engineer to survey the above route, and for such a donation of public land as will enable the Territory of Iowa to complete the work."

I think it is worth preserving.





The third lawyer was Alfred Ritch, the brightest intellect that I think I ever met. His history is that of sadness, and one that I dislike to contemplate, and never do so without deep sorrow. We were about the same age, both from Kentucky, both Whigs, and devoted personal friends. Probably to no living man did he ever more completely unbosom himself than to me. I loved him, and fairly worshiped his ability. Rich sprang from a poor and obscure family, but fell in the way, when a boy, of the gifted but dissipated W. W. Southworth, at one time in Congress, from Covington, Kentucky. With him, Rich studied law, and during the time gained the affections of the accomplished and only daughter of an ignorant landed rich man who would not give his consent to the match, because of the poverty of Rich. Rich assured the father that if he would give him his daughter he would live and work to give her daughter a position worthy of the father's wealth and the daughter's merits. The old man tauntingly told him, "Go to Congress, and you may have my daughter." The girl was ready to surrender her father and her fortune, but Rich said, "No, I will go to Congress and then claim you." Rich went to Texas but he met there a class of men that he could have no sympathy with, and started back to Kentucky, but the steamboat froze up near Shawneetown, Ill., when Rich determined to go to Burlington, Iowa, and started on foot with less than five dollars in his pocket. When he got to Equality, the home of the gifted Jeff. Gatewood, who, like so many of the noble men of Illinois, killed himself by drink, he went into a grocery to buy some cheese and crackers for his dinner. Gatewood and several others of his chums happened to be in the room, drinking. Rich rested while he ate his cheese and crackers, when he started. When he started, Gatewood followed and went with him more than two miles, trying to find out who he was and what he wanted, and offering him any assistance that he needed in any way. Rich would not tell him his name nor calling. Poor, noble Gatewood saw gifted poverty and distress and wanted



to give relief, but Rich was too proud to accept assistance. In the middle of the winter Rich got to Fort Madison, and put up at Mrs. Krupp's tavern — his last penny gone, and he one day's journey from his place of destination. In the morning, too proud to acknowledge his poverty, he inquired for work, and took a contract to split rails. He had no fit clothing for that climate at that season of the year, and was suffering from ague and fever, contracted in the south. He made a few hundred rails, but some friends took an interest and got him a little school, where he had been teaching a few weeks when a desperate rough, an article very common at that time along the rapids, was arrested at Montrose, for assault and battery with intent to kill, and brought to Fort Madison for trial. Both the Fort Madison lawyers were out of town and the prosecutors brought with them their lawyer — Henry Austin, now of Peoria, Ill. The defendant and his friends were in great tribulation for a lawyer. At dinner, Rich heard of their trouble, and quietly said he would defend him. That was the first intimation that he was a lawyer. At the trial he made a most brilliant and successful defense, creating a perfect furore in his behalf. At that time Fort Madison made large pretensions to be the leading town in the territory, and there was then from twenty to thirty of the most fascinating, polished gentlemen living there that I ever knew, most of them Kentuckians, the others from Philadelphia. At the head of this set was Gen. J. Brown. Among the number were Dr. Morris, of Philadelphia, a near descendant of the great financier of that name, and Col. J. A. Clark. Almost all of these gifted men now fill drunkard's graves. Why does God let men live to make and sell liquor? This brilliant set of men took possession of Rich at once, after this speech — a set of men that few young men escaped safely, and poor, gifted Rich was not an exception. In 1839 Rich was elected to the legislature by a large majority, and in 1840 he was nominated as the Whig candidate for delegate to Congress. He made a noble fight and ran several hundred votes ahead of





the party, but was beaten by Gen. A. C. Dodge, by all odds the most popular man at that day of his party. During Rich's canvass a rather amusing incident occurred in Jefferson county, a large part of which was then Indian territory. Dick Quinton lived on the Indian border, on Walnut creek; he had a large field of corn, but no fence, except a pack of dogs. As Rich rode up, the dogs attacked him, but Dick acted as peace-maker. Rich inquired the news. Dick did not know Rich's name, but directly commenced denouncing the Whig candidate. When he got through, Rich inquired where he got all the information just communicated. Dick said that he got it from the *Burlington Gazette*. Rich said, "A truthful paper," and rode off without telling his name. He did not get Dick's vote. This defeat had a powerful effect upon him. It left him poorer than when he commenced the canvass, although he was then poor enough; but it seemed to leave him hopeless. He showed me many letters from the young lady to whom he was engaged, urging their marriage, and getting the father's consent afterward. If the father had been poor Rich would have gladly acceded to the terms, but the father was a rich, purse-proud man, and poor Rich had not a single quality calculated to save money. He was the poor man's friend. No client had to go without a defense in court, because of his poverty, when Rich was at hand. He rarely collected a fee unless voluntarily paid. No man ever knew him to do an unmanly or mean thing. He was in all things honor itself. He was naturally despondent and his unfortunate position increased that despondency, which tended to make him join his companions in a night to kill time. This naturally wore upon a constitution naturally delicate, until consumption ended his days in early spring of 1842. Thus ended one of the noblest and brightest intellects of the Early Settlers of Iowa. A noble spirit and sad ending. Of all his brilliant "set," few now live, and all that do have left the state. General Brown, the head of the party, has time and time again, with tears rolling down his cheeks, condemned himself for his



worse than wasted life in being the ruin of all his noblest and best friends. He truly said that few young men ever escaped his friendship. In these moods he would, in the most touching and melting manner say that the only unpardonable offence that he had committed was the destruction of his friends — his noble, trusting, generous friends. In later years he would say, counting them over, score upon score, winding up in the very depths of despair, "They are all gone, gone; I am still left." He is now gone too. All gone. Where are they now? If they are not in the good land, where is the whisky maker and whisky seller who ruined them and millions upon millions besides? The legislators who make laws to punish crime, but make laws to protect the man who promotes crime, where are they?

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF NORTHWESTERN IOWA.

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BY N. LEVERING, GREENWOOD, MO.

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(Continued from page 708, volume 9.)

THE "little unpleasantness" with the "Lo family," at Correctionville, spread as if on the wings of the wind. The whole country for miles around was in a blaze of excitement. The guards especially, were burning to emulate the deeds of fallen heroes. "They smelt the battle afar off." The news spread rapidly — like a snowball rolling down the mountain's side, the farther it rolls the more it accumulates. The most exaggerated reports of the affair were soon after read in the New York journals. The risibles of the guards were uncontrollable when they read these reports, to see how easy it was to become a hero.





When the report reached Col. Baldwin, of Council Bluffs, he immediately dispatched to our relief a company of "mounted minute men," from Mills county, under command of Capt. Tubs, who made a forced march, and were soon on the ground, ready to co-operate with the guards in affording protection to the settlers. The guards and citizens of Sioux City gave Capt. Tubs and company a hearty welcome. Capt. Tubs was a fine looking officer, and an excellent disciplinarian. His company was made up of Mills county's best citizens, among whom was D. Solomon, a prominent lawyer of Glenwood, several doctors and ministers of the gospel, whose names I now have forgotten. They responded to the order to relieve us of our supposed danger, like true patriots and brave men, sacrificing their personal interests and comfort of their families. On their arrival (July 5th) they were agreeably surprised to find the smoke of battle cleared away and the brave guards tranquilly reposing on their arms, with an inordinate appetite for *lager*, which was a *slight proclivity* of our braves. Our minute friends remained with us two or three days, to recuperate themselves and jaded horses, during which time the hospitalities of the town were extended them. On the 8th, a luxurious dinner was given them at Cassady's Hall, by the citizens of Sioux City, under the directions of the ladies, where our Mills county friends were feasted and toasted in a very happy manner. I am sorry that I cannot here give the toasts and eloquent and well-timed responses on that occasion. The next morning they took up their line of march for home, escorted out of town by the "guards" and followed by the good wishes of our grateful citizens, for the manifestation of their magnanimity and patriotism. On the day of their departure, two members of the guards, Thomas Roberts (brother of William, who was wounded at Correctionville) and Henry Corduway, among our oldest and most worthy citizens, obtained a permit from Capt. Trip to cross over to the east side of the Floyd river, to what was known as Hartshorn's Ravine, for the purpose of plowing potatoes



that they were cultivating there, taking with them their horses and wagon. The field was in full view of the town. They were ordered to report themselves at roll call in the evening. Roll call came, but not the two soldiers. Nothing strange was thought of this as it was supposed that they wished to complete their work before returning. No alarm was felt by their families, as Roberts was something of a hunter, and it was thought that they had, in all probability, gone in pursuit of elk or other game. But when they did not come at a late hour in the night, Mrs. Corduway, who lived on the east side of Floyd river, in what was known as "Cole's Addition," became much alarmed as to the whereabouts and safety of her husband, and about 11 o'clock that night she determined to institute some search or inquiry for him. Accordingly, she started for the house of J. M. White, a member of the guards, who lived about three-fourths of a mile up the river. Arriving there, she awoke White, who, on hearing her statement, immediately reported their absence to Capt. Trip, who was then camped with a portion of his company in Sioux City, on the bluff just north of G. W. Chamberlain's house. Grave suspicions were now entertained as to their safety. G. W. Chamberlain (Orderly Sergeant) was ordered out with a small detachment of men to make search for the missing ones. They arrived at the field about two o'clock in the morning, where they found the wagon in a twist, with the hind wheels turned upon the side and the harness near by, having been cut off of the horses. The premises gave unmistakable evidence of hostility. The horses evidently had been tied to the hind wheels of the wagon, and having been frightened, turned them up as they were found. The darkness rendered further discovery impossible. They remained on the ground until daylight when evidences of Indians were clearly discernable, but the missing men were nowhere to be found, and as no traces of blood were discovered, it was presumed that they had been made prisoners or carried off to some more secret place, and





murdered. They had evidently taken the horses. Their trail was soon struck, when the command started in pursuit leaving J. M. White to report to headquarters, which he promptly did. As I was seating myself at the breakfast table, J. C. C. Haskins appeared at my door, with gun in hand, and narrated in substance the statement above, and that our company was ordered out immediately to search for the missing men. Saddling my horse as quickly as possible, I mounted and was soon on the way with what remained of our company. Arriving at the field, we found J. M. White who had discovered the body of Roberts. Further search being made, the lifeless body of Corduway was found a short distance from Roberts, in the grass near where they had been at work — both lying on their backs, as if they had laid down to sleep. Roberts had his left hand on his left breast, with his thumb under his vest; in his right hand he held a small tin pail, about half full of water. He had seemingly died without a struggle. But Corduway had struggled considerably. On turning them over it was found that they had been shot in the back — Roberts through the lungs, the ball lodging in the palm of his left hand, and Corduway through the bowels. They evidently had been preparing their dinners when they received the fatal shot; so close were the enemy upon them when they fired that the powder burned their clothes. The harness was hastily and temporarily repaired and thrown upon the horses, which were hitched to the wagon in which were laid the bodies of our murdered comrades, which were conveyed to Cassidy's Hall, to await the necessary arrangements for burial. Both left families to mourn their sad fate.

A courier was at once dispatched to Council Bluffs with the startling intelligence to Col. Baldwin. John Hubble, a youth, was selected to carry the dispatch. He mounted a horse and set out on the trip, stopping at Onawa and several other points to procure fresh horses. He reached his place of destination in about twelve hours, a distance of 110 miles. Captain Trip, after detailing men sufficient to con-



vey the dead to town, took the remainder of his company and started in pursuit of the enemy. Taking the trail, we went south, across Hartshorn's Ravine, thence southeast for a mile or more, when the trail turned north. Judging from indications, there could not have been more than two Indians. We soon came upon Sergeant Chamberlain with whom we continued the pursuit, when about noon I was ordered to carry a dispatch to Correctionville, where a small detachment of the guards were stationed, ordering Joseph Buchanan (brother-in-law of the murdered Roberts) to Sioux City. Frederick Borsh accompanied me. Having ridden our horses quite rapidly during the day, my horse gave out before we had gone many miles, whereupon I urged Borsh, as his horse was seemingly good, to leave me and hurry on with the dispatch, which he reluctantly did. I urged my disabled and wearied horse along as fast as it was practicable, and arrived safely at Correctionville late in the evening. There was no house then from Sioux City, or after leaving the Floyd river, until arriving at Correctionville, a distance of over thirty miles. Captain Trip continued pursuit until next day, when he was relieved by Captain Morton, who commanded a small company composed mostly of the settlers of Plymouth county. Morton continued the chase until about four o'clock that afternoon, when for some cause best known to himself, he abandoned pursuit and returned home.

The alarm had now spread until it had reached every cabin and hamlet on the frontier, and a general stampede seemed inevitable. Many abandoned their homes and fled to Sioux City for safety. Others returned east among their friends until there should be some guaranty of safety to our frontier. In order to check further hostilities and restore tranquility, his excellency Gov. Kirkwood, who had been notified by Col. Baldwin of the state of affairs, ordered Capt. John Mitchell, of Des Moines, to garrison the most exposed points, and afford protection to the settlements. A portion of this company was left to garrison Cherokee. Two





brothers (whose names I now have forgotten), citizens of Cherokee county, joined Capt. Mitchell's command, or acted in conjunction with it as scouts. It was during the month of August that these scouts, returning from a scout, late one sultry evening, their horses fatigued from the day's ride, themselves equally so, they sought rest for the remainder of the night in a stock-yard, in or close to the town of Cherokee. Turning their horses loose in the yard, they climbed upon the top of a shed covered with hay, which stood in the inclosure, so that they might be able to keep an eye on their horses. They were armed with minnie rifles loaded with conical balls. They slept alternately, in order to keep a close watch for any approaching enemy. The moon shone brightly, and objects were discernable for some distance around. About two o'clock in the morning, not seeing anything to awaken suspicions of danger to themselves or horses, the watch was gently yielding to the demands of balmy sleep, when he was suddenly aroused by some unusual noise, and on looking in the direction from whence it proceeded, he was startled to see two stalwart Indians in possession of their horses, and leading them toward the bars of the yard. Quietly awakening his brother, each selected his victim, who were now endeavoring to lay down the bars, one of whom was in a stooped position, with his unmentionable in range with the unerring rifle of the scout which at once sent a leaden compliment crashing through him, raking him fore and aft, coming out at the top of his head. The other scout missed his aim; the savage made his escape with the horse. The scouts leaped from the shed and approached the fallen foe, who had not yet taken his departure for the *new hunting ground*. As they came near him, he struck at them with his gun, when they sent another ball through his heart which safely landed him in the hunting grounds of the great spirit. The victors, no doubt wishing to preserve some memento of their copper-colored prize, not only scalped, but skinned his entire head, which scalp they sent to Capt. Trip's headquarters, at Sioux City,



where it hung for several days out on the Captain's tent, which gave it the appearance of the home of a notable brave, when it was afterward forwarded to Gov. Kirkwood, at Des Moines.

In the latter part of July (1861) a detachment of the guards, under command of Lieut. Millard, were ordered to Correctionville, as a relief garrison at that post. They were T. J. Stone, W. Haley, M. Bruckner, T. McElhany, J. Hipkins, Mr. Lee, Mr. Chapman, N. Levering, and others whose names are now not remembered. Each night a portion of the command was detailed to guard the settlers' stables, for the protection of their horses. This kind of duty the boys denominated "Watch-dog Duty," which we regarded as quite appropriate.

We were rendezvoused in a log cabin near the house of M. Kellogg, a very excellent man, in whose family resided two young ladies, whose acquaintance Bruckner and Lee soon made, and generally acted as their escort. They were observed one day by T. McElhany, accompanying the young ladies to a grove of timber on the bank of a small stream, about one mile distant, for the purpose of gathering berries. The boys being unarmed, Mac. thought there was a good opportunity for fun, which he lost no time in improving. Hastening to the house of a Mr. Everett, near whose house the parties had gone, he found Mr. Everett ripe for a joke, as he always was. They quickly agreed upon a plan to frighten the unsuspecting by personating the Indian. Accordingly, Everett painted his face and donned a blanket, and Mac., with his gun loaded with a blank cartridge, they hurried off. Arriving at the timber they cautiously crept, unobserved, through the brush on the opposite side of the stream until they were sufficiently near the party, who were busily at work and not anticipating the least danger, when suddenly the report of a gun was heard. The young ladies, on looking sharply in the direction of the sound, discovered Everett, and shrieked (as only affrightened women can), "Indians! Indians!!" and away they bounded for home,





through the brush and over the logs, like young fawns, while Lee stood coolly watching the movements of the blanket as if to fully satisfy himself as to whether attacked by Indians or not. Calling Bruckner to his side he said, "Morris, there are Indians over there; don't you see them? Don't you see that blanket?" Bruckner was a German, but spoke English tolerably well, and was pluck to the heel. Bruckner, after hastily surveying the supposed enemy, grasped the limb of a tree-top lying near him, which he endeavored to break off for a war club, at the same time shouting at the top of his voice, "Vot for you shoots over here? Shust you stops dat, or I shust comes over there und beats h—l out you." Getting no response to his interrogatory or threats, he said, "Lee, I shust believes dem are Inshuns, und ve had better leave," and suiting actions to words, they beat a retreat — not, however, without first making a hasty search for the girls. They hurried to the house of Everett, thinking that the girls had fled thither. Arriving there they found the would-be Indians — Everett in the act of washing the paint off of his face, and convulsed with laughter. T. J. Stone was standing near Kellogg's house, looking down the road in the direction of the timber, when he saw girl No. 1, bounding up the road at the top of her speed, with bonnet in hand, as if life was at stake. Calling to me he said, "See that girl coming, something wrong. Let's go and see!" Off we ran to our quarters, and grasping our guns, we soon inquired of the young lady the cause of her alarm, and were told that the Indians had attacked the party. "I saw," said she, "one great big Indian with a blanket on. He shot at us, and the ball whizzed close by my head." "Where are the boys?" said we. "I don't know; I left them there." We hurried on, thinking that a bloody fight with Mr. Lo was inevitable. Meeting girl No. 2, her statement was a corroboration of No. 1. Leaving her we hurried forward, when we soon met Bruckner and Everett, who were now looking for the girls whom they feared had been seriously frightened. On being informed



of their safety, Everett related the joke, which was followed by roars of side-splitting laughter, all enjoying the joke hugely.

Soon after this, and while we were at Correctionville, some of the company concluded to test the fighting qualities of one of its members — Wm. Haley — an Irishman from Monona county, who was regarded by his fellow soldiers as a great coward. The following plan was agreed upon: Tom Flowers, an intimate friend of Bill's, proposed to him one day, that he (Bill) should accompany him on a scout for Indians, which Bill readily agreed to. One of the men was selected to play Indian. Taking his gun and red blanket under his arm, he quietly slipped out of camp and down to the timber, unobserved by Bill. Flowers, in order that nothing serious might occur by a shot from Bill's gun, proposed that he should load it for him, to which Bill readily assented. Tom took the gun, and stepping aside, loaded it with a blank cartridge. Having done this, they mounted their horses, when their brothers in arms crowded around to give words of cheer, while some shook Bill by the hand and expressed their fears that ere the sun went down, some redskin would possess his scalp. Pat assured them that he would give a good account of himself should they encounter an Indian. They rode down to the timber, when Flowers proposed that they should ride into the river to let their horses drink. While in the river, the crack of a gun was heard. On looking around, a red blanket was seen behind a tree near by. "Indians!" said Flowers. "Run for life!" and spurring his horse, dashed off, saying, "Bill, save yourself." Bill was not to be bluffed. He dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and was disposed to take matters coolly. Unslinging his gun he said, "Be dad, an' I'm not afther lavin' until I make a howl in yer darty hide." Looking about for his comrade and not seeing him, he shouted, "Tom! Tom!" Receiving no response, he concluded he wanted to see Tom worse than the Indian, and took to his heels, leaving his horse behind. Coming out on the prairie





in full view of our quarters, he stopped, looked for a moment at Tom — who was charging about on his horse as if his horse was uncontrollable, then in the direction of the timber, as if determined not to give up the contest — when he shouted, “Come on, Tom, for by the howly saints I’ll have a shot at him yet.” Retracing his steps to the edge of the timber, he tip-toed, and stretched his neck to its full capacity, while he peered around for the enemy. His eye soon caught a glimpse of the red blanket through the brush, when Pat whaled away and immediately took to his scrapers, like a quarter horse, until he was some distance on the prairie. Looking toward our quarters and seeing a number of us standing in a group, looking toward him, he pulled off his hat, and waving it over his head, shouted in an indignant voice, “Come down here, you cowardly devils — come down! The woods is full of Ingins.” Each one grasped his gun and started on a double-quick. We were soon circled round him, listening to his wonderful adventure. Said he, “Boys, the woods are alive with Ingins. I saw four great big fellers, with red blankets.” “See here,” he continued, holding up his right hand that had received a scratch in the brush, and pulling open his bosom, which also had received a scratch, “see here where two balls grazed me. Be dad, boys, I’ll have a shot at them again.” We complimented him for his bravery, and told him that it would be an act of rashness to venture into the timber again as the enemy had the advantage of us. Tom rode into the timber and brought out Bill’s horse, when all withdrew from the bloodless field to our quarters, in good order, well convinced that Pat was game, and to fool with him was unsafe. Bill remained in blissful ignorance of the joke for several days, when he incidentally heard of it one day in a saloon, after we had been ordered back to Sioux City. His wrath knew no bounds. He immediately conquered a pint of “red-eye,” and then started for camp to conquer the company. It was a bright, moonlight night, when Bill came staggering into camp, roaring like one of the bulls of



Bashan. He stamped, he raved, he foamed and frothed, he swore he would whip the Captain, and every "domed" officer and private in the company. He was ordered under guard, but to no effect. It was not until a late hour that, from exhaustion, he succumbed to Morpheus and slumbered away his wrath. These were some of the notable and brilliant feats and strategic movements of the guards, for which they were so justly renowned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF POTTAWATTAMIE COUNTY.

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BY D. C. BLOOMER, COUNCIL BLUFFS.

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### No. 3.

IN April, 1854, congress passed an act authorizing the judge of the county court of Pottawattamie county to enter six hundred and forty acres of land for the benefit of the owners and occupants of claims thereon. Judge Street accordingly, on the 10th day of May, 1854, entered, under this law, 80 acres in Sec. 30, and 80 acres in Sec. 31, township 75, range 43; and 240 acres in Sec. 25, and 240 acres in Sec. 36, township 75, range 44 — forming a square mile, and comprising within its limits nearly all of the old Mormon village of Kaneshville.

The parcelling out of this tract of land to the several parties claiming the same, was, in some cases, a difficult undertaking, as more than one claim was not unfrequently made to the same lot. Mr. Thomas Tostevin, a native of the Isle of Guernsey, in the British Channel, but who had lived from his boyhood in the City of New York, came to the





place this spring and commenced the business of a land surveyor. He was employed by Judge Street to make a survey of the plat thus entered by him — a duty which he performed with great care — and the survey thus made was acquiesced in by a large majority of the owners of claims, and has since been recognized in all subsequent conveyances as the original plat or survey.

During the summer and fall, deeds were made by the county judge for nearly all the lots thus surveyed, but the lawsuits to which conflicting claims gave rise, engaged the attention of the courts for several years. Bayliss' Mynster's Jackson's, Stutsman's, and Mill's additions were comprised within the limits of the one mile square thus entered by the county judge; but several other additions were soon after surveyed — that is, in the latter part of 1854 — into city lots, and brought into market. Among these, was Grimes's addition, named from Hon. James S. Grimes, who was that year a candidate for governor, and during his canvass, visited the city and thus had his name affixed to a portion of the city plat. Hon. Samuel R. Curtis, and his friend, Judge Ramsey, of Ill., purchased a tract of land of Mr. S. S. Bayliss, adjoining the original entry, sub-divided it into lots and gave it their names; while still another tract was named Hall's Addition, from Hon. Augustus Hall, who visited the city during his canvass for a seat in congress. Beer's Addition was laid out and named by Mr. J. B. Beers, one of the oldest settlers of the county.

During the summer of 1854 a number of fresh arrivals are recorded, of gentlemen who have since become well-known in the history of the county. Among these, were Addison, Cochran, Horace Everett, Robert L. Douglass, D. C. Bloomer, Jeremiah Folsom, Wm. W. Maynard, Samuel Knepper, C. E. Stone, and others. All these purchased property within the new city and decided to make it their future home. Mr. Folsom brought with him a large flock of sheep, which he drove across the prairies from the state of Michigan. The sheep did not, however, prove a very



good investment. Wolves were then abundant in the vicinity, and their fondness for mutton was too great to render sheep-raising at all profitable.

Col. Cochran commenced operating in real estate — a business in which he has ever been noted for fair and honorable dealing. The legal profession was strengthened by the addition of D. W. Price, A. V. Larimer, and R. L. Douglass, who each entered upon the practice of the law during this and the coming year, winning for themselves honorable positions in the community. Early in the previous year Mr. Marshall Turley had removed to Council Bluffs, from Galesburg, Ill., and very soon began to take an active part in the affairs of the county. During the summer of 1854, he became the lessee of the Pacific House. He occupied this position in October, when the writer of these notes first visited the place and had the opportunity of listening to the frequent disquisitions with which he entertained his guests, on the future greatness and glory of the metropolis of Western Iowa. Many, indeed most, of his predictions have since proved realities. Mr. Turley was, and still is, a racy and interesting talker, and his vigorous and original mode of expressing his ideas always makes him a favorite at all public gatherings of the people. The records of the patent office at Washington, also show him to be no mean inventor, as several useful inventions have been patented in his name.

An important addition was made to the medical profession by the arrival and permanent settlement of Dr. Emanuel Homm, during the fall of 1853. He continued to reside in Council Bluffs and practice his profession until his death, which occurred in 1870.

A banking house was first opened in Council Bluffs in the fall of 1854, by Green & Weare, the business being managed by John Weare, until the spring of 1855, when Thomas H. Benton, Jr., was added to the firm, and he continued to direct its affairs until its dissolution, in the summer of 1857.





The Council Bluffs and Nebraska Ferry Company was organized during the winter of 1853-4, by Enos Lowe, S. S. Bayliss, J. A. Jackson, S. R. Curtis, W. W. Brown, S. M. Ballard, Jesse Williams, and J. H. D. Street. Its object, as declared in its articles of incorporation, was to establish and operate a steam ferry across the Missouri river at a point opposite Council Bluffs. This ferry has been regularly maintained, with a good class of steam ferry-boats, from that time to the present. During the great seasons of emigration, two boats have frequently been required for the transaction of the business at this point. The company secured a large tract of land on the east bank of the river, which it proceeded a year or two later to lay out and subdivide into lots — the tract since known as Ferry Addition to Council Bluffs.

On the west side of the river, on a beautiful plateau, a town was laid out and platted during the summer of 1854, and named Omaha, from a tribe of Indians that had long occupied that vicinity. Its projectors were mainly the incorporators of the Ferry Company, whose names are given above. All, with one or two exceptions, were residents of Pottawattamie county at the time, but several of them, with A. J. Hanscom, H. D. Johnson, and a few others, thenceforward became residents of the new city. For several years its Council Bluffs projectors and proprietors continued to take an active interest in the growth and prosperity of the new town; but they gradually sold out their interests to new proprietors, but the old residents of Pottawattamie county continue to look back with a great deal of interest to the early days and early history of the flourishing city on the west bank of the Missouri.

During the fall of 1853 and the following winter, G. M. Dodge, then a resident of Iowa City, and who had previously been employed as an engineer in the construction of the railroad from Chicago to Rock Island, surveyed a line for a railroad across the state from Davenport to Council Bluffs. The line surveyed was known as the Mississippi



and Missouri, and was the one mainly adopted in the final construction of that road across the state. Mr. Dodge continued his surveys across the river, and up the valley of the Platte, and was, in fact, the first one to trace out the line of the future Union Pacific Railroad, with the construction of which his name has since been so honorably associated. Mr. Dodge crossed the state again in the summer of 1854, with his family, and was followed soon after by his father, Sylvanus Dodge, who with his sons, Granville M. and Nathan P., took up their residence for a brief period on a beautiful tract of land on the Elkhorn river, in Nebraska. They remained there, however, but a year or two, and all finally settled in Council Bluffs.

The eyes of the more sagacious and far-seeing were, at that early day, looking forward to the time when Pottawattamie county would be traversed by numerous trains of cars, all centering in Council Bluffs, as the prominent railroad center of the far west. Samuel R. Curtis, in the fall of 1853, had traced out a line across the state, to which was given the name of the Philadelphia, Fort Wayne, & Platte Valley Railroad, and commonly known in later years as the "Air Line," and sometimes facetiously as the "Air Tight." His arrival in the county and his presentation of the subject created a good deal of interest among the people. Mr. S. S. Bayliss made a contract with Mr. Curtis for depot grounds, which he agreed, with his usual liberality, to donate to the road in the event of construction to the Missouri river. On the 2d of January, 1854, at a special election, held for the purpose, it was decided by a small majority, that the county would subscribe \$100,000 to the capital stock of this company, to be paid for in the bonds of the county; this vote the electors refused to rescind, by a large majority, at the election in April of the same year. Of course, as the road was never built, no stock was ever subscribed or bonds issued to the company. Col. Curtis, however, continued to take a warm interest in the prosperity of Council Bluffs, often spending a large part of his





summer in the place, with his family, and finally dying here. As a member of congress and chairman of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, he was enabled to greatly aid in the development of the whole western country, but in no section of it is his name and memory held in greater respect than in Pottawattamie county.

At the August election that year (1854) the whole number of votes cast in the county for governor, were 422, of which Curtis Bates received 215 and James S. Grimes 207. Grimes ran a number of votes ahead of his ticket, having made many friends by a visit to the county during the canvass. The vote for congress was 268 for Hall and 140 for Clark. Bates and Hall were Democrats and Grimes and Clark, Whig or Anti-Nebraska. At the same election, James D. Test was elected to the senate, and John T. Baldwin and Daniel S. Jackson to the house of representatives, of the State of Iowa. Test had come to the county early in the year from the eastern part of the state. He was admitted as an attorney, but soon became engaged in the land business with H. D. Johnson and J. P. Casady, but continued to practice law for several years. He was an energetic and active citizen, and for many years took an active part in the current events of the county. Jackson was a Mormon but never removed to Salt Lake, preferring to remain with the Gentiles in his old home. Baldwin was engaged in trade at Council Bluffs. At the same election the following county officers were chosen: W. D. Turner, Treasurer, and Recorder, Edward Cutler, Sheriff, Thomas Tostevin, County Surveyor, and S. M. Smith, School Fund Commissioner.

The Odd Fellows were the first to organize a secret benevolent association in the county. Council Bluffs Lodge, No. 49, began its existence early in November, 1853, its first recorded meeting having been held on the 25th day of that month. The charter members were J. B. Stutsman, B. R. Pegram, J. T. Baldwin, J. P. Casady, H. R. Hall, H. D. Johnson, and Anson Belden. Several other members were



soon after added, among whom were M. F. Shinn, George Doughty, J. D. Test, and N. T. Spon, the last named having been the first person initiated into the order in the city. The degree of Rebecca was first conferred upon members and their wives on the 7th of December, 1853. During the summer of 1824, a frame building was erected in the eastern part of the city, by Messrs. Pegram and Stutsman, for the use of this lodge, known as the Odd Fellows' Hall, and it was occupied as such, and also for a school house, for several years.

During the fall of 1854, considerable attention was drawn to an alleged discovery of rock a few feet below the bed of the river, at a point opposite old Winter Quarters station, in Nebraska. Here, it was thought, the future railroad bridge across the Missouri river, which already loomed up in the imaginations of the more sanguine, would be built, and the belief led to the laying out of a new town, of which J. C. Mitchell and J. B. Stutsman, of Council Bluffs, were the principal proprietors, on the Nebraska side of the river. It was called Florence, and for a time was a place of considerable pretensions, and enjoyed, for a brief period, the luxury of a steam ferry. It continued to be the starting point until the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad for the Mormon caravans that annually moved across the plains to Salt Lake City.

In the summer of 1854, J. B. Stutsman purchased the mill property with a large tract of land adjacent, situated in Macedonia township, at the point where the stage road crosses the West Nishnabotany river. He proceeded, soon after, to greatly improve the mill, and erect a toll bridge across the river, which was continued for several years.

The passage of the Kansas and Nebraska bill in the summer of 1854, turned the attention of the people of all sections of the country to these territories. All along the western borders of Iowa a large number of the more adventurous settlers crossed the Missouri river and made their rude homes in the latter territory. The officers for the new





territorial organization were all appointed in August or September in 1854, and very soon made their way toward the future theater of their official duties. Francis W. Burt, with one or two others, came up the Missouri, and stopped at the Presbyterian minister's house at Bellevue, in Nebraska, nearly opposite the southwestern point of Pottawattamie county. T. B. Cuming, of Keokuk, the newly appointed secretary, crossed the state and stopped at Council Bluffs. With him were Ferguson, Chief Justice, Izard, U. S. Marshal, and one or two other officials, and just about the same time, G. L. Miller, M. W. Thayer, C. B. Smith, J. S. Morton, and several others whose names have since become famous in Nebraska history, arrived at the Pacific House, and were provided for by its host. Immediately an earnest and most active canvass was begun in relation to the location of the future seat of government of Nebraska. The competing points were Bellevue and Omaha. Of course the citizens of Council Bluffs actively favored the latter place, and lots in it were sold by the Ferry Company at exceedingly low rates to all persons who were supposed capable of wielding any influence in its favor. Cuming was soon won over to the interests of Omaha, but Gov. Burt and his friends were supposed to favor Bellevue, and had he lived there is little doubt that he would have designated it as the capital. But just at the crisis, when the question was about to be decided in favor of Bellevue, Burt sickened and died. This settled the question, for very soon a proclamation was issued by Cuming, as acting Governor, calling the first session of the legislature at Omaha, and although strenuous efforts were afterwards made for the removal of the capital from that place, yet they were entirely unsuccessful during the existence of its territorial government. It was late in the fall before suitable buildings for the accommodation of the officers could be erected on the east side of the river, and the Pacific House in Council Bluffs, therefore, practically remained for several weeks the capital of Nebraska. From it the proclamation for the Territorial Leg-



islature was issued, although, of course, dated in Omaha; and here all the plans were canvassed and prepared for holding the election. The population of Nebraska was as yet very small, but it secured large accessions from Pottawattamie and other river counties in Iowa, a few days previous to opening the polls, so that when the votes came to be counted, quite a respectable showing was made. A large number of voters, however, re-crossed the river a day or two after the election and resumed their old homes in Iowa. Several of the former citizens of Council Bluffs were elected to the first legislature of Nebraska, among whom was H. D. Johnson, A. J. Hanscom, A. D. Jones, J. C. Mitchell, and H. C. Purple. The location of the seat of government at Omaha proved a fortunate event, alike for that place and Council Bluffs, as it has eventuated in building up important and influential communities at this point on the river, whose influence has been widely felt and acknowledged in the future legislation and history of the country. Although the citizens of the "twin sisters" — as the two towns have sometimes been called — manifest pretty decided feelings of rivalry toward each other, and although the editors of the newspapers published on each side of the river are especially fond of writing squibs, more or less personal, caustic, or denunciatory, of their rival cities, and although strong antagonistic interests upon various public and business questions have frequently sprung up, yet on the whole the people of Omaha and Council Bluffs have always been especially proud of each other and of their peculiarly fortunate location on the great line of internal communication midway between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The winter of 1854-5 was one of unusual mildness. Scarcely any rain or snow fell to the earth, from October until late in April. The roads were hard, dry, and dusty, and as smooth as a house floor, and out-door work went on as usual during nearly the entire winter. Cattle were kept on the Missouri bottoms with very little other food than





was found among the timber and high grass. In many subsequent years the people of the Missouri valley were accustomed to look back to this winter as the finest within their experience of the beauties of the western climate. The sun shone bright and clear, and as it fell below the western prairies, it left behind it in the golden horizon above a scene of beauty and magnificence hardly equaled in any other land less remote than the sunny climes of Italy. The people of the little city nestled among the bluffs enjoyed the beautiful weather with peculiar zest, and hunting, horse-racing, and horseback-riding were the every-day amusements of its not very numerous population. Social gatherings and dancing were frequent, and some of the latter, where the Mormon element predominated, were opened and closed according to the old customs that prevailed in the days of Orson Hyde, with singing religious hymns and with prayer. On one occasion in the latter part of December, a number of ladies crossed the river to Omaha, and visited the new state house, where the grave legislators of Nebraska were engaged in making laws for the new territory. Pausing in one of the lower rooms, they sent up a messenger to inform their friends of their arrival, and of their desire to witness their deliberations. Very soon a tremendous cheer and shout were heard proceeding from the legislative halls, and on inquiry it was soon found that both bodies, upon the announcement of the presence of the ladies, had adjourned, and had moreover resolved to have a good time, generally. Very soon all parties, ladies and gentlemen, governor, secretary, marshal, and judges, re-crossed the river to Council Bluffs, where many of them resided, and spent the night in an old-fashioned ball, at the Pacific House, keeping it up — as one lady, who was present, recently informed the writer — until five o'clock the following morning. But it was determined that more visits from the ladies of Council Bluffs to the legislature could not be permitted, earlier than Friday afternoon in each week, from fear of seriously interfering with the proper transaction of business.



The practice of horseback-riding by the gentler sex led, on Christmas Eve, to a most distressing accident, which, for a time, threw a gloom over the entire community. Miss Ann Floyd, a beautiful young lady, adopted daughter of Mr. James C. Mitchell, while thus engaged, fell from her horse, was taken up senseless, and soon after expired. Her obsequies were attended by nearly the entire population, who sincerely mourned her loss.

But little progress was made during the year 1854 in the erection of new buildings. A few store-houses were erected in place of those burned at the beginning of the year, but these also were destroyed by fire as stated in our last number, early in January, 1855. Besides these, hardly half a dozen frame buildings were erected during the year. The main portion of the inhabitants still resided in the log buildings which had been erected by the early Mormon pioneers, improved in some cases by a covering of boards or planks. Instead of being plastered in the usual mode, they were lined with cotton goods, and in many cases, presented quite a cozy and comfortable appearance. It was not until the following year that the embryo city really took a step forward in substantial buildings and population.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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### SKETCH OF FRANKLIN COUNTY.

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BY NETTIE SANFORD, MARSHALLTOWN.

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FRANKLIN county is a very fine section of land, situated between Butler and Wright counties, and in 1870, had only 4,710 population, the scarcity of timber being a drawback to its early settlement in great numbers. At present railroads are building in the vicinity. The Central





Railroad of Iowa, crossing about midway from the county line east to west, is already finished, being the link between St. Paul and St. Louis, and when her railroads are completed, Franklin county will fill up rapidly with an enterprising class of citizens, as the nucleus formed is already of that character.

The first settlement in the county was made at Main's Grove, by John Main and James Reeve, in October, 1852, John Main driving his wagon into the shade of the trees in the morning, and Mr. Reeve in the cool of the evening of the same day, for it was a pleasant, sun-shining time in Autumn. The walnuts and hazelnuts were dropping among the dead leaves, a partridge drummed a merry welcome from the top of an old oak tree, and as busy hands make light hearts, these brave pioneers did not suffer from homesickness at first. There were a few trappers at Clear Lake, the Wrights on Lime creek, in Cerro Gordo county, and these were all the settlements of white men between them and the Minnesota line, over one hundred miles away. Mr. Reeve and Main were obliged to go to Dubuque for flour and groceries, a distance of 175 miles, across the trackless prairies, and paying high prices, with the tedious journeys stated, made the load very valuable by the time it reached their little cabins. Completely isolated from the busy world — their solitude enlivened only by the howl of wolves or the appearance of swarms of begging Indians — the hope of a home more comfortable in the future was the only bright spot in the terrible days of their despondency after winter set in. Thomas Downs settled in the grove that bears his name, situated near the north side of the plat of the thriving town of Ackley, in the year 1853. On the 4th of July, 1854, the settlement at Main's grove, having added a dozen more families to those we have mentioned, were startled by the appearance of a dusty, heated messenger, rushing into Reeve's house with the exciting news from Clear Lake, that the Sioux were on the war path, and instead of indulging in dreams of national enthusiasm, dis-



cretion was the better part of valor, and the best thing to be done under the circumstances, was to take a line of march for the settlement at Beaver's grove, not far from the village of New Hartford, in Butler county. The Cerro Gordo county people made their objective point, Marble Rock, in the same county, under the same pressure. It was hard to leave their growing crops, their little homes, to the marauding robbers, but there was no help for it, and so like the Israelites in their march for Canaan, they took their wives and little ones, chickens, pigs, cows, and calves — everything that had breath, was put forward on the Indian trail toward the place of safety.

After three weeks of inaction and visiting their more fortunate neighbors to their hearts' content, not hearing anything further from the Indians, who were either afraid to attack, or only intended to scare the settlers, returned to their homes, their only enemies being mice and insects, which had littered up the cabins with the *debris* of a few balls they had improvised, to pass away the lonely hours while the hostess was away.

There was no mail except by a special messenger, until in 1856, when a weekly line was established from Hampton, the county seat, to Cedar Falls. But sometimes the mail carrier would get careless, and weeks would elapse before the old coach would make its appearance.

One time, in 1861, when the whole country was in a tremor of excitement to know whether the Star of the West would get provisions to Sumpter, Hampton people had no mail for nearly seven weeks. The snow was deep, and the mail agent would not venture out. Mr. Owens, now living in Mason City, walked 50 miles — from Iowa Falls to that place — on snow shoes, and carried the mail on his back. Of such heroic stuff were border men made. Hampton fumed and fretted at their mail agent, and in the Franklin County *Record* there appeared a wood cut, of a turtle with sprawling legs, hitched to a mail sled that on its covered top had the words, "FROM CEDAR FALLS TO HAMPTON," and,





just peeping out, the long nose of the driver. This wood cut was accompanied by a comic poem, by W. N. Davidson, from which we take the liberty to transcribe a verse or so : —

"Skedaddle! skedaddle, my turtle, skedaddle!  
For Hampton is in sight; now swing out each paddle,  
Show them what a shell-back can do in his prime:  
They're watching to see if you run upon time."

We laughed heartily over this page of a period that had some shady sides, enough to bring tears instead of smiles, from sympathetic hearts.

Franklin City was laid out in 1857, and as it gained a wide reputation in the financial world, a word of its first inception upon this wicked planet may be of interest.

The original proprietor was James M. Pattee, who lived originally in Philadelphia, but drifting along with the tide of emigration, came into Franklin county. Whether tempted by the evil one, or a real case of total depravity, I cannot say, but the rascal, by the help of one Sherman Reed, sold about \$30,000 worth of lots in a city that never had a house upon the town plat. There was a splendid lithograph map got up in style, to deceive eastern people. A steamboat lay at the head of navigation of the Iowa river — the same being a mile or so away, carrying on its little, placid bosom no ambitious designs to be a great artery of commerce. Lots sold as high as \$2,000, and the officers of Franklin county have been often in receipt of letters from distressed citizens at various times, who had been deceived in their distant homes by these rascals.

One man from Canada came with his little all — a wagon load of children — to occupy his house and lot in Franklin City, that he had paid \$4,000 for, and had nothing left when he reached the spot of prairie grass staked out as his domain — 25 by 100 feet of good, fat, Iowa loam, however. Eastern papers rightly named such rascals Hawkeyes, and finally the word lost its offensive associations by the many deeds of valor and merit that characterized the people of Iowa after this period.



MEMORIAL SPEECH BY JUDGE GRANT.

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THE Scott County Pioneer Settlers' Association, of Scott county, held their fifteenth annual festival at Davenport, on the evening of January 9th, 1872, on which occasion the Hon. James Grant pronounced the following eloquent eulogy on some of the pioneer dead of Scott county: —

There is always a sadness attendant on our annual meetings. This association was created to preserve from oblivion the memory of the early settlers of this county, and to make some permanent record of past events, which otherwise would be forgotten when our day and generation had departed.

We have all lived so many years in this community that we are now old men and old women. Long before our organization was created, a large majority of the settlers of this county — prior to December 1, 1840 — had passed out of existence, without a record of even their names, much less their history.

Every year since our organization we have been called upon to mourn the death of some members of this body whose lives had been passed in usefulness among us, and whose memory was endeared to us by fond recollections. Antoine Le Claire, Ebenezer Cook, Willard Barrows, and Charles Metteer, who had held high positions in society, and been presidents of this body, have all died and been buried by this society, with the honor and respect due to well-spent lives.

Never, in the last fourteen years, have we met, in this hallowed congregation, without performing the melancholy duty of funeral honors to some brave men or women, who had periled their lives in the wilderness, and had been co-workers with us in all these honest and honorable labors





which made this the garden of the valley, and filled it with intelligence, luxury, and refinement.

But in the past year, our associates greater in number and personal character and influence than ever before have died; and the year 1871, from its beginning to its close, has gathered from our midst a harvest of death without a parallel in our history. During that period, eighteen men and women — whose lives had been long, useful, and honorable among us — have been taken from earth to a life immortal. They are numbered as follows: —

Thomas Jones, Leroy Dodge, Jabez A. Birchard, Ebenezer Cook, James Davenport, Rodolphus Bennett, Alanson Noble, Michael Cooper, William Wilson, Isadore Dapron, Jas. Jack, Mrs. Isabella Maclot Wallace, Mrs. Charles H. Eldridge, Mrs. Ephraim Lane, Mrs. Wm. H. Gabbert, Mrs. J. M. Dunn, and Miss Lucy Campbell — daughter of Andrew W. Campbell — and Mrs. Milo Pollock.

You do not expect me to give a short history of the life of each or any of our deceased friends, but in this large array of names, the mention of every one of which will carry our memories to days long vanished, and recall characters and events which had years been forgotten, there are some who occupied the very front ranks in the march of civilization and order which created this county.

Thomas Jones died early in the year. Leroy Dodge, James Davenport, Ebenezer Cook, Jabez A. Burchard, and Rodolphus Bennett, all died between the harvest and the fall of the leaves of 1871. They were among the greatest of the great men of Scott county, in days of yore; they continued tall trees in the forest of talent, industry and energy which has honored Scott county since its habitation by the whites. They trod on and literally rubbed out the receding footprints of the red man, when the Caucasian wave rolled its white crest west of the Father of Waters in Iowa.

Leroy Dodge was, for a long period of his early life, a steamboat pilot and owner, on the river which runs from us to the gulf. He settled in this county and became a lead-



ing and prominent farmer, in 1839. He was elected to the legislature in 1852. No man in his township was more intelligent or useful. In private life he was a good husband, a kind father, and an exemplary neighbor.

Ebenezer Cook has occupied as large a place in the confidence of the inhabitants of this county as any other man. He was first clerk of the district court after its organization in this county. He held various places of trust and honor—was in the constitutional convention of 1845—was alderman and mayor of your city, and was connected with the Rock Island railroad from its organization. He was a banker, and at one time the leading one in the state. As clerk of the court, he signed my license to practice law in Iowa. One of the first citizens of the county that I ever saw—my calling and his own brought us in constant intercourse for over a quarter of a century. He deservedly held a high place in your esteem, and his loss to you, as a people, will be long and deeply deplored. This is not a place or occasion for indiscriminate praise or general adulation, much less for censure.

We knew Ebenezer Cook as well as any man outside of his own family, and few men have lived a more useful life—few have done more to give this county and this city the exalted position which they hold in the state of Iowa. In private life, who was his superior?

James Davenport was a man who possessed many elements of character in common with Ebenezer Cook and Leroy Dodge. He was a well informed man—perhaps, like those early settlers, not well educated; a man of generous impulses, great prudence and circumspection in affairs. He, with John Sullivan and a few others like them—among them, Dr. Barrows—undertook to build the town of Rockingham, as the county seat of this county, and no greater compliment can be paid to their ability than to say, that for four years they kept it an open question. They contested the palm of place and pride against the most beautiful town site on the river, with a little neck of sand surrounded by a





swamp — against all the odds of wealth and talent scarcely inferior to their own, until the whole territory was convulsed with the contest.

Jabez A. Birchard was of the most intelligent — perhaps I shall offend no one if I say he was *the* most intelligent farmer that honored the early history of Scott county. In those days it was my privilege to see him often — to know him well. His knowledge not only of farming, but of those general affairs which interest the masses, was very great and very exact. He only lacked the confidence which is needed to make a public speaker, to have been as distinguished in public assemblies as he was the acknowledged leader of his neighborhood.

Rodolphus Bennett was once connected with a great publishing house in one of the eastern states. He was the first mayor of the town of Davenport, and would have held many places of public trust, but office-holding and office-seeking were not congenial to his nature.

If time permitted, I should speak largely on the excellent characters of the other old settlers, men and women, who have died during the past year.

It has been to us a year of sadness, “days to be remembered, for they shall be many.” It comes home to our hearts’ core — it follows our waking hours, that death has demanded a hecatomb of offerings from our once numerous, but now little, band of pioneers.

Our pale faces have erased the land-marks of the red son of the prairies; we have cultivated where he hunted; we have supplanted his wigwam with the dwelling, the church, the seat of justice, and the school; we have banished his barter trade of skins, and made depots for commerce and trade by river and rail; we have built up — with the help of our dead — a little republic, where the plow has superseded the bow and arrow, in earning a livelihood, and where intelligence and virtue have driven away barbarism and vice. And, so far as is proper, we may congratulate ourselves and our children, upon the heritage we have



created. But death has stricken both leaders and people of the ancient days. We who live, are being swallowed up and absorbed by a later generation, and we are now on the utmost verge of time.

When we look over the long funeral array of 1871, we involuntarily look each other in the face, and the anxious thought of who shall go next, betrays itself without utterance. We are old men and women, fast tottering to the grave; we must soon follow the large concourse of 1871. A few years like the past and none of us will be left to condole or congratulate.

In the past history of this society, its members who now survive have been afflicted with many sorrows. Scarcely one among us has not lost a connection or relative — a father or mother, a husband or wife, a brother or sister, a son or daughter. Each one has had the piercing iron of anguish enter into his soul, and his life obscured by shadows, clouds, and darkness. Other misfortunes — the loss of estate, the destruction of business, the waste or loss of labor — have been endured at some time of our now long life, by nearly every one now present and absent who belongs to this goodly company.

But the clouds do not always flit between us and the sun. Calamity has been the exception, not the rule of our lives. We have been, and those who survive now are, useful men and women. Our lives have been, in the main, happily and profitably lived, and the future has no perils for us beyond what are common to our nature.

There is a future in this world to the memory of the dead of 1871, and we to-night record it. A life of energy, industry, and truthfulness, has been rewarded in their case by honor and respect in old age and death. Their labors have lived after them. Ours, in common with theirs, will survive us. We were all, like our county, new men. We began with frontier life, with privations and hardships. Our greatest efforts of either mind or body were little things. We planted a prairie, with a field here and another there:





a log cabin in this place, another miles away ; we settled a village on the banks of the river ; we organized a society first, a neighborhood, then a county, then a village, and then a state.

We can now behold a county with nearly all its land under the plow. Every township has its village, the county-seat the largest city in the state, and the state one of the greatest in a great Union.

We have lived in the age of progress, and we have kept in the fore-front of civilized advancement. We are not now frontiersmen, cut off from civilization, fighting with savages and wild beasts for the land ; but we are in the center of a continent of civilized life. Whatever in the progress of art and science contributes to the usefulness and happiness of man, we enjoy. Railroads, telegraphs, steam engines, machinery, everything that lightens labor and gives it value, is ours.

We have created the first city and county of the state. We have the best cultivated fields, and the largest number of any county in Iowa ; and we have the most comprehensive and best organized system of public education in the state, and one which will bear honorable mention in any state.

We organized society in the desert. We who survive enjoy civilization in its highest form, and whatever is found to be most useful in the arts. Whatever of happiness there is in morality, and in intelligence, in the school and church, in education and refinement, in constant and easy intercourse with our fellows, in confidence and cheap transit of trade, and sale of products of labor, in the telegraph and printing press — is ours to-day, and to the end of our lives.

Most of the old settlers of this county survived the privations, the wants, the perils, and poverty of frontier life. They endured most suffering from 1833 to 1834, but they lived to greet the dawn of a better day for themselves. They



saw the bright sunshine of the rosy-fleeced morn of prosperity, and lived to feel its meridian splendor on themselves and their families.

"Surely goodness and mercy attended them all their days, and they shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

---

THOSE LINDEN TREES.

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BY ELIPHALET PRICE.

---

○ MAY my memory cherish long  
Those days when down the lane I strayed,  
With ardent gaze to watch for him,  
Where falls the linden's evening shade;  
And when his manly form appeared  
Where twilight fringed the distant hill,  
The fire-fly flashed her brightest spark,  
The evening minstrels piped with skill.

I listened to the clattering hoof,  
As swift, more swift his sorrel flew,—  
A timid country girl was I—  
And he was from the country, too.  
How often in that lane we met;  
The kiss he gave none ever knew,  
While loitering homeward on the side  
Where trees their evening shadows threw.

Each with a hand the bridle held,  
And sorrel knew each grassy place,  
For there he'd fetch us half around—  
Which always brought us face to face.





The tree-toad never learned to count,  
The katy-did, a promise made  
That none should know the kisses given  
Where falls the linden's evening shade.

When John and I are all alone,  
And crickets sing their evening strain,  
I often ask if he's forgot  
The linden trees in father's lane.  
He'll turn, and with a wandering stare,  
His gaze on me a moment fix ;  
Then hitch towards the chimney jar,  
And slowly mutter, *fid-dle-sticks*.

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THE IOWA STATE NORMAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, AT  
IOWA CITY.

BY THE SECRETARY.

THIS institution was incorporated in conformity to the laws of the state of Iowa, June 9, 1866, and duly recorded at Des Moines ; also at the court house of Johnson county. The first article of incorporation is as follows : " This incorporation shall be known as the Iowa State Normal Academy of Music, with its place of business at Iowa City." " Article 2d. The object of this incorporation shall be to give complete courses of instruction in the science of music — both vocal and instrumental."

*Incorporators* — Robert Hutchinson, J. H. Branch, E. Shepard, N. R. Leonard, Calvin Starr, O. C. Isbell, C. L. Mosier, W. H. Hubbard.

June 6th, the above incorporators held a meeting and elected the following board of officers : Robert Hutchinson, President ; N. R. Leonard, Vice-President ; J. H. Branch,



Treasurer; E. M. Guffin, Secretary. And the following named persons were elected trustees: O. C. Isbell, Iowa City; W. H. Hubbard, Iowa City; O. S. Terry, Muscatine.

This school for musical instruction is the only institution in the state of Iowa, having the same object in view, which has been incorporated; and it was very fitting that its location should be at Iowa City, the seat of the State University, when considered as an important educational point. Up to this time the attendance upon the University averaged, in the various departments, from three to four hundred students each term. The demand for musical instruction among the masses is increased in proportion to the general culture of the people, and the desire to have music as a science and art taught in the University as a regular branch seemed to be the prevailing sentiment. It would not be in keeping with the young, thriving, go-ahead state of Iowa, as exhibited in other directions, did it not partake somewhat of the spirit of the times in regard to music culture.

With respect to music in the University, be it said to its credit, that it did run well for a time; but it has "put its hand to the plow and looked back," be it said to its discredit. It was the design of some of the corporators of the academy of Music to so engraft it into the University, that it should eventually and at all times be recognized as one of the essential branches of that institution. But these dreams were not to be realized. There seems to be very little affinity between politics and music. Politicians are very seldom musicians — at least in this section of the country. The University being governed principally by politicians — who are as far from being musicians as a youth is from being a fully developed man — this important branch of education (science and art) is ignored. The academy of Music has, therefore, offered the only advantages to the student where a thorough course of musical instruction could be obtained. The apology for instruction in this department of the University during the past two years — when the largest appro-





priation was made during its history, viz.: \$600 per annum—has been of the most inferior kind. Other reasons may be manifest, further on, why the Academy of Music did not become a branch of the University.

The Academy having been regularly organized, officered and incorporated, and a respectable list of scholarship subscribers secured for a term of five years, as the capital stock of the incorporation, the next step was to secure the services of a director or principal. Correspondence was, for this object opened in July, 1866, with Mr. H. S. Perkins, then principal of the "Northern New York Normal Academy of Music."

These negotiations resulted in the engagement of Mr. Perkins as principal for the term of five years. The inducement held out to Mr. Perkins was the promise of seventy-five scholarships, of fifteen dollars each, for each annual session of six weeks. This engagement was consummated in November, 1866, by Mr. Perkins' acceptance of the musical directorship of the Academy.

The first six weeks session of the school commenced August 6, 1867, at which time the principal-elect entered upon his duties. He was assisted by his brother, Mr. Jule E. Perkins, Mr. A. T. Smith, and Miss Hattie C. Lindsey.

This session of the Academy was held in the old chapel of the University—now occupied by the law department. There were one hundred and five students in attendance, some of whom possessed fine talents, and have since attained to a good degree of proficiency in the art. At this time there was a good degree of interest manifested in regard to the Normal Academy, as there generally is by an inquisitive people concerning every new scheme or enterprise. There was also an intelligent desire in the minds of many—including some of those who had taken scholarships—to have a school permanently located in Iowa City, in which a thorough course of instruction should be given, especially in the most essential departments of vocal and instrumental music, harmony and composition, etc. The principal found the con-



dition of music in a semi-chaotic state as regards general culture, and the ability to appreciate music tinged with the classic. Many items of proof might be recorded, but the sage advice of the venerable *Republican*, given after the performance of a concert programme — in contents good, and in rendering highly commendable — may be all-sufficient. It was the “key-note” infusing new life and enthusiasm into the mind of the principal. He says: “The concerts of the Academy would be better appreciated if Prof. Perkins would intersperse now and then an old familiar piece like ‘Old Grimes.’ The oratorio music cannot be understood. We want to hear the words and the *tune*.” Mr. Perkins, however, never falters in the prosecution of his work, and always takes advice at its par value. He therefore (musingly) concluded to open the next concert with “Thanks be to God,” from “Elijah,” appreciating the necessity for a *diffusion of musical taste* among the hearers, especially with the *Republican*; and this he well knew could only be accomplished through the humanizing influence of the better class of musical compositions being often presented to the listening public. Subsequent events demonstrated these premises to have been well taken.

The principal wisely took advantage of the situation, and in the outset introduced the oratorio for choral practice and study. Haydn’s “Creation” was the work brought forward most appropriately for the inauguration session of the “Normal.” This was indeed a great undertaking, but the zeal and enthusiasm with which the students composing the chorus class of the Academy entered into the study, even of the most difficult choruses, together with the successful rendering of the entire oratorio at the closing concert, Friday evening, September 13th, encouraged the principal in his arduous labors. It was pronounced a decided success — exceeding the expectations of the most hopeful. The principal regarded it as of more importance, a greater achievement, a wiser and more valuable step taken in the education of the people — not to speak of the students of the in-





stitution — than could have been accomplished by the most exquisite rendering of "Old Grimes," or "Champagne Charlie."

The following are the class departments in which instruction is given in the Academy: Notation, Vocalization, Art of Teaching, Harmony and Composition, Chorus Practice. Private lessons in the following: Piano Forte, Organ, Violin, Violoncello, etc.; Voice Culture and Solo Singing (English and Italian).

In addition to the oratorio concert, two of a miscellaneous kind were given. All were well patronized. The number of full scholarships the first session (1867) was between thirty-five and forty, falling considerably short of the number promised the principal, previous to entering upon his duties. A short time before the opening of the first session, the board of officers held a meeting in the music room, over Marquardt & Bro.'s store, and on motion of Mr. Isbell, superseded Mr. O. S. Terry, as a trustee, by electing Dr. Starr to the same position upon the board.

The first session was a signal success as regards attendance, musical progress, and finances. At a meeting of the board of directors, Friday evening September 13th, 1867, at the close of the first session of the Academy, Mr. Guffin offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted: —

"*Resolved*, That we, the directors of the 'Iowa State Normal Academy of Music,' now at the close of our first annual session, improve this opportunity to express our great satisfaction with the happy and successful results which have thus far attended our efforts in establishing and sustaining this much needed institution.

"*Resolved*, That as our acquaintance with our Faculty, Prof. H. S. Perkins and assistants, individually and collectively, has extended, we have learned to hold in high appreciation their eminent skill and unwearied diligence; and while ever cherishing toward them a grateful remembrance,



hope to welcome them all again on the return of our next annual session.

*"Resolved,* That we hereby tender our thanks to the honorable board of trustees of our State University, for the encouraging assistance given us thus far, in providing rooms, and advertising our Academy in the catalogue of the University."

September 20th, at a meeting of the board, the resignation of E. M. Guffin, as secretary, was accepted, and Mr. Isbell appointed to fill the vacancy.

The by-laws provided for the election of the board of officers the first Wednesday in June of each year; but as no meeting was called for this purpose, the old board continued in office through the session of 1868, Mr. Isbell acting as secretary and treasurer.

This (second annual) session opened Monday, August 3d, and continued six weeks. Faculty, H. S. Perkins, Principal; A. T. Smith, H. C. Smith, Assistants. By permission of the trustees of the University the chapel and some of the recitation rooms of the central building were occupied. Their peculiar notions of propriety, however, would not tolerate the desecration of this "Temple of the Gods" by permitting the Academy to give its closing concert in the chapel, if admission to the public was charged, even if it were to be the performance of a sacred oratorio. The concert, consisting of Mendelssohn's sacred cantata, "Hymn of Praise," was given in the Episcopal church, without damaging the building or desecrating the holy place. It is not an easy matter to account for the freaks and prejudices of men.

The departments of instruction and order of daily class exercises were the same as during the previous session. There were forty-eight scholarships issued for this session, and for the balance of the five years, from the opening of the Academy. The treasurer held notes of \$15 each, corresponding to each scholarship issued. Each note was due on or before August 10th, of a specified year.





There were one hundred and seven students in attendance, representing several states, in addition to a fair representation from many sections of Iowa. In addition to the performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," there was a miscellaneous concert given, consisting mostly of oratorio selections. Prof. Clapp, of Iowa College, at Grinnell, delivered a very interesting lecture before the Academy, upon the subject of music, and its importance as a branch of education. Miss Belle Hart and Mrs. Wm. E. Foote, of Davenport, assisted, respectively, at the two public entertainments.

At this time the secretary, Mr. O. C. Isbell, became disaffected because he was not recognized as prime dictator and manager *d' affaires*, and at once arrayed himself in opposition to the principal, and soon thereafter against the Academy.

The campaign of the opposing forces having been vigorously prosecuted for several weeks, a meeting of the board was held October 3d, 1868, in the office of C. Starr, M. D., principally for the purpose of settling the issue which the enemies of the principal had sprung in regard to the continuation of the incumbent, as musical director of the Academy. The issue took the form of a resolution, offered by Mr. W. H. Hubbard, and seconded by Dr. Starr, as follows:—

*"Resolved*, That it is the pleasure of this board that the services of Prof. H. S. Perkins be continued as the principal and musical director of our Academy of Music."

The resolution passed. The negative votes consisted of the marshaled forces of Mr. Isbell, viz.: himself and Mr. E. M. Guffin. At this and several previous meetings Mr. Guffin acted without authority, not being a member of the board, his resignation having been accepted September 20th, 1867. Immediately on the passage of the above resolution, the secretary resigned his position in the board. It was unanimously accepted at the next meeting.

The musical results of this session of the Academy were



highly satisfactory. In addition to the regular students, there was the venerable Mr. Orson Perkins—father of the principal—in regular attendance upon the chorus rehearsals. Mr. Perkins was in his sixty-sixth year, a resident of Taftsville, Windsor county, Vermont, in which section he has for the past forty-five years been recognized as a leading veteran singing-school teacher, of the New England type. At this age he participates, and enters heart and soul into every musical enterprise, with the same degree of interest and enthusiasm for which he has been noted during his entire musical history. It is also worthy of record, that the Rev. R. L. Ganter, the talented and popular rector of the Episcopal church, took an active interest and practical part in this (1868) session of the Academy. The rendering of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," at the closing concert, was well received by the people.

Friday evening, October 30, 1868, the scholarship holders held a meeting in the Central University building and elected the following board of officers: E. Shepard, President; A. B. Cree, Vice-President; R. H. Allin, Secretary; G. W. Marquardt, Treasurer; L. Kauffman, R. L. Dunlap, E. M. Guffin, Trustees. The following named gentlemen were appointed a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws: Dr. S. W. Huff, W. H. Hubbard, Dr. C. Starr, Robert Hutchinson, Spencer Tompkins.

A meeting of stockholders, December 4, 1868, adopted the constitution and by-laws reported by the above committee. This constitution being objectional to an opposing element in the Academy, was destroyed—no copy having been preserved on record. The by-laws were also mutilated by the same party.

At the stockholder's meeting, October 20th, it was voted that the treasurer give bonds in the sum of \$3,000, and the secretary in \$500.

The session of 1869 (third annual) commenced Monday, August 2d, with the following corps of teachers: H. S. Perkins, Principal; J. E. Perkins, M. Z. Tinker, W. F.





Heath, J. A. Doane, Miss Mary E. Gibbs. This session of the Academy was a signal success. The attendance was large — numbering 142. The quality and grade of the students was superior to that of any previous session, and it was, therefore, not so difficult a task to awaken enthusiasm and to successfully master oratorio, and other classical compositions. Handel's sacred oratorio, "The Messiah," was studied and rendered in a masterly manner at the closing concert, September 10th. There were, in addition, two miscellaneous public entertainments of a high order of merit, as regards composition and performance. The Academy occupied Market Hall, and adjacent rooms. The use of the University could not be secured; as a professor remarked: "Nothing so common and vulgar as music could be tolerated in the University." During the entire session Mr. Isbell continued to array himself against the principal and everything which was proposed or done for the benefit of the institution. He now became an open enemy of the school, and had already commenced to lay deep-seated plots for its overthrow. This he had sworn to do at all hazards — whether by "fair means or foul." Soon discovering that he could not accomplish his fiendish purpose by any other measures, he resorted to the *foulest* kind. Unfortunately for the best interests of the Academy, there were enough tools in the board through whom he might manipulate and accomplish his purpose, in part. These will be shown further on in the history.

The plots, and steps taken were as follows: 1st. To solve the problem of removing the principal by "elimination," by vote of the board. That failed. 2d. To suspend operations in the Academy by a vote of the board, which met February 1st, 1870, and enacted the farce by resolving, "Until further ordered all active operations of, or in behalf of the Academy, will be suspended." A large majority of the scholarship holders not being in sympathy with the destroying and disorganizing element, petitioned the board in an address to the president, E. Shepard, Esq., March 29,



1870, to call a meeting at the earliest practicable date, before the expiration of one month, of the stockholders, for the purpose of electing a new board of directors. This petition was signed by twenty-seven scholarship holders, representing thirty shares in the corporation — a majority of the whole; but the Hon. President turned a deaf ear to the petitioners. Another paper, pledging support and patronage to the Academy in the future, as in the past, and dated April 25th, was signed by members of the incorporation representing twenty-five scholarships. 3d. It being evident that a majority were opposed to suspension, or disorganization, the board held a meeting in May and instructed the treasurer, Mr. G. W. Marquardt (who was under \$3,000 bonds to preserve the capital and funds of the corporation, and hand the same over to his successor in office) to "return the notes (capital) to the promisors or their representatives." The amount of capital stock thus destroyed was over *one thousand dollars*. Be it said to the credit of the vice-president, Captain A. B. Cree, and R. L. Dunlap, one of the trustees, that they, from first to last, were opposed to this unwarrantable course taken by a majority of the board, which scheme was manipulated by the previously mentioned opposition, Mr. Isbell, who was, at the time, in the employ of the treasurer.

The last meeting of the board, of which E. Shepard was President, A. B. Cree, Vice-President, G. W. Marquardt, Treasurer, R. H. Allin, Secretary, L. Kauffman, R. L. Dunlap, and E. M. Guffin, Trustees, was held May 20th, 1870, at which time a quorum was not present.

As provided in the by-laws, the scholarship holders held a meeting Wednesday evening, June 1st, for the election of officers, but adjourned until June 6th, at which time the following named persons were elected: R. L. Dunlap, President; A. B. Cree, Vice-President; S. E. Paine, Treasurer; H. S. Perkins, Secretary; John P. Irish, Geo. E. Kimball, G. W. Dodder, Trustees.

The new board of officers, being duly elected and quali-





fied, called upon the retiring officers (treasurer and secretary) for the property of the corporation. Mr. Allin delivered up the secretary's books and papers, but Mr. Marquardt refused. He was again waited upon by Mr. Paine (the treasurer-elect) and Mr. Dunlap (president elect), and was informed that a writ of replevin would be served. Mr. Marquardt then delivered them into the hands of Mr. Paine, taking a receipt therefor. The value of the property thus delivered up was insignificant, comparatively.

The last noble act of the retiring president, Mr. E. Shepard, was, in the presence of Messrs. Dunlap, Paine, and Marquardt, to tear from the note book 161 stubs and leaves evidently with the intention of placing their record beyond the reach of investigation. He, however, failed in this design, as the secretary's book contained a full and accurate list of all scholarships issued; to whom; term of years; and also a record of those who had, and who had not, lifted their notes. These minutes are in the hand writing of the former secretary. The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the scholarship holders, June 6th:—

“*Resolved*, That we regard this organization ‘The Iowa State Normal Academy of Music,’ in what it has accomplished, an abundant success, and the prospect for continued usefulness undiminished.”

Hon. John P. Irish, chairman of the committee appointed to investigate the action of the retiring board, in cancelling the bond of the treasurer, and causing the property of the corporation to be destroyed, reported, June 13th, as follows:—

1st. That the cancelling of the treasurer's bond does not discharge his individual responsibility, but that he is liable to have recovered against him the amount of the notes he has surrendered.

2d. That the stockholders who received their notes, should be notified that their surrender was illegal, and that they are liable to suit thereon.

3d. That the whole action of the late board in their at-





tempt to dissolve the society, to destroy its capital, to cancel the bond of the late treasurer, or to suspend operations, was illegal and void.

The fourth annual six weeks session of the Academy opened Monday, August 8th, 1870, with the following board of instructors: H. S. Perkins, Principal; J. J. Kimball, W. F. Heath, L. A. Phelps, Miss Delia G. Ekins. At a meeting of the board of directors on the evening of the 8th, the following preamble and resolution were adopted:—

“WHEREAS, Mr. O. C. Isbell has, during the past two years, although not a member of the board, used every unfair and deceptive measure in his power to disorganize and break up the Iowa State Normal Academy of Music; that he has misrepresented, slandered, and indulged in the most ungentlemanly and unchristian abuse of its musical director, who has labored diligently and faithfully for its success, simply to gratify his own personal malice; that we have documentary evidence that he has also taken the vilest means to prevent students in Iowa City and throughout the state from attending the Academy; therefore,

“Resolved, That we, the present board of directors of said Academy of Music, do condemn, in the most emphatic terms, the action and conduct of Mr. O. C. Isbell; that we regard him as a dishonorable man, and, therefore, unworthy the confidence of the people.”

There were, this session, a large and enthusiastic class of students in attendance. The plan which had been recommended by the principal and adopted by the board, viz.: to admit two representative students from each county in the state, free of class tuition (\$20) was taken advantage of by a goodly number of earnest workers. They received this appointment from the County Superintendent of Common Schools. It was advised that teachers from the public schools receive the appointment, so far as practicable, thereby assisting, more directly, the cause of music throughout the state, by the introduction of singing into the public schools. For this liberality the principal received many





congratulatory letters from superintendents and parents, in which were the most hearty thanks, and "God bless you in your noble work," expressed. These words of cheer were far more acceptable than abuse from the most respectable dyspeptic! They lightened labor, and inspired to greater efforts and more liberal offers. The true musician, the faithful teacher, and the real artist fully appreciates expressions of good will and evidences of appreciation. Nay, more, the person thus talented, educated and refined, will not maliciously abuse his fellow artist, teacher, or neighbor. It is contrary to the higher instincts and finer feelings of those who possess the essential elements or organism which will enable one to become an artist or musician. The cultivation of such an ill-disposed disposition is repulsive and discordant. There can be no exceptions taken to honest and conscientious criticism. The person criticised should always receive it kindly when suggestions for improvement are made. The would-be critic who cannot, or does not, state points of improvement, is *not* a critic, but a fault-finder.

Market Hall and adjacent rooms were occupied by the Academy. The classes this session were superior in grade to any previous session, especially in harmony and composition, voice culture, and in chorus singing. The performances in the latter department were especially brilliant, and attractive to the public.

The introductory exercises of the term (Monday evening, August 8th) consisted of vocal and instrumental selections, by the faculty, and a lecture by the Rev. Miss A. J. Chapin; subject, "Aesthetical and Educational in Music." The subject was ably treated, and listened to with marked attention by the large audience. The classical works studied this session were: "Stabat Mater," by Rossini; given Friday evening, August 19th, and "The Twelfth Mass," by Mozart; rendered at the closing concert, Friday evening, September 16th.

At the first concert, the Academy had the valuable assistance of the popular pianist, Miss Alice Dutton, of



Boston, and Prof. Otto Schmidt, a superior violin soloist, recently from the conservatory of Cologne, Prussia. The performance of these two artists, in addition to the other attractions of the programme, afforded to the large audience an enjoyable musical feast, such as is seldom heard in this section of the country, or any other, outside of the largest cities. The rendering of the "Twelfth Mass," Friday evening September 16th, was highly creditable to the Academy. The solo parts were sustained by Misses Delia Ekins, Ida Kimball, Hattie Glenn, and Professors Perkins, Kimball, and Heath; the piano-forte accompaniments by L. A. Phelps.

At the closing concert, very interesting presentation exercises were enacted, the following souvenirs being presented to the faculty by the students, accompanied with fitting words by the persons selected to represent the donors, to which the recipients happily responded: 1st. A gold-tipped *baton* to Prof. Perkins, in behalf of the school, presented by Captain Cree, of Iowa City. 2d. A silver cake basket to Prof. Kimball, in behalf of his classes, by Miss Florence Parker, of Winterset, Iowa. 3d. A silver cake basket to Prof. Heath, from his classes, at the hands of Miss Lizzie Leonard, of Iowa City. 4th. A gold pen and pencil to Prof. Phelps, at the hands of Miss Annie C. Young, of Elvira, Iowa. 5th. A silver card basket, to Miss Ekins, at the hands of Miss Mary E. Shepard, of Marengo, Iowa.

The following complimentary resolutions were unanimously adopted by the students of the Academy:—

"*Resolved*, That greater credit is due to Prof. H. S. Perkins, as principal, for his untiring and assiduous labors in bringing this Normal Academy of Music to its present successful standing, offering, as it does, advantages to the music student equal to the older institutions of the east. Also, that we tender to the principal our highest appreciation and thanks for his patience and thoroughness in imparting instruction; and we assure him that we shall ever feel grateful for his kind and gentlemanly endeavors which have con-





tributed so much to our happiness, while pursuing our studies under his tuition, and we heartily recommend him as a most skillful and able conductor.

*"Resolved, further,* That our earnest thanks be extended to the principal, as they are due, for his great generosity in admitting two representative students from each county in Iowa, free of class tuition, thus showing a deep interest in the introduction of music into our public schools, and in the dissemination of musical knowledge and culture among the people.

*"Resolved,* That Professors J. J. Kimball, W. F. Heath, L. A. Phelps, and Miss Delia G. Ekins, have contributed much towards the success of this session of the Academy now about to close, and we extend to them our thanks for their kindness and instruction, and for contributing so much to make our attendance upon the Normal Academy so pleasant and profitable.

There had been 128 students in attendance. The session closed with a most happy re-union, characteristic of musical gatherings, where the truest sympathy, kindest of feelings, and most genuine friendship exists. This session was indeed considered a greater success and triumph, by the people, owing to the opposing element, of a strictly local nature, which had hurled its missiles, and thrust its most effective weapons at the heart of the institution. It had, however, spent its force and become exhausted, like the floundering fish upon the sea-shore, and now lay exhausted, gasping for breath, and was "one of the things that were."

The fifth annual session of the Academy opened in Metropolitan Hall, Monday, August 7th, 1871, with Mr. H. S. Perkins as musical director, assisted by the talented Messrs. Jule E. Perkins (just returned from a four years successful musical career as primo basso, in Italian opera) Otto A. Schmidt, and Miss Mary E. Gibbs. The same faculty had been in attendance upon the second annual session of the Kansas Normal Academy of Music, the six weeks previous, in Leavenworth. At this session of the Iowa Normal



three concerts were given, the first two, miscellaneous, respectively, August 18th and September 1st. At these entertainments the people had the rare opportunity of listening to the artistic rendering of several fine selections from the operas, by Mr. Jule E. Perkins. Prof. Otto Schmidt delighted with his brilliant performance upon the violin, and Miss Gibbs's singing was received with great satisfaction. Well may the press of the city remark, "That the principal is entitled to the thanks of our people for bringing such talented teachers and artists into this section of the country to instruct and develop our musical talent, and to delight with their exquisite rendering of musical compositions of a high order." And further, "Should the Academy be discontinued at any time, these 'golden opportunities' will depart with it." The last concert — the crowning work of the Academy — was the performance of that grandest of sacred oratorios, "Elijah," by Mendelssohn. The fact that this master work was studied and successfully rendered at a public concert by the Academy, including solos and choruses, is sufficient to place the Iowa Normal in the very front ranks of such schools.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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#### STATE APPROPRIATION FOR THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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THE eighth bi-ennial report of the Board of Curators of the State Historical Society to the legislature, was forwarded in December, and received due notice in the message of the retiring governor. We have received from the secretary of state's office many of the printed reports of the public institutions for the bi-ennial period ending December, 1871, but not that of the Historical Society, and take it for granted that, as usual, it has been left to the last





and may not be printed in time to be laid before the legislature till the close of the session. We therefore shall be excused for sending to each member of the general assembly a copy of this number of the ANNALS OF IOWA, referring in brief to some of the points embraced in that report.

Five hundred dollars a year is the meagre appropriation granted by Iowa toward the support of her Historical Society; whereas, Wisconsin, two years her junior as a state, grants hers six thousand three hundred dollars a year, and Minnesota, still younger, gives hers three thousand five hundred dollars a year — this in money. But besides, those young states appropriate to the uses of their Historical Societies spacious rooms, fuel, light, postage stamps, and stationery, and are equally as liberal as Iowa in the gift of public documents. And above all this, Wisconsin and Minnesota extend the hand of encouragement and approbation to their Societies, while on the contrary, Iowa seems to treat hers as an intruder and beggar.

It would seem as if no state had more use for, and did so little to encourage, historical work, as Iowa. No other state in the late war won such a glittering armor, the fabled feats of knight-errantry dwindling before the prowess of her soldiers. None other was complimented as ours by West Point cadetships to her young champions for capturing fortresses. Not another commonwealth has a richer mine of historical wealth. No other has greater renown, among the younger states, for the production of statesmen. Oregon, in the far west, Kentucky, to the east, and Alabama in the south, have honored those who learned their statecraft in Iowa, as Delano Smith, Breckenridge, Chambers, and Spencer, while the federal government has found constitutional advisers in three of her adopted sons—Belknap, Harlan, and Williams.

The report of the Board of Curators asks the restoration of the appropriation made by the twelfth general assembly (which was three thousand dollars a year, in addition to five hundred dollars a year permanent appropriation) and a sum



sufficient to erect a suitable fire-proof building for the society. If the present legislature, in justice to other institutions and the tax-payers, feel unable to do this, let them at least appropriate such a sum as will obviate the necessity for the Society suspending its work.

Out of the five hundred dollars received from the state, two hundred go for rent, one hundred and fifty for the services of a librarian, and one hundred toward the secretary's salary, leaving only fifty dollars for postage, freight, fuel, lights, and the numerous other expenses incidental to such an institution.

Volumes on volumes of Iowa newspapers lie unbound, and therefore useless; hundreds of pictures remain unframed, and so invisible; scores of maps are unmounted, and consequently of no present utility — all for the want of a few hundred dollars, which the legislature from year to year strangely withholds. The Historical Society asks nothing from the legislature as a boon. With the prerogative of giving to the future an impartial history of the present and past, it can afford to be content with a simple presentation of its claims to public encouragement. It will not importune legislators in their seats, leaving the degrading occupation of the lobbyist to the political procurers who are doing more to degrade the public morals than the wine shops and brothels — believing as it does, that there are in both branches of the fourteenth general assembly statesmen and scholars enough to secure a just recognition to so important and valuable a public institution as the State Historical Society.





## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—THE Historical Society, at its annual meeting, the 17th of last October, elected Hon. George G. Wright, president, and Hon. Wm. B. Allison one of the vice-presidents of the Society, and the Board of Curators—selected at the same time—chose Hon. Wm. G. Hammond, Chancellor of the Law Department of the State University, for their president. With two United States senators at their head, the Society ought to prosper, even if there is luck only in odd numbers.

—ACCORDING to promise we present in this number the portrait of Hon. Philp Viele. It is a steel engraving, beautifully and truthfully executed by that excellent artist, J. C. Buttre, 48 Franklin street, New York City, whose terms and work commend themselves alike to the lovers of economy and art. There are several ex-governors ex-senators, ex-representatives, and other distinguished citizens of Iowa, dead and alive, whose photographed physiognomies should be in his hands to be reduced to steel, for the ANNALS. To the dead we are mum, but to the living we say, see to it that your features are moulded in steel before they steal to mold.

—WE make the suggestion, and without any acquaintance with the gentlemen named, and consequently not knowing the sentiments of either on such a matter, venture to nominate Hon. James S. Hurly in the senate, and Hon. Henry B. Wood, in the house, to bring the proposition forward in their respective branches of the legislature, that photographs of the members of the fourteenth general assembly, and the officers thereof, be taken in two appropriate groups, to be hung upon the walls of the historical rooms, as an adornment to the latter, and as a pleasant memorial of the assembly. We are sure the influence of the lady officers will be exercised in favor of the proposition.

—WE make no apology for interspersing the dry details of history with the lighter products of the Muse. "Monetah" being a legend of Indian origin, is a highly appropriate poem for the ANNALS, and is by no means destitute of true poetical merit. "Those Linden Trees," by Judge Price, are perhaps not quite so legendary. The events therein alleged, in poetic measure, to have taken place, very likely actually happened, and in this view may be regarded in the light of history, and therefore appropriate to our pages. At all events, our gallantry forbade us to reject them when we read the Judge's quaint note accompanying his lines, saying they were intended for our "*gal* readers."

—WE will give two years' subscription or two dollars in cash for the April number of 1864, and one year's subscription or one dollar in cash for the January number, 1869, or the April number of 1871.



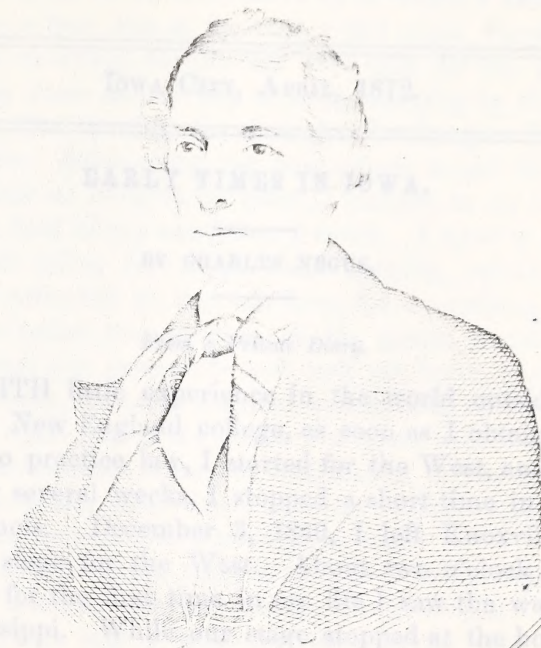
# ANNALS OF IOWA

Vol. X.

Iowa City, April 1872.

DARLINGTON IN IOWA.

BY CHARLES W. PARRIN.



GRAND SECRETARY  
OF THE GRAND LODGE OF IOWA.

*Your friend & Mr.*

*L. S. Parrin*





# ANNALS OF IOWA.

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VOL. X.

IOWA CITY, APRIL, 1872.

No. 2.

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## EARLY TIMES IN IOWA.

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BY CHARLES NEGUS.

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*From a Private Diary.*

WITH little experience in the world outside of a New England college, as soon as I obtained my diploma to practice law, I started for the West, and, after travelling several weeks, I stopped a short time in Knoxville, Illinois. December 3, 1840, I left Knoxville and took the stage for the West. About two o'clock in the afternoon for the first time in my life I saw the waters of the Mississippi. While our stage stopped at the hotel (in Oquawka), near the banks of this great watercourse, I walked to the water's edge and took a view of the great river, which at that time was full of floating ice, and presented a most sublime spectacle. After a short stop we proceeded down the eastern bank of this great stream to Burlington, and arrived opposite this young city about sundown, and at that time it presented to me a very pleasant and inviting appearance; for after riding all day over rough roads and through the cold air, I thought a good supper and warm bed were very desirable, and this place looked as if it might afford these comforts. I felt very anxious to



get across the river, for all around the east bank was one dismal swamp, and only one small cabin near us to shelter the company from the bitter frosts; but, to my sad disappointment, the ferryman refused to take us over on any consideration, alleging as a reason, that we must cross in a small canoe, and, on account of the ice, it was very dangerous to be on the river after dark, all of which I afterwards learned was true, but at the time I felt much vexed at the ferryman, thinking his excuses were only for the purpose of making some money out of us by keeping us all night, and I felt like crossing the river, let the dangers be what they might. After using my best efforts to get the ferryman to take us over, to no effect, I yielded to my fate and made the best of my condition I could. I went to the log cabin and called for supper and lodging, which were promptly attended to, and our host did everything in his power to make the situation of his guests comfortable. The weather was extremely cold, and our hotel, which had just been built, was only chinked and daubed on two sides, while the other part of the house was open, with nothing to shelter the inmates from the inclemency of the weather, except the rough logs, which were far enough apart to afford an easy entrance to a good sized dog.

In this humble cabin there were about thirty souls, consisting of men, women, and children, who sought a night's repose. There was a large fireplace on the side of the cabin which was not chinked and daubed, in which was piled nearly half of a cord of wood, so that we had heat and cold from the same direction. Our good hostess soon prepared supper, but the dining table was not of sufficient size to accommodate all the guests at once, so we had to eat our supper by turns. Soon after supper was over I bespoke a bed, and our landlord allotted to a St. Louis gentleman and myself the best of the only three beds in the house. This was the first time I ever was in a promiscuous crowd of men, women, and children, strangers to one another; where all had to lodge in one room, and, although





very tired, and desirous of repose for the night, I felt a little delicacy about retiring in presence of the company, and delayed divesting myself of my wardrobe until others had set the example, when I soon found myself between the sheets. This was the first time I ever took a night's lodging in a log cabin, and I by no means felt satisfied with my surroundings; and if there ever was a homesick young man, who wished himself back on the rocky hills of New England, on that evening I was one. I went to bed but not to sleep; I lay a watchful observer of everything going on. After a little the women began to make up beds on the floor, by spreading down blankets, buffalo robes, etc.; and thus one after another camped down for a night's repose, haphazard, like so many pigs in a hog sty. When all was quiet, I sat up in my bed and took a survey of what was around me, and surely to me it was a novel sight. The floor was completely covered with sleepers, and though I felt as sad as death, I could but smile to myself at what I beheld. After satisfying my curiosity I lay down, and soon found myself dreaming.

In the morning there was another laughable scene; some were clearing away the beds, some hunting for shoes or stockings, or some other article of clothing; the men were fretting, the women scolding, and the young ones squalling, and at the door of the cabin there was an old man, a mover, who had camped near by, making a big fuss about some one stealing from his wagon a jug of whisky. This was surely an interesting scene, and one long to be remembered. Our morning's hubbub was soon put to rights, and the ill humor manifested by men, women, and children subsided, so that peace and harmony once more reigned in our little circle. The good landlady of the house prepared a breakfast for us of fresh pork, potatoes, and bread,—the best that the house afforded,—and we partook of the sumptuous meal. Then I settled my bill at a reasonable charge, and my St. Louis companion and myself, with the ferryman, seated ourselves in a log canoe, and after about



an hour's struggle through the floating cakes of ice, we landed on the Burlington side of the river, among entire strangers.

After landing, I walked over the town, making close observations of everything I saw, and thought best to stop a short time at this place. I obtained boarding in the family of Levi Lloyd, and occupied a room with Mr. Avery, a member of the legislature, and Mr Stuart, a Methodist preacher, both of whom treated me very kindly, and for whom I felt much respect. During my stay at Burlington some tragic scenes came to my knowledge, and I became acquainted with many noble, and some eccentric, characters. The first night I spent in Burlington, B., a saloon keeper, without any just provocation, shot young L., who died a few days thereafter. Gen. — who was the presiding officer of one branch of the legislature, then in session, a noble looking man, and one who wore fine clothes, for several days before the close of the session abandoned his duties as a legislator, and spent his time about the saloons, refusing to be controlled by his friends, and was seen taking a nap in a bed prepared for swine. \* \*

Being short of means, and having a poor prospect of immediately making anything at the law, and meeting with a chance to engage in a school near the town, I embraced the opportunity, and officiated in the office of pedagogue for about three months. During this time, though the teacher of others, I learned many interesting lessons myself; for during this time I had to board with the families of those who sent their children to school, which gave me an opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the manners and customs of Iowa. The first place at which I boarded was with an old gentleman by the name of John Pierson, one of the first settlers of Iowa, with whom I contracted to keep the school. The old gentleman, by coming to the country when it was first settled, had succeeded in getting hold of large tracts of land near Burlington, which became very valuable,—so much so that it made him one of the





wealthiest men in the country. The old gentleman's family consisted of himself and wife, two daughters, and four sons, the latter six of whom went to school to me. The old gentleman, though of a contentious and litigious disposition, almost always in law, was yet kind hearted, and if one tried to please him in his whims he was agreeable and accommodating. (He always took a great interest in my behalf.) During those three months I associated with all sorts of people, and met with all kinds of fare. At one place where I boarded the house only contained one room, and in one corner of it a flock of young poultry roosted, and not unfrequently there would be a half dozen young pigs running about the room, while occasionally a horse or cow would thrust its head into the door and give the signals it usually did when it wanted something to eat, all of which occasionally afforded very agreeable pastime, particularly when the dog was called upon to make them know their proper places. At another place where I boarded there were eight in the family, besides myself, and when there were four beds prepared for sleeping they took up nearly all the room there was in the house. But fortunately for me, they had a cot bedstead, with long legs, on which they prepared a very comfortable bed for my use, and while some of the family slept on the floor, I was exalted high over their heads in the air. This was a very kind family, and they showed me great respect, and the only fault I had to find with my lodgings was, that I had to get up at an earlier hour than I was accustomed to; for the family were early risers, and there could be nothing done about breakfast until the beds were cleared away, which caused me to abandon the downy pillow at a much earlier hour than I desired. While occupying this lofty bed I amused myself with many vain speculations, in thinking how exalted I was over those around me, and viewing the splendid mansion where I lodged. As it is apt to be the case that every rose in this life has its thorn, so in this situation I was much annoyed; for there was in the family a lusty, big, fat boy, who occu-



pied the bed beneath me, and as soon as *Somnus* seized upon his senses he would commence a snoring, which in sound was almost equal to the puffing of a steamboat, and by his snoring he frequently prevented me from enjoying my night's slumber. But when he became too troublesome I would reach down and give him a tap on the side of the head; and in this I thought we were about equal, for if he disturbed my sleep by his snoring, I was sure to make his ears tingle with my hand.

In a manner similar to this I spent my first winter in Iowa. My school continued until the commencement of the Spring term of court, during which time I had become pretty well acquainted with the customs of Iowa, and felt myself to be a very good "Hawkeye." When my school was finished I took a tour into the back country, and attended several courts, for the purpose of selecting a permanent location. I first went to Mt. Pleasant, in Henry county, where J. C. Hall gave me an opportunity to make an argument in a slander suit, and for the first time in my life I addressed a jury. In this effort I succeeded much beyond my expectations, and was highly complimented. The suit was against a miserly old man, who had used some very vulgar expressions to and about a widow woman. In my opening remarks I used the expression that I should think from the language he had used "that he had been bred among the hogs and educated by a jackass," which expression brought down the house with applause; and for an hour's speech I not only had the strictest attention of the jury, but of all the spectators; and what was more pleasing to me than all the rest, we recovered a verdict of six hundred dollars, and Hall (who was always very kind to young lawyers, and for favors to me I shall ever be grateful) volunteered to give me fifty dollars when the money was paid, but unfortunately for me the judge granted a new trial, on account of excessive damages, so that the only compensation I got for my services was a good name. After spending about two weeks at this place I left for the county seat





of Washington county, a distance of about thirty miles. As there was no public conveyance, and having waited several days to get a private one without success, I undertook the journey on foot. I started in good spirits, thinking I would have a pleasant walk, but soon found there was not much pleasure to be derived from tramping through the mud. My feet soon became sore, and before I had walked many miles I would have been glad to be relieved from my undertaking; but as I had once started I resolved to perform the journey, and pursued my way with resolute spirits, hoping soon to get to my destination. When the sun was about an hour and a half high I entered upon the borders of a large prairie, where there was a log cabin, and everything had the appearance of being able to afford a comfortable night's lodging. I enquired the distance to Washington, and was told it was eight miles. I first cast my eye across the wide prairie and then to the lonely cabin, and was at a great loss in my own mind to know whether I had better pursue my journey or stop for the night. I finally concluded to go on, being told that I would come to another house in about four miles; I then started on my way, proposing to stop at the next house for the night. When I had travelled the four miles I found the house, but much to my disappointment it was tenantless, the occupants having apparently moved away that day. By this time the sun had hid himself behind the western horizon, the path I was to pursue was quite obscure, and the sky, about sunset, was overspread with clouds, so that I knew the moon and stars would render me no assistance in finding my way. My situation in this condition was any thing but pleasant; for I had either to take up my lodgings in the lonely cabin, without fire or supper, or pursue my journey, and I was so tired it seemed to me I could not walk another step. I again hesitated whether to stop in the cabin or pursue my journey with the hope of finding better accommodations. The thought of staying in the cabin without anything to eat or fire to warm myself was not very agreeable, so I



concluded to push my way forward, and quickened my pace as much as I could, so as to get on my way as far as possible before daylight disappeared.

I had not gone far before the clouds gathered into a storm, and it began to rain. It was so dark I could not see the beaten path, and it was with great difficulty that I could keep my way. This, to me, was not a very enviable condition to be in; and to add to the gloom of my situation, there was occasionally a vivid flash of lightning, accompanied by loud rumbling thunder; and near me, apparently following in my track, were a large number of wolves, who kept up a most hideous howling, the first music of the kind I had ever heard, and a serenade I would very willingly have dispensed with. I had travelled seemingly a score of miles since dark, and was so weary I could hardly put one foot before the other, and had almost come to the conclusion that I would have to camp in the open prairie, when my eye caught the glimpse of a light in the distance. This inspired me with new life; I renewed my diligence, and after a walk of about a mile I found myself at the county seat of Washington county. As soon as I entered the little village I sought and found the only house of entertainment in the place. This house was built of logs, and contained only three rooms, and in this building was kept a grocery, a tailor's shop, a lawyer's office, and a tavern. I entered the department which was used for a reception room; there I found a fireplace in which were a few coals of fire, but there was no light in the room, except what was reflected from the fire; beside the fireplace there was sitting a young man, with a book in his hand, apparently in deep thought, as if meditating over some grave question. When I entered the room I asked him if he was the landlord, to which he answered me very indignantly in the negative, and at the same time informed me that he was a member of the bar. I apologized to him for my ill manners in underestimating his position, upon which he was kind enough to hunt me the landlord, from whom I secured lodgings, and





called for supper. I was the only guest in the house, and received much attention; all hands were on the alert to prepare me a meal, and I give them the praise of doing for me the best their house afforded. I had not been in the room but a short time when a younger-looking woman came in, who attracted my attention; she measured about six feet and a half from head to foot, and resembled, in her figure, a new moon,—large in the middle and tapering off at both ends, forming a section of a circle of no very large size. She in great haste drew out from the side of the room a large table, spread upon it a cloth, which, from appearances, was originally designed for the bed instead of the table, and arranged upon it a few dishes. I carefully watched every movement, and had my curiosity considerably excited by the manner in which my supper was being prepared. The next person who appeared was the landlady, who entered the room with a plate loaded with fried bacon. The appearance of the landlady was no less interesting than the girl whom I first saw. She was a woman of more than ordinary size, and in her figure directly opposite to the young lady; her head much resembled a brush heap, and from appearance one would naturally suppose she was not the owner of a comb, or for some time had been too busy to use it. She was in her stocking feet, and from the size of her understandings it was not to be supposed she had stunted the growth of her feet by the use of Chinese shoes; and from her clothes it was not to be inferred that her mind had been occupied as much about her wardrobe as the most important affair of life.

My meal was soon ready, which consisted of fried bacon, Irish potatoes, corn bread, and a cup of coffee, to which I sat down and ate a hearty supper. Soon after my supper was over the young lawyer and myself took a bed together for a night's repose; but owing to a noise which was kept up in the adjoining room, where whisky was sold, by some exhilarated persons discussing questions of theology, I felt but little inclined to sleep, and spent a good part of the



night meditating over the past and contemplating the future.

At this place I spent several days, and was solicited by many of the citizens to make it my home; but as soon as I had become sufficiently rested and recovered from the soreness of my previous walk, I started again on foot for the town of Fairfield, a distance of about twenty-five miles, and a journey which took me the best part of two days to perform. There had been heavy rains, which had swollen the streams so that it was difficult to cross them. I came to Skunk river and found it out of its banks; there was a ferry established at this point, but on the north side of the river, opposite to where the ferry was kept, there was a slough, through which, in high water, a deep current passed, and this cut me off from access to the ferry, and I was told there was no chance to get to the place of crossing the main channel. The house where I got this information was the only one in the vicinity. This being the only place where I could stop, and the people not possessing a very inviting appearance, I determined to cross the river if possible. I went back to the river, walked up along the bank of the slough until I discovered a tree which had been undermined by the current, and lodged against another tree on the opposite bank; I climbed up one and down the other, and thus safely got to the other side of the slough. I went down to where the ferry was kept, but the ferryman, not supposing any one could get to the ferry, was not there, and I could not find any one to bring the boat over for me to cross the river. It had now got to be nearly sundown, and I began to think I was in a fair way to take up a night's lodging upon the island; I walked up and down the bank of the river, hallooing at the top of my voice, endeavoring to attract the attention of some one, but all in vain. At last I discovered a canoe, made out of a log, run up on the dry ground, and hid in a clump of brush; upon making this discovery I immediately pushed the canoe into the water and paddled across the river. I then pursued my





journey to a place called Brighton, where there were three or four houses. My appearance at this place attracted much attention, for I think every living soul rushed to the doors or windows, and eagerly watched me until I had got far in the distance. At one of these houses were about a dozen flaxen-haired young ones who rushed from the house and advanced near to me, apparently very anxious to get a fair view of my person. I stopped a short distance south of this place, and staid all night with a Mr. Heart, who was keeping bachelor's hall, and a very worthy and agreeable man; from him I received a hearty welcome, and spent a very pleasant night. The next day I pursued my journey to Fairfield, and got there a few days before the sitting of the spring term of court.

The first day I was at the place an old Indian with his family camped near the town, on his return from his winter's hunt somewhere in the settlement. The old man, with some of his family, came up to the town for the purpose of trading some peltries for provisions; while the Indians were endeavoring to trade a man by the name of Powers took up a switch, and for some cause, I could not tell what, gave one of the young Indians several severe blows. Some of those present took up the matter in behalf of the Indians, others against them, and the result was a general row; but the old Indian, though apparently very angry at the mistreatment of his boy, acted with more discretion than the whites, for he quietly took his party and returned to his camp. On the following Sunday evening the town was full of lawyers, litigants, and witnesses, for the purpose of attending court the ensuing week. The court lasted nearly a week, and there were a large number of persons present every day, some for business purposes, and others to satisfy their curiosity.

During the week there were several horse races, and more fights, one of which is noticeable. There was a horse race got up in which, by betting or otherwise, a large number of persons became interested; and after the race



was run a disagreement arose as to which horse won, and loud and boistrous words were used by the parties to one another. They retired to the grocery to try to settle the dispute, and harmonize the difficulty by the aid of whisky; but this, instead of soothing the angry passions, added fuel to the flames, and a general fight ensued. The grocery keeper, with the assistance of a few of his friends, turned the combatants out of doors, locked up his store, and secreted himself. As they came out of the door the foremost ones tumbled down and the others fell upon them, and there were some eight or ten men squabbling together, clawing one another. One man, extricating himself from the engagement, sprang to his feet and drew a large bowie knife, and was about to stab one of the combatants, when another man struck his arm with a heavy cane and knocked the knife out of his hand. The excitement drew nearly everybody but the judge from the court house, and entirely suspended the business of the court, and there was a general rush from all parts of the town to the scene of action. Prominent among the crowd, was to be seen an old man by the name of Elijah Chartian, who held the office of justice of the peace, and had seen his three score years and ten, commanding the peace. The fight was quelled without any serious injury to the combatants and the crowd dispersed.

The lawyers returned to the court house and went on with their business. The court was engaged in trying a slander suit which had attracted much attention, and the court house soon became crowded with spectators; just as the court had got fairly engaged in business, and the attention of the crowd had been drawn to the proceedings of the trial, there was heard a stir in the back part of the house, near the door; then there was noticed a giving way of the spectators, and the old justice approaching with a bowie knife in his hand. The old man had naturally a fierce visage, and his nerves were affected with age and disease so that his head was constantly in a tremulous motion, which,





to a stranger, gave him the appearance of being angry. The old man slowly advanced, and the crowd continued to give way; as he moved along every eye was upon him, and not a word was spoken by any one. The whole house was in a breathless suspense, and every person seemed to be expecting that the old justice was about to vent his wrath upon some one, and half expecting that he might be the sought for victim. The old man made his way directly to the judge's bench, and ascended the steps; the judge (Charles Mason) eyed first the old man's fierce countenance, and then the knife, and quickly arose from his chair and stepped back. The justice raised up his arm, with the knife in his hand. The judge had retired to the back part of the stand, and could not easily go farther; the color left his face, and he stood watching the old man as if every moment expecting a stab from the knife. At this critical period, the old justice broke the silence by exclaiming, "Judge, here is a knife I took from those fighters, and I thought I would bring it to you to take care of." The judge's countenance immediately changed from white to crimson, and the whole house from a breathless silence to a roar of laughter, at which the old justice seemed to be as much confused and surprised at this sudden change in the bearing of the judge and spectators as they had been at his conduct. The old man soon left the court room, and the judge went on with the business of the court.

A few weeks after I came to Fairfield, Governor Chambers, who had recently come to the territory, went to the agency of the Sac and Fox Indians, to visit those Indians, and most of the male citizens of the place went up to the agency to witness the interview; when an incident happened which, being in a strange land, far from friends, made a deep impression upon my mind. Three Irishmen who, with a team, had been into the Indian territory (the boundary line of which was then within eight miles of Fairfield) to look at the country, on their way back camped within about two miles of the place (on the south side of the



Cedar) for the night. One of the party started for the creek with the horses, to water them, while the other two remained at the wagon to kindle a fire and cook supper. The man with the horses not returning as soon as expected, the others went in search of him, but it had become dark, and they could not find their companion or the horses, and returned to the camp and gave up the search until morning. In the morning they traced the horses to the bank of the creek, and discovered them on the opposite side. Where the horses went into the creek the water was very deep, and they came to the conclusion that their companion had attempted to ride into the water, and was thrown from his horse and drowned. They immediately alarmed the neighborhood, and there was a general hunt for the missing man. They dragged the bottom of the creek with grappling hooks, and about the middle of the day fished up his body. The corpse was brought to town and deposited in the court house, for the purpose of holding a coroner's inquest on the body. It was a wet, drizzling day, such as was calculated to depress the feelings, and make one feel sad. The corpse was a horrid sight to behold. In the forehead there was a deep gash, and the blood was running from the mouth, ears, and nose. At first it was thought there had been some foul play on the part of his companions; but, on examination of the body, there was found around it a belt containing a large amount of gold, and from this fact, and other testimony, the jury came to the conclusion that he attempted to ride into the creek to water his horses, and there being a steep bank and deep water, he was thrown off and came in contact with the horses' feet, and was first stunned and then drowned. The coroner's inquest lasted until late, and it was quite dark before the body was permitted to be moved. It had begun to decompose, and was very offensive, so much so that it was difficult to get any person to help perform the funeral ceremonies. The corpse was put in a rude coffin, without shifting the clothes, and then deposited in a wagon and taken to the burying ground. Myself and two other





citizens of the place, through the rain, by the light of a lantern, performed the ceremony of depositing the remains of the stranger in the silent grave — no one being present except ourselves and his two traveling companions. There was no hoary-headed father to weep over the death of a beloved son, to whom he was looking for aid and support, when age had rendered him helpless and dependent; no mother to mourn the loss of a departed child; no brother or sister to mingle a sympathizing tear. But in the darkness and stillness of the night, in the drizzling rain, by the dim light of the lantern, by ourselves alone, we gently lowered the body down into its narrow abode, closing the earth over the rude coffin, and left the stranger to repose in the silent grave until the morning of the resurrection.

This manner of a final disposal of a stranger, who, from his appearance, in the land of his birth, had friends and influence, much affected my spirits, and I retired to my lodgings with a sad heart.

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## HISTORY OF MUSCATINE.

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BY SUEL FOSTER, MUSCATINE, IOWA.

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### EARLY TITLES OF LAND.

BEFORE Iowa became a territory, in 1838, this part of the country was called the "Blackhawk Purchase," it having been purchased of the Sac and Fox Indians by treaty, at the close of the Blackhawk War (in 1832), Blackhawk being chief of these united tribes. The "Blackhawk Purchase" was a strip of country along the Mississippi river, fifty to eighty miles wide, and extending from the state of Missouri to Prairie du Chien, or a little above. One point in the country of the "Blackhawk Purchase" was



fifty miles west from the foot of Rock Island, which brought the western boundary this side of Iowa City. Beyond this line no settler was allowed to "squat."

Settlement was made in Muscatine county in 1834, by Benjamin Nye, at the mouth of Pine Creek. Previous to this time, and immediately after the close of the Blackhawk War, Major George Davenport sent a man by the name of Farnham, from Rock Island, with two men, down to the "Grindstone Bluff," as it was then called, to put up a shanty of a trading-house, which Davenport supplied with a small stock of goods, to trade with the Indians.

John Vanater was unquestionably the first *bona fide* settler at Muscatine, and G. W. Kasey the second. Mr. Farnham's residence was at the upper end of the city of Rock Island, then called Stephenson, where he died in February, 1836, and where, in law, he never lost his citizenship. Mr. Kasey moved his family here in the spring of 1836, and in the fall of that year Mrs. Kasey died, and was buried where No. 1 school house now stands—the first white person buried at this place.

In the fall of 1835, John Vanater and Capt. Benjamin Clark bought the Farnham "claim" of Major George Davenport (who was only made colonel by common consent, he never having a commission of that title), for which they paid \$200. The "claim" was half a mile square, beginning at the trading-house, which stood in Water street, a few yards above the foot of Iowa Avenue (and the west end of the long, double log shanty was very near parallel with the east side of the Avenue), thence one-fourth of a mile down the river and one-fourth of a mile up, and half a mile back from the river, which is about sixty feet beyond Eighth street.

John Vanater, in the fall of 1835, moved into the old trading-house, using one end of it for a small stock of goods, which he was selling to the whites and Indians. Mr. Vanater and Captain Clark had the claim surveyed into town lots in May, 1836, by Major William Gordon, who





lived, at that time, in Rock Island, and a part of the time at his claim, just above the mouth of Pine Creek. They first named the town Newburg, but soon changed it to Bloomington, which name it retained about twelve years, when it was changed to Muscatine.

These proprietors soon began to sell undivided one-sixth and one-twelfth interests in the town. In August, 1836, my brother (Dr. John H. Foster) and I paid \$500 for one-sixth, which we bought of Captain Clark, it being the last portion he had. He then lived at Clark's Ferry, ten miles below Davenport, afterwards called Buffalo, where he thought there was a better location for a town. Many other persons bought undivided interests about that time and the following fall. Among those whom I can recall were Moses Couch, Chas. H. Fish, T. M. Isett, Adam and Henry Frink, Robert C. Kinney, William St. John, Captain G. W. Hight, B. White, William Devoe, and J. W. Nelly. As yet, but two cabins and two families were here. In the fall of 1836 some other families settled here. R. C. Kinney, late that fall, put up the rear part of his hotel, which yet stands as the rear part of Mr. J. G. Stine's hotel.

It was two years after this before the land was in market at the United States land office—namely, November, 1838,—and in March, 1839, that part of the city lying in township 76 was brought into market. That part of the city on which the county court house stands was pre-empted by the county commissioners, according to a law of congress, with the privilege of taking a quarter section by paying the land office \$1.25 per acre for it.

The above relates to the central part of the city. The lower part, or, as it was called, Kasey's addition, had other proprietors—G. W. Kasey, E. E. Fay, William St. John, N. Fulington, H. Reece, Jona Pettibone, L. C. and H. H. Hine, R. P. Lowe, Stephen Whicher, J. E. Fletcher, Breese & Higinbotham, Abijah Whiting, W. D. Abernathy, Alexas Smith, and others. This claim was a mile square, including the cemetery, Butlerville, and to the slough. The upper



addition included all that part east of the center of the court house square. After these titles were obtained of the government, a re-survey was made, and a plat recorded. [It is supposed that this plat has been lost from the records, and if such is the case, it is high time our city fathers had an authentic plat put on record again.]

The first government line run here for surveying this country into townships and sections was in December, 1836, months after the place had been surveyed, by private enterprise, into city lots. Mr. Brown, of Michigan, an old and experienced surveyor, had the contract of surveying this part of the country into townships, and one of the severest of Iowa's winter days the surveying party came in from the west, through the oak woods, running the township line between 76 and 77, and set their terminating post on the bank of the river, and on the east bank of Pappoose Creek, marking the number of the sections upon the cottonwood trees. About six months after, it was subdivided into sections. Then came the difficulties among claimants, for it often occurred that a settler's claim and farm was upon two quarters, and sometimes in four quarters. Good and honest neighbors had no difficulty in setting the lines of their farms, by deeding to each other that part of their claim which rightfully belonged to them. Other less neighborly neighbors had bitter quarrels. We established rules of law and rules for recording our claims, and established courts and juries; and, although we "poor devils" did not own a foot of the land, out of the necessity of our situation, the legislature of the territory passed laws to meet our necessities, making established claim lines binding and arbitrations legal. Legal men of the present day might think it a "drum-head court" that would undertake to settle the legal rights of parties to lands, the title of which was yet in the government. The crowns of Europe handed laws down to our forefathers, but we, the "squatters" of Iowa, handed laws up to our rulers, and they acknowledged our "sovereign power" and accommodated their laws to suit our necessity. Notwithstanding legislative aid in settling our acquired





rights to our homes, many and bitter were the quarrels between the claimants, and fights were not unusual, occasionally with deadly weapons, and fatal results. I have seen these disputed rights carried to the government land office, where the claimants would bid against each other, the performance usually terminating in a few "knock downs." In such cases, the land sale would be adjourned to the next day. This I saw occur among the settlers of Des Moines county, but I believe we managed to preserve the peace at the land sales, though we had to carry our court of claims with us to the land sales at Burlington in 1838 and 1839.

A legal squatter's claim consisted in putting up a shanty, or inclosing a few acres of land with a fence, or breaking prairie. The outlines must be marked with a plow, if on the prairie, or blazed on trees, if in the grove. This held the claim six months; then actual residence. Sometimes actual residence consisted in the squatter taking a blanket and a lunch out to the claim, and boarding and lodging there an hour or two, and washing his dirty stockings. This made a substantial claim for six months more.

#### ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF MUSCATINE.

On reading Bancroft's History, some years ago, in it I found a tribe of Indians of this name, and I have no doubt the name was brought here by them, before the Sacs and Musquakies came here. He says: "At the last village on Fox river ever visited by the French, where Kickapoos, Muscoutins, and Miamis dwelt together on a beautiful hill in the center of the prairies and magnificent groves, etc., \* \* \* Marquette begged two guides of these Indians to pilot them to the portage from the Fox to the Wisconsin river, when he and his companion Joliet went on their voyage, and first discovered the upper Mississippi river." They "were the first white men who trod the soil of Iowa," June 25, 1673. I conjecture that a remnant of the Muscoutins, soon after this, were driven from Wisconsin, and formed a lodge upon the beautiful plains of Muscatine Island. The Sacs and Foxes knew nothing of the origin of this name.



## SERRANUS CLINTON HASTINGS.

[We take great pleasure in copying from the volume recently given to the public by James Parton, Esq., entitled "Men of Progress," the following interesting biographical sketch of the Hon. S. C. Hastings, whose career in Iowa was unfairly and unjustly represented and animadverted upon in a paper by the Hon. Hawkins Taylor, published in the last October ANNALS.—EDITOR.]

SUCCESS is not always an evidence of genius, no more than failure is an assurance of incapacity; yet he who triumphs in life's battle, despite many serious obstacles in his early years—he who, in due time, attains honored prominence among his fellow-men, without such accessories as wealth and influence to render the struggle less arduous—in a word, he who, by dint of his own brain and muscle, rises from poverty and obscurity to affluence and position, surely develops rare ability, and illustrates a life story worthy of emulation. Such a man is the subject of this sketch, and his career is another and convincing example of that success which follows merit, and to which all may aspire who, like him, possess the will, the force of character, and the perseverance essential to its accomplishment.

The ancestry of Mr. Hastings can be traced to times quite remote, and he is supposed to be a descendant of the general of his name who, during the Heptarchy, led the Danish forces into England. His grandfather emigrated from England to Rhode Island early in the seventeenth century, and afterward settled in New York. Robert Collins Hastings, his father, was a well-educated and intelligent mechanic, a native of New York, and married Patience Brayton, of the large family of that name, who were among the first settlers of the counties of Jefferson and St. Lawrence. He was conspicuous in the stirring political events of his day, and was a warm friend and supporter of De Witt Clinton, after whom he named his son. He was in command of a company at Sackett's Harbor at the close of the war of 1812, and, in a personal encounter, provoked by the colonel of





his regiment, he dealt that officer a sword-thrust, on account of which, though never prosecuted *criminaliter*, he was harassed and persecuted by the colonel and his numerous powerful friends, until he became reduced from comfortable affluence to poverty. In this condition he removed to near Geneva, where he died, at the age of thirty-four years, destitute and despondent, leaving a wife and five children, of whom the subject of this notice was the eldest.

Before speaking of the son, we will mention another incident in the career of the father. Robert C. Hastings, during the war of 1812, with two others of Watertown, became security for a paymaster, who, some time after, represented that he had been robbed of \$80,000 in government funds. This statement not being credited, the three sureties repaired, one Sunday morning, to the residence of the suspected paymaster and invited him to a walk in the fields, and thrust him three times into a water-pit, declaring each should be the last unless he would reveal the truth. The third time convinced the culprit of the terrible earnestness of the parties with whom he had to deal, and, after being restored to consciousness, not without considerable difficulty, he finally acknowledged that the money was concealed on his wife's person. Acting on this confession, they immediately returned to the house, and forcibly took possession of the secreted funds, whereupon the enraged wife and proud woman, belonging to one of the first families of the country, unwilling to survive the disgrace of herself and husband, ran to the center of Black river bridge, near at hand, leaped into the stream, and was drowned.

Serranus Clinton Hastings was born November 22, 1814, in Jefferson county, New York. In early youth he passed six years in study at Gouverneur Academy, and, from this time to manhood, no one but himself can appreciate the difficulties, arising from poverty, he had to contend with in meeting the necessities of life, and at the same time prosecuting his studies. At the age of twenty he became principal of the Norwich Academy, in Chenango county, New



York, where he introduced the Hamiltonian system of instruction in the languages, the analytical system of mathematics, and improvements in other branches of education. After one year's successful teaching, he resigned this position, and commenced the study of law with Charles Thorpe, Esq., of Norwich. Here he continued his studies but a few months, and, in 1834, emigrated to Lawrenceburg, Indiana, where he completed his legal course with Daniel S. Majors, Esq. He did not, however, enter at once upon his professional labors, and in 1836, during the bitter presidential contest, we find him editing, in the interests of the democratic party, the *Indiana Signal*, an influential journal, which gave spirited and effective support to Martin Van Buren. His editorial career of six months closed with the triumph of his candidate; and he then parted with his younger brother, who migrated to Texas, enlisted in a company of which he afterwards became captain, fought four years on the Texan frontier and Mexican border, and was killed, with nearly all his command — victims of the treachery of his Mexican allies.

Mr. Hastings resumed his journey westward in December, 1836, and, on reaching Terre Haute, Indiana, presented himself to Judge Porter, of the circuit court, and ably sustained the test of a severe legal examination at the hands of that distinguished jurist. His next move was still further west, until he reached the "Blackhawk Purchase" (now the state of Iowa), and arrived at Burlington, in January, 1837. The following spring he took up his abode on the west bank of the Mississippi, where has since sprung up the city of Muscatine, Iowa, and here resolved to commence the practice of the profession for which he had prepared himself, having first been examined by Judge Irwin and admitted to the bar. At that time this vast stretch of country was attached to the territory of Wisconsin for judicial purposes.

Shortly after his admittance to the bar, Mr. Hastings was commissioned a justice of the peace by Governor Dodge, of





Wisconsin, with jurisdiction extending over the country between Burlington and Davenport, a distance of ninety miles. The western limit of this jurisdiction being unconfined, the ambitious young magistrate, for his own satisfaction, fixed it at the Pacific Ocean—not having the fear of Mexico before his eyes. The first and only case during his term of office was a criminal charge against a man found guilty, by the justice, of stealing thirty dollars from a citizen and three dollars from the court. The sentence, characteristic of the early and summary jurisprudence of the west, was that the prisoner be taken to an adjacent grove and tied to an oak tree, and receive upon his back thirty lashes for the money stolen from the citizen and three lashes for the three dollars taken from the court, and to be thence conveyed over the river to the Illinois shore, and banished from the territory forever. This sentence was duly, formally, and thoroughly executed, in the presence of the court and all the people.

On June 12th, 1838, Iowa was created a separate territory, and Judge Hastings soon after became the democratic candidate of his district for the first legislature to assemble under the territorial government. To this position he was elected, after a very spirited contest; and from time to time thereafter, and until 1846, when Iowa was admitted into the Union, he continued in public life, representing his constituents either in the house or council. During one of these sessions of the territorial legislature, he was elected president of the council, and discharged the duties of the office with marked ability and dispatch. At another session, while a member of the judiciary committee, and associated with Hon. James W. Grimes, since United States senator, he reported from the committee the celebrated statute known in Oregon and Iowa for many years as the "Blue Book," and this severe and comprehensive task was accomplished in ninety days, the limit of a legislative session.

About this time occurred what is known in the history of



Iowa as the "Missouri War," originating in the attempt of the sheriff of Clark county, Missouri, and other Missouri officials, to collect taxes within the territorial limits of Iowa. Governor Boggs, of Missouri, and Governor Lucas, of Iowa, were the acknowledged and opposing leaders of the "war;" and so great was the excitement at that time, and so bitter the feeling engendered, that bloodshed seemed inevitable. Judge Hastings took an active part in the conflict. He left his seat in the legislature and repaired to Muscatine, where he assumed command of the "Muscatine Dragoons" and three companies of militia. Without tents or sufficient clothing, with no arms save pistols and bowie-knives, no forage for his animals, and but a scanty supply of food for his men, he led his forces, in the middle of a severe and bleak winter, to the northern boundary of Missouri. The result of this campaign was the bloodless but glorious capture of the obnoxious sheriff, who was taken in triumph back to the outraged soil of Iowa, and lodged in the Muscatine county jail. Before Major Hastings could again cross the Missouri line, where the Missouri forces were arming and preparing to meet him, the difficulties were adjusted and peace fully restored. Shortly after the termination of this serio-comic campaign, Major Hastings was appointed on the governor's staff, with the rank of major of militia.

Early in 1846, a convention of the people of Iowa assembled at the capital and accepted the boundaries proposed by congress for the new state. Major Hastings was unanimously nominated for congress, and subsequently elected by the people. Iowa being admitted into the Union June 28th, 1846, he took his seat as her representative in the twenty-ninth congress in December. With one exception he was the youngest member of the house—a body then noted for the virtues and abilities of its representatives. John Quincy Adams had not then been removed from the theatre of his triumphs, and Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglass, Andrew Johnson, and other bright names shone on the roll of members.





In January, 1848, Major Hastings was appointed chief justice of the supreme court of Iowa, which position he held a little over a year, immediately before he emigrated to California. He arrived in that state in the summer of 1849, and settled at Benicia. He was soon thereafter unanimously elected, by the legislature, chief justice of the supreme court, and served out his term of two years with characteristic ability, and to the satisfaction of all.

In 1851 Judge Hastings received the democratic nomination for attorney general of California, to which position he was elected, receiving the highest vote cast at the election, except that given on the same ticket to the candidate for state treasurer. This vote was considered highly complimentary, as the field was occupied solely by his eloquent whig opponent, who thoroughly canvassed the state.

At the end of his two years term of office he retired from public life, and has not since been before the people as a candidate, although he has been prominently interested in, and identified with, the growth and prosperity of his adopted state.

Judge Hastings was the guest of William H. Seward in his tour of observation through Oregon, Washington, and Alaska, in the summer of 1869, and private duties interfered to prevent him from accompanying the distinguished statesman in his journey through our sister republics. On the return of Governor Seward, in the summer of the past year (1870), *en route* for Japan and China, he was the guest of Judge Hastings for about ten days, at his residence in San Francisco. The entertainment was highly pleasing to the governor and his party, and he often speaks of the hospitality of his friend as being "unsurpassed." Judge Hastings claims that the people of California especially owe a debt of gratitude to William H. Seward, and cannot do him too much honor—to say nothing of the respect due to one recognized as a great statesman and philosopher by all civilized nations.

The judge is a married man, and has seven children liv-



ing—three sons and four daughters. He is of an active, nervous temperament, genial manners, and agreeable presence; is tall in stature, of powerful build, and evidently possesses great physical endurance. Although a ready and racy debater, he lays no claim to oratory; nor is he particularly adapted to the legal profession, his nature rebelling against the restraint of judicial office, notwithstanding his legal attainments are considerable, and his conduct and decisions, as the highest judicial functionary of two states, have been generally commended, and seldom, if ever, condemned.

He is a good Latin scholar; is blessed with large and liberal views, extended information, and fine conversational powers, infused at times with wit and humor. Politics and finances generally engross his thoughts; still he is addicted to travel, and, since he left public office, the greater part of his time which could be spared from the proper superintendence of his children's education and the management of his estates, has been spent in extended travels in this country and Europe. He frequently, of late years, visits the scenes of his early life in Iowa, and is always received by the old settlers of that country with demonstrations of pleasure characteristic of the western pioneer.

While wearing the honors and cares of office, whirling in the dizzy round of political agitation, he always husbanded his resources, and managed his private business with consummate wisdom. During the exciting, prosperous times when the state of California was in its infancy, he wisely foresaw and embraced the opportunity of laying a broad and solid foundation for future wealth. Indeed, his whole career, whether viewed from a political or financial standpoint, has been one of unbroken success.

As one of the pioneers of the marvelous development of the far west, he is to-day witnessing the fruits of his early labors, and those of his co-workers in the great field of modern progress. Scarcely beyond the prime of life, he can now look back upon a past well employed, a noble work





accomplished, and enjoy that satisfaction which emanates from a consciousness of success the more abundant that, in advancing individual prosperity, it has also enhanced public good.

The heart of such a man cannot grow old, nor will his memory die.

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### "SWINGING AROUND THE CIRCLE."

BY R. B. GROFF, MARENGO, IOWA.

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A PERSON lost on the prairies is very apt to "swing around the circle." The fact has often been observed, but a satisfactory reason (to my mind, at least) has never been assigned. I admit that when a man's mind becomes bewildered or confused, he is not as apt to think correctly as in his calmer, reflective moments. But why should this be a reason why he should go *wrong* sooner than *right*, when they are both equally the subject of choice? This certainly is a curious manifestation of mental phenomena, and worthy of a more thorough investigation.

I remember the first summer I was in Iowa, one night after I had gone to bed, a man knocked rather violently at my door. I asked, "Who is there?" He answered promptly, giving his name, and stating that he wanted to go home to his own house. After a few more remarks, I knew the man by his voice, and arose and admitted him to my log fire. He soon got warm and felt more comfortable, and then commenced telling me that he had been trying to find his house for a long time; "But I cannot see it," said he. "I am not far from home, am I?" He stood about six feet in his boots, had a light, greyish beard, and large, full, rolling eye. From the eyebrows to the summit of the head there was a grade of about forty-five degrees. The hair had



dropped off of the top of his head, and lodged around the base of the tightly-stretched skin-covered cranium, and his countenance glowed with excitement. He was spare built, dressed in linsey-woolsey shirt, collar open, wamus tied in front with a big knot, and his understandings were partially covered with cowhide boots.

"Why, neighbor," said I, "you are within half a mile of home."

"Is that so?" said he. "Why, I will go," starting out of the house in a hurried manner, "but you must come and show me the road."

I went, and not only placed him on the road, but showed him his own light, brightly burning in his own window. He started off on a run, he was so desirous to get home.

I returned to my house, covered up the fire, undressed, and retired to rest, but had not slept, when I heard a violent knocking at the door. I arose, unlocked the door, and admitted the stranger, when, lo and behold, there stood the same, identical man. I stirred up the fire, and he, while warming himself, told me that he had "tried his *best* to go home, but couldn't quite come it. I got against a fence, climbed that, got into a field, got out, went over a large piece of fresh breaking, went through a piece of woods, crossed a creek, and this is the same house, and you are the same man I was with some time ago. This is the fourth time to-night that I have been around on this rough, crooked, curious road."

Now this man had been swinging around a circle, about three miles in extent. He had been around four times, making twelve miles the poor man had travelled to find his house. After he was sufficiently warm, I went with him until within one hundred yards of his house. That time he reached home. I was afraid to let him go alone, for fear he might perish in the cold, while swinging around the circle the fifth time.

I remember once of attempting to cross the prairie in a dense fog. There was a dim road, but as the fog was heavy





and the grass tall and coarse, I soon lost the track. I had only about five miles to go, but I went forward with such masterly activity that I spent five hours in making that distance. The road got plainer, and I expected every moment to get home—the road *was* getting better, for *I made it myself*, by swinging around a circle about one mile in diameter.

Hunters often get cooped up in the curves of rivers. These peninsulas are often very narrow at the neck, but extend many miles in the circuit. They are generally thickly clothed with vegetation, and decorated with a wilderness of wild vines. Game secreted from human sight among the profusion of leaves, prevents the hunter from having a direct shot. As he goes around the verdant walls, while no breeze stirs the leaves so as to reveal the object of his search, his mind becomes bewildered, forgets the marks by which he entered the bend, loses his reckoning, and commences to "swing around the circle." I knew a man that went around for many hours. He seemed to be completely fenced in by water, and there seemed no way to get out. "And yet," said he, "I was walking on a well beaten path, which was each moment becoming *more bright*. At one point I had to take hold of a basswood limb with my right hand, while I carried my double-barreled shot-gun with my left, to prevent my stepping too close to the sandy bank of the river. On the last round I observed the mark of a boot heel in the soft, moist earth. I then thought other hunters were in the bottom, and decided to call to them for aid. I called aloud, but no answer came, save the echo, flashed back from the distant hills. I wandered on, coming to the same boot-mark for the fifth time. I took off my boot, fitted the heel to the impression, and then, for the first time in my life, the conviction flashed on my mind that I was making *my own path*, by swinging around the circle. I turned around, took the range of the sun's slanting beams, walked briskly forward, crossed the neck of the peninsula, was soon out on the open prairie, and was never again fenced up in such a place by rolling water."



I saw a man in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, offer to bet twenty-five dollars that he would take any man into a twenty-five acre field, tie up his eyes, turn him three times around in the center of the field, and then if the man taking the bet could touch the fence on either side, the twenty-five dollars were his; if not, he was to forfeit an equal sum. I saw a man take the bet on the above conditions. I went out, with a number of others, to see the curious experiment. The man was blindfolded near the center of the field, turned around three times, and then started; and he did not go ten steps straight forward until he commenced leaning to the left, and continued to do so until he made a complete circle. He went round and round, each time contracting the circle, until he came near the point from which he started. We had to roll or walk out of the way, or he would have tramped upon us. After nearly two hours' labor he gave up the bet, declaring that he could not reach the fence.

I have often thought if I had another such an opportunity, I would insist on the subject being left alone until he came to the center of the circle, to see if he would stand still, or commence enlarging, as he had contracted, the circle — what phenomenon mind would make the visible body assume, after it had finished the business of swinging around the circle.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF NORTH-WESTERN IOWA.

BY N. LEVERING, GREENWOOD. MO.

(Continued from page 41.)

IN the latter part of August, 1861, the guards again became eager for the war-path, and made a campaign to Sioux Falls, returning by the way of Spirit Lake, and again we were detailed on duty at home, and had to forego the pleasure of another memorable campaign, for which the guards were somewhat notorious — their campaigns resulting in but little pain to the enemy.





We well remember the morning of their departure, as we stood in camp on the bluff in East Sioux City, and watched their military evolutions and grand display—a point in tactics in which our captain was not easily excelled. As they turned the point of the bluff, on their way out of the city, with drawn swords gleaming in the sunbeams, our gallant captain on his fiery war steed, that pranced, champed his bit, and pawed the earth, some rods in front, as if eager for the battle, our cup of admiration was full, and our mind reverted to the lines,—

“————— did you never train,  
And feel that swelling of the heart you ne’er can feel again.”

And as the Sioux City brass band, at the head of the company, piped forth sweet strains of music, we were forcibly reminded of the lines of the poet,—

“Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.”

This was a strategic movement on the part of our captain. As bullets had failed to subdue the savage, he was determined to try the force of music. It was evident, from the movements of the company, that a brilliant charge was to be made. We watched their movements with interest, expecting to see the charge of the “Light Brigade” eclipsed. Judge Hubbard stood near by, observing their movements with seemingly much pleasure, when our generous captain, in a *dry* and *husky* voice, cried out, “Halt! front face!” The order was obeyed with alacrity, as the braves evidently were *thirsting* for a glorious charge on Seltzer’s brewery, before which they were now drawn up in line of battle, when they charged upon sundry glasses of lager. After slacking their raging thirst, they soon disappeared up the valley of the Floyd—thirsting for the blood of their enemies, and each man feeling as though he could whip his weight in wild cats. When the judge witnessed the charge on the brewery, his countenance changed to that of scorn, as he said, “Confound them boys; this method of fighting Indians must be broken up.”



During this memorable campaign, a few casualties occurred to the company, some of which were from the warring elements, but none from the warring Indians. One night, while they were encamped a short distance from a bridge across a small stream, in a grove of timber, situated out on the prairie, there came up a terrible wind-storm, which caused a wonderful commotion among the tree-tops, wrenching the limbs therefrom and scattering them like straws upon the ground, many falling in the camp, and some large limbs passing directly through some of the tents where the soldiers were sleeping, doing no serious damage, however, to any one, save Jimmy Dormidy, a son of Erin, who was severely injured in his back and hip, which placed him on the sick list for several weeks after. When he was struck, his voice was heard above the howling storm, crying, "O, murther, boys I am killed! Carry me to the bridge; I'll be safe there." The storm soon subsided, when Jimmy was cared for, tents straightened up, and all sought repose again. Indeed, it was a miracle that more were not hurt.

It was during this campaign that J. M. White, a member of the company and a practical joker, sought to test the pluck of the company. It was after the moon had sunk to rest, and the twinkling stars alone shed their spark, and all were in quiet repose, save the sentinels, who paced their weary rounds, when White quietly crept out by the guard unobserved, to where the horses were feeding, where he found some blocks of wood, from four to six feet in length, which he set up on end; then, quickly stealing back into camp, he approached the sentinel, and, in a low voice, said, "Do you see those Indians?" at the same time pointing to the blocks that he had set up, which were scarcely discernible; "they are after our horses." The sentinel stretched his neck, his eyes dilating to their fullest capacity, until they resembled two fried eggs. After he was convinced beyond a doubt that he could see Indians, he called out, in a trembling voice, "Who comes there? Who comes there?"





Getting no response, his suspicions were now fully confirmed, and he fired. In a moment all was alarm and consternation in the camp. "Form! form!" was the order from the gallant captain. His braves were soon in battle array, when a charge (not so disastrous as at "Balaklava") was made — when, lo! it was not Mr. Lo, but Mr. Wood. White brought up the rear in this memorable charge, with side-splitting laughter.

John Currier, one of the pioneer settlers of Sioux City, and one of the leading members of the bar of the northwest, was the first and only man to spill American blood during this eventful campaign. The premature discharge of his navy caused him a severe flesh wound in the thigh (if I mistake not), which was carefully dressed by Lieutenant Dr. Smith, a very skillful surgeon, who acted in the two-fold capacity of surgeon and lieutenant. In a few days the 'squire resumed his duty in the ranks, and soon after he was honorably discharged, when he mounted the tripod as editor of the *Sioux City Register*, a democratic organ which had formerly been published by F. M. Zebaugh. Mr. C. displayed such ability as an editor as gave him additional notoriety.

Soon after the return of the guards, an order was received from the war department to raise a company of cavalry for the frontier service in northwestern Iowa. Active steps were at once taken, and in a few days the company was full. Quite a number of the guards joined it, Governor Kirkwood having issued an order to muster out the guards as soon as the new company was ready to be mustered in.

J. T. Copelan, a member of the guards, went to Spirit Lake, in Dickinson county, to raise some recruits for the new company, and on the 18th day of September started for Sioux City with thirty-five recruits. When about midway between Spirit Lake and Peterson, in Clay county, Copelan and a Mr. Kingman were riding some distance behind the main body (who were mostly in wagons, there not being more than half a dozen mounted men in the party, and but



about three who were armed), when they observed a horseman some distance from them, on the prairie. Knowing that there was no settlement near, and supposing, from the peculiar appearance of the person, that it was, in all probability, a straggling Indian, they at once determined to ascertain. Putting spurs to their horses, they were soon near enough to confirm their suspicions, when they suddenly found themselves surrounded, or nearly so, by a large party of Sioux warriors, who seemingly, like Macbeth's witches, "sprang up out of the earth," and were endeavoring to surround them and cut off their retreat, and, if possible, add two more scalps to their trophies of war. But their supposed victims quickly discerned their object, and, by a vigorous application of the spur, amid a shower of bullets, they made a safe retreat, but not without first emptying their revolvers at these vile miscreants of the prairie. They fell back toward the wagons, returning the fire of the savages the best they could, when the recruits in the wagons unhitched their horses, and, as many as could find horses to ride, came to their relief with such weapons as they were able to muster. The Indians, seeing the reinforcements, began to retreat. Copelan and Kingman now assumed the offensive, and, with their *light cavalry*, gave hot chase to the enemy, who were now making a precipitate retreat. During the fight an Indian whom Copelan supposed, from his dress and general appearance, to be a chief, detached himself from the main body and retreated in a different direction. Mr. C. singled him out and gave chase. He was mounted on his favorite, large, bay horse, "Aleck," as fine an animal as there was in northwestern Iowa. "Aleck" was too fleet for the Indian pony—every leap he made brought his brave rider nearer the enemy. The Indian passed over a bluff out of sight, and as Copelan reached the top of the bluff he discovered the Indian sitting upon his horse, facing him, with his gun leveled, taking aim, and awaiting his arrival. Our hero at a glance discovered the dilemma in which he was so unexpectedly placed, and





divining the Indian's intent, he threw himself forward on "Aleck's" neck, who had not yet slackened his pace, when the enemy's ball whistled harmlessly by. Copelan returned the fire with his revolver, but without effect. The chase was kept up for several miles, with occasional exchange of shots, when, chiefly for want of ammunition, the pursuit was abandoned.

On their arrival at Sioux City, the guards were disbanded. They now were, like the army of Alexander or the guards of Napoleon, numbered among the things that once were. Their many memorable campaigns, strategic movements, and brilliant charges on Seltzer's brewery, gave them a notoriety and fame that *thirsty heroes* might well envy. No more was to be heard the clarion voice of our gallant captain, ringing forth those beautiful words that *charged* to the bottom of every soldier's heart — "Gentlemen, officers, and fellow-soldiers: I am proud to command such a company;" but this beautiful sentiment shall have an abiding place in the secret chambers of our heart until it shall cease to beat. In closing this brief sketch of the gallant guards, I will say, in all candor and justice to officers and soldiers, not a man of them ever faltered when duty called, and, so far as their courage was tested, they proved themselves as brave as Spartans.

The new company now organized by the election of the following officers: A. J. Millard, captain; J. A. Sayers, first lieutenant; J. T. Copelan, second lieutenant; S. H. Cassidy, orderly sergeant. They were soon mustered in and installed as "Uncle Samuel's boys," and were designated as the "Sioux City Cavalry," with headquarters at Sioux City. The company was stationed in squads, at different points — Sioux City, Cherokee, Peterson, and Spirit Lake being the principal places — for the protection of the settlers, who had been much annoyed by the depredations of the Indians.

This additional guarantee of safety seemed to infuse new life into our frontier, and progress again resumed her onward



march. At the October election of this year (1861), J. Pendleton (heretofore spoken of) was elected to the legislature by a handsome majority; N. Levering was, without opposition, elected county judge of Woodbury county, to succeed J. P. Allison; T. J. Stone, treasurer and recorder, as successor of C. E. Hedge; J. N. Field, clerk of the court, as successor of C. B. Rustin; and F. J. Lambert, sheriff, as successor of G. L. Tacket. The election over, excitement subsided, peace and quiet reigned until the following spring, when Mr. Lo again resumed the war path, and, despite the vigilance of the Sioux City Cavalry, he would occasionally steal in and commit some depredations.

It was during this summer that the Sioux attacked some settlers on James river, in Dakota territory. The alarm spread as if upon the wings of the wind, swelling in atrocity as it went. Some of the timid settlers, not waiting to investigate the extent of the depredations, mounted their horses and fled—some to Yankton and some to Sioux City—spreading alarm and consternation among the people on their way, by reporting a large body of Indians advancing upon them, and laying waste all before them. This created such alarm that many made a precipitate flight, leaving all behind, and thinking only of dear life. Some ladies leaped from their beds, and, without stopping to dress, rushed out in their night clothes to the open prairie, where they wandered for a day or two, without food or shelter, before they found their way to a settlement. The greatest consternation prevailed. Those who fled to Yankton hastily entrenched themselves by throwing up temporary breastworks and making such other means of defence as circumstances would permit. Many fled to Sioux City, and some, not deeming it safe to stop there, went on eastward, and perhaps are yet running.

The excitement in Sioux City ran high. Many of the citizens packed their trunks, and were ready to leave at one side of the city as the Indians should enter the other. The greatest confusion prevailed, and a general stampede seemed





inevitable. On Saturday a meeting of the citizens was called at Cassady's hall, for the purpose of devising ways and means for the protection of the city against the invading foe, who were hourly expected by many. The hall was crowded to overflowing. Judge P. Bliss, of the United States Court of Dakota territory, was called to the chair, and the other necessary officers were chosen. Various plans and suggestions were discussed for the preservation of the citizens and safety of the town. One suggested that a huge raft be constructed, on which should be placed the women and children and sent down the river, and the men remain and fight it out; another proposed that a block house be built on the top of Prospect Hill and one on the point of the bluff in East Sioux City, while some were for throwing up breast-works around the city, and others were for erecting a fort. Such was the confusion of ideas and notions, that one was reminded of the building of the tower of Babel. It was finally decided to appoint a committee, whose duty it should be to devise some means of defence and take charge of the construction of the same. We do not now remember the names of but two of that committee — Dr. W. R. Smith and N. C. Hudson. They met, canvassed the grave situation hastily, not having much time to digest plans amid the whirl of excitement, and they decided to erect a fort. The site selected was, as near as I can now remember, at the corner of Third and Nebraska streets, near the river. About three acres was to be inclosed by a ditch four feet wide at the top, two feet at the bottom, and four feet deep, and on the embankment thrown up was to be placed posts eight feet long and eight inches wide, and boarded up on each side with inch boards, and filled between with dirt, beat down firmly. Block houses were to be built at the corners, so as to rake the ditches. This was the plan agreed upon, and every able-bodied man in the city was notified to be on the ground next morning (Sabbath), armed with the necessary tools to complete the work. Sunday morning came, and with it came the citizens, armed with all the requisite tools,



shovels, spades, axes, &c. A certain number of feet were assigned to each man to dig. Spades and shovels were plied freely to the bosom of Mother Earth, and an embankment began to loom up, while the block houses soon towered up, as if to bid defiance to an invading foe. The city fathers assembled early on Sunday morning for deliberation, and voted an appropriation of \$300 for the defence of the city. All worked with a will; jokes were freely cracked as the work went bravely on. A wag suggested that a ditch be extended to the river and let in the water around the fort, and then place on it a line of gunboats. The men worked bravely on that day; the next day the interest in the work of defence had very much abated, there being but few laborers; and on the third day there was an entire abatement, no one putting in an appearance, and the work not more than half completed — showing that another stampede was necessary to complete it.

Mr. Lo did not call around for our scalps, and the frowning walls of our fort stood there, a monument of a big scare. The writer of this sketch afterwards sold out the fort, by order of the city council.

It was soon ascertained that the alarm was false, and the settlers began to return and resume their occupations. In November of that year (1862) Governor Kirkwood ordered a border brigade to be raised, consisting of two or more companies, two of which were to be stationed at Correctionville, on the Little Sioux river, and at Estherville, on the Des Moines river. J. M. White, of the "Frontier Guard" notoriety, at once raised a company in Woodbury and Monona counties, of which he was chosen captain; C. B. Rustin, first lieutenant; — Atkins (of Monona county), second lieutenant; and Dr. Griffin, orderly sergeant. A Capt. Ingram (if I mistake not), of Polk county, raised a company. Ingersoll, of Des Moines, was appointed colonel by the governor, and Lieut. J. M. Sawyers, of the Sioux City Cavalry, lieutenant colonel, who took command of what was designated as the "Northern Border Brigade." Capt. White was sta-





tioned with headquarters at Correctionville, where a fort was built and called Fort White, in honor of the commander. Capt. White had command of the posts at Cherokee, in Cherokee county, and Peterson, in Clay county, at which points block houses were built. Capt. Ingram was stationed with headquarters at Estherville, where a very neat and substantial fort was built. He commanded the post at Spirit Lake, where a portion of his company was stationed, occupying the two-story brick court house, which was surrounded with pickets, as their quarters, and which had been built by the Sioux City Cavalry, prior to the organization of the Border Brigade.

In September of this year the writer of this sketch was commissioned, by Governor Kirkwood, a commissioner to take the vote of all the troops in Northwestern Iowa at the October election. I will here relate a little incident that occurred while visiting the different posts in the line of our duty. I had not proceeded far on my way when I was overhauled by the mail carrier from Sioux City to Spirit Lake, on his way to the latter place with the United States mail.

"Hello!" he said, as he drove up; "where are you going?"

"To Spirit Lake and intermediate points," I replied.

"Good," said he. "I would like your company, as it is long and lonely road; and, besides, there is danger of them cussed Indians taking a fellow's scalp," he added.

"All right," I said; "I'll accompany you."

He was a jolly old tar, who had for many long years been tossed on the high seas, and whose blooming proboscis indicated that much of the "critter" had been tossed beneath it. I observed a ten-gallon keg in his buggy.

"What is that?" I asked.

"The devil caged," he answered.

"Correct; but look out that he doesn't give you the slip before you get through," I added.

"You see," said he, "there is to be an election at the Lake in a few days, and old Thomas, the landlord there, wants this whisky for the occasion."



As we were thus talking, A. Paine and one or two others, members of the Sioux City Cavalry, drove up. They were on their way to Peterson with a mule team, loaded with rations for that post.

Old Tar now pulled up, and drew out a two-gallon jug from under his buggy seat and dexterously brought the mouth of the jug in contact with his own; after which he passed it to Paine, saying, "Hère, boys, take a snort." They all "snorted," soon after which they became very communicative, and evinced much friendship for Old Tar. We had not gone far when Paine said:—

"Old Tar, s'pose you put your keg in my wagon, and I will get in and ride with you."

"All right," said Old Tar.

After the exchange, a lively drive was made, and we arrived at Cherokee just at night, where we stopped for supper. Supper over, I admonished Old Tar, who was now about "three sheets in the wind," that we should be off.

"Come, boys, let's spread sail and scud out," said Old Tar.

Paine and his comrades, who were by this time feeling overjoyful, said:—

"Drive on, old cuss; we'll come when we are ready."

Leaving the boys in their revelry, we drove on. We had gone two or three miles, when Old Tar began to think of his whisky that he had left behind, and stopped to listen for their coming. Again he started and again he stopped, declaring that he would go no farther until they came up. After waiting some minutes, we heard the rattle of the wagon and the Bacchanalian shouts and songs of the boys rolling out across the broad prairie. On they came, under the whip and on the jump. As they came up, Old Tar hailed them, but it was of no use. On they flew, making the prairie ring with their songs. Old Tar jumped into his buggy and followed as fast as his bony horse could carry him, but it was of no use, for he was soon left to snuff his rot-gut afar off. We arrived at Peterson about twelve





o'clock that night. Old Tar drove up to Paine's wagon, which stood a short distance from the soldiers' quarters, and made a hasty search for his keg, which was nowhere to be found. Paine (who had just received a kick on his leg by a mule, which disabled him and placed him on the sick list for several weeks) came hobbling by.

"Where is my whisky?" shouted Old Tar in an excited manner.

"I don't know," said Paine. "You see," he added, "as we came down the bluff on t'other side of the river, the mules got to kicking like the d—l, and I s'pose it must have rolled out, as I could not hold them."

Off ran Old Tar to the barracks, with his suspicions now doubly aroused. He made a hurried and eager search, inquiring of what few soldiers were yet up, but without success. He finally bethought himself of the two-gallon jug in his buggy, and rushed back like a quarter-house, and found that his jug had followed the keg. This was more than his poor, whisky-scoreched soul could stand. A terrible drouth was now inevitable, and he groaned in the *spirits*, he raved, he cursed, he swore, until a late hour in the morning, when he yielded to the entreaties of Morpheus, and retired to his dreamy couch.

At the peep of day he was up and renewed his search, with no better success, and without awakening the sympathy of any one in his behalf. I mounted my horse and rode on, leaving Old Tar making a vigorous search for his lost spirits. I had gone about two miles, when I heard some one calling out "Stop! stop!" On looking around, I saw Old Tar coming as if his Satanic majesty was driving him. I halted, when he came up, plying the gad vigorously to the bony frame of his horse. In an excited manner, and with eyes protruding like two knots on a log, he said:—

"I found my whisky—they cusses stole it! You see," he continued, "just as I was starting, they invited me to drink with them, and, as I was as dry as a mackerel, I



couldn't refuse; and just as soon as I tasted it I knew it was my whisky."

I could not express any sympathy for him, as I never had any for the traffic.

On my return, the boys at Peterson were very communicative upon the subject, and wished to know when Old Tar would pass that way again with liquor, as they were getting dry again. They had secreted the whisky in a patch of weeds near the barracks, and when Old Tar had retired to rest they brought it into camp and apportioned it out—filling each man's canteen, and then hid the keg and jug in a manger of one of their stables, covering it over with hay. This was the last time that any one attempted to carry intoxicating liquors in quantity along that line of military posts while soldiers were stationed there.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## THE FIRST DEMOCRATIC LEGISLATIVE CAUCUS IN THE STATE OF IOWA.

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BY LYSANDER W. BABBITT, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

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(Continued from page 656, Vol. IX.)

WEDNESDAY EVENING, December 6th, 1848.

CAUCUS met pursuant to adjournment—Mr. Corse in the chair, and L. W. Babbitt secretary.

The roll being called, all the members answered to their names.

Mr. Bradley moved that an informal ballot be taken for candidates for supreme judges, and that the person having the highest number of votes and being a majority of all the votes cast, be the candidate for chief justice.

Mr. Harbor moved to amend by striking out all after the word "judges." Which motion was lost, and the original motion was agreed to.





Mr. Bradley then moved that the caucus take a recess of ten minutes, for electioneering purposes. Agreed to.

It was during this recess that the writer hereof, having satisfied himself that the Hon. Joseph Williams had only fourteen votes in the caucus that could be relied upon, suggested to several members the propriety of giving Williams a complimentary vote on the first and informal ballot.

The recess having expired, the chairman called the caucus to order, and the caucus proceeded to ballot for candidates for supreme judges — Messrs. Harbor and Bradley acting as tellers — with the following result:—

Joseph Williams.....	23
George Green.....	16
John F. Kinney.....	15
S. C. Hastings.....	11
J. C. Hall.....	9
J. C. Knapp.....	6
Thomas Wilson.....	6
Enoch W. Eastman.....	6
Ed. Johnston.....	5
Curtis Bates.....	5
William Thompson.....	4
Stephen Hempstead.....	4
Philip Bradley.....	4

The result of the balloting being announced by the chair, L. W. Babbitt arose and said: "Mr. Chairman — The Hon. Joseph Williams having received a majority of all the votes cast in this convention — twenty votes being necessary to secure a nomination — I move that the Hon. Joseph Williams be declared the unanimous nominee of this convention for the office of chief justice of the supreme court." Which motion was put and carried.

Mr. Harbor moved that the caucus take another recess of ten minutes; which motion prevailed.

It was during this recess that Mr. Harbor, who had given Williams a complimentary vote, came to me and said: "G—d d—n your complimentary vote; it nominated the old fiddler."



The caucus was again called to order by the chairman, and, Mr. Hall's name being withdrawn, a second ballot was had, with the following result: —

George Greene.....	25
John F. Kinney.....	18
S. C. Hastings.....	16
Curtis Bates.....	5
Enoch W. Eastman.....	4
Thomas Wilson.....	4
J. C. Knapp.....	2
Ed. Johnston.....	2

The result being declared, Mr. Bradley moved that the nomination of Mr. Greene be made unanimous; which was agreed to.

Mr. Griffith moved that the caucus proceed to ballot for a third candidate for supreme judge; which motion prevailed, and the ballot was had, with the result following: —

John F. Kinney.....	19
S. C. Hastings.....	16
Curtis Bates.....	3

The result being declared, and there being no choice, on motion of Mr. McFarland, a fourth ballot was had, as follows: —

John F. Kinney.....	22
S. C. Hastings.....	16

On motion of Mr. Mahony, the nomination of Mr. Kinney was made unanimous, and, there being no further business, the caucus adjourned.

On the 7th day of December, 1848, the nominees of this democratic cauces were elected, in joint convention of the two houses, to the offices for which they were nominated — Messrs. Dodge and Jones receiving thirty-eight votes each, and Messrs. Wm. H. Wallace and Ralph P. Lowe nineteen votes each. Those who voted for Augustus C. Dodge and George W. Jones were: —

Messrs. Alexander, Alger, Babbitt, Baker, Betts, Bon-





ham, Bradley, Casady, Collins, Corse, Crawford, Davidson, Elmer, Espy, Evans, Fear, Flint, Gifford, Griffith, Harrison, Harbor, Howell, Jacobs, Langton, Mahony, McFarland, Morton Penny, Reed, Riggs, Royston, Sales, Sargent, Shields, Walker, Weyand, Wood, and Mr. President, J. J. Selman — 38.

Those gentlemen who voted for William H. Wallace and Ralph P. Lowe were: —

Messrs. Allison, Bourne, Browning, Burroughs, Cook, Goodrell, Jay, McCrary, McManaman, Sanford, Springer, Sprott, Stevenson, Timmons, Thompson, Wheeler, Williams, Woodworth, and Wright — 19.

The democratic nominees for judges, Messrs. Williams, Greene, and Kinney, were elected over their whig opponents, Messrs. Whiteher, Howell, and Davis, by the same vote that the senators received, with this exception: Mr. Sprott voted for the democratic candidates, giving them thirty-nine votes to eighteen votes for their whig opponents.

This, Mr. Editor, comprises all, perhaps, that is interesting in relation to the first democratic legislative caucus in Iowa, at which senators and judges of the supreme court were nominated, and afterwards elected, in joint convention of the two houses of the general assembly. It may, however, be interesting to some, as giving some idea of the character of the men elected and of the custom that then prevailed upon such occasions, to give a description of the manner the friends of the nominees of the senators were treated the evening after their nomination.

As soon as the caucus adjourned, after the nomination of senators, General Jones, who was present, in his usual impulsive and generous manner, cried out, "Come, boys — friends, everybody — let's go and have some refreshments." By the time I had my minutes of the proceedings closed and in my pocket, I was left alone, for the members and the crowd had all either retired to their homes and boarding houses, or had followed General Jones to the refreshment



establishment. Being of the refreshment class myself, I proceeded to hunt up that establishment. I found it located on the north-east corner of the public square, and to be what was then called a first-class restaurant, with whisky-shop in connection. As a matter of course, as the invitation was general, the crowd was not very select. Friends, foes, old men, young men, members of the legislature and lobbyists, boys, gamblers—in short, every class was represented, from the governor of the state down to the rag-tag and bob-tail of the city. The gathering was exceedingly promiscuous. General Jones was all life and was going in with a hurrah, saying, “Call for what you want, who in h—l cares for expenses,” and the crowd were going in—some for stewed oysters and some for raw ones, some for “whisky straight” and others for hot toddy and “Tom and Jerry.” General Jones was here, and there, and everywhere. Judge Williams was amusing the crowd by singing “Lucy Neal,” and “I’ll bet my money on the bob-tailed hoss, who will bet on the bay?” and John P. Cook was helping on the fun by imitating the Judge and mimicking his singing. Everything was in accord in the way of eating, drinking, and in fun; but in terrible discord as to the mode and manner of procuring it.

At last General Jones noticed that General Dodge was not present, and the cry was, “Where is Dodge? where is Dodge?” until nothing else could be heard. At last a committee was appointed to hunt up the General, and he was soon brought into the crowd. The General, in his usual affable manner, spoke to such as knew him, and then called General Jones aside, when the following conversation, as near as I can recollect, took place:—

*Dodge.*—Jones, what is the meaning of all this? This is not the way to entertain our friends. You should have waited until we could have prepared to entertain our friends with supper gotten up in regular order, and where all could have been present. They are not here now. Where is Judge Mason, Colonel Hall, Leffler, Colonel Hempstead? They are not here, and this looks more like an entertain-





ment for the *rabble* than for friends, and, besides, this eating of oysters out of the can, with every one with a can in his hand is a fearful waste of the *raw* material.

*Jones*.—Never mind, General; we are in it now; let's go ahead; who the d—l cares for expenses?

*Dodge*.—It is not the expenses that I look at, but the *manner* of entertaining friends. Here are Judge Williams, Cook, and other of our friends, but the *mass* are not here. The majority are whisky soakers, who make the occasion *their* opportunity.

*Jones*.—Slapping the General on the shoulder, "Never mind, General let's put it through."

And it was put through; and the result was a bill of between four and five hundred dollars for Dodge and Jones to foot the next day.

After their election, the senators and judges gave a sumptuous supper to their friends at the Crummy House, to which all the members of the legislature were invited, and a grand social time was had, in accordance with the calm and dignified ideas of General Dodge.

In the first instance we have the impulsive character of General Jones illustrated, showing his ability to carry his measures, as it were, by storm; while in the latter we have the calm and deliberate character of General Dodge portrayed, showing his tactics of success to lie in calm and deliberate calculation. This accounts for the great success of the two generals in their congressional career, and the two characters were highly necessary at that time in placing Iowa in what may now be called the front rank of states, with a bright future before her.



## NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF POTTAWATTAMIE COUNTY.

BY D. C. BLOOMER.

## No. 4.

(Continued from page 51.)

THE first number of the *Council Bluffs Chronotype* was issued on the 13th day of December, 1855, by Folsom & Maynard—William W. Maynard, editor. It was published for about two years and a half—Mr. Maynard continuing editor for about one year, assisted, for a portion of the time, by Mr. A. J. Mackey, a young man of much ability and promise as a writer. In looking over the files of the first volume, I notice abundant evidence of that racy and pungent style which has since placed Mr. Maynard in the front rank of the editorial fraternity of the state. J. E. Johnson was at that time in charge of the *Bugle*, the only other paper in the county, and many sharp conflicts passed between them in their editorial columns. The *Chronotype* was whig, or anti-Nebraska, in politics, while the *Bugle* sustained the administration and the then bitter contest going on in Kansas, and the question of the admission or non-admission of slavery into the territories furnished abundant topics for editorial conflict and discussion.

On the 5th of February, 1855, an election was held in Council Bluffs for city officers, under the charter granted by the legislature in 1853—no election having been held in 1854. At this election the following officers were chosen: Mayor, C. E. Stone; recorder, C. W. Boyers; treasurer, B. R. Pegram; marshal, A. F. Thompson; assessor, G. A. Robinson; councilmen—first ward, J. B. Stutsman, J. B. Lewis, W. Hepner; second ward, J. P. Casady, R. P. Snow, S. S. Bayless; third ward, J. A. Jackson, Milton Rogers, W. J. Cooper. Messrs. Snow and Hepner declined to serve, and J. D. Test and J. E. Johnson were appointed in their places. It was said, probably with truth, that the above





candidates mainly owed their election to the influence of a lodge of "know-nothings," which, it was charged, had been established in the town that spring. Among the appointments of city officers made by the council, were the following: City engineer, Thomas Tosteven; city attorney, R. L. Douglass; city supervisor, H. D. Harl. A tax, for city purposes, of five mills was levied. The mayor recommended, early in the year, that a system of public improvements should be commenced, and that the bonds of the city should be issued to pay the expense; but very little was done towards carrying out these recommendations, and no city bonds were issued this year. A few ordinances were passed, money enough collected to pay the officers and make some necessary repairs on the streets. Mr. Stone received \$100 for his services as mayor for the year. The board of health consisted of Drs. Honn, Malcolm, and Shoemaker, but no contagious diseases prevailed, and their labors were quite light.

The township of Knox was organized in February, 1855. It is situated in the northeastern part of the county, having previously formed a part of Macedonia township. It had been early settled by the Mormons, but about this time it received a considerable Gentile population. Rev. John Wilson, a pioneer Methodist minister, came to the vicinity this year, and was a noted character throughout all that region. John A. Sinclair, Benjamin True, John A. Stickney, and A. M. Battelle were also among the first settlers. The village sites of Wooster and Newtown were both platted and recorded this year. They were situated on sections 21 and 22, in township 77, range 39, adjoining each other, on a beautiful tract of land just east of the Nishnabotna river, and near the south end of Lewin's Grove. Quite a settlement sprang up at this point, a school house was built, a store opened, and a blacksmith shop established. Here, also, Parson Wilson preached to the people the pure doctrines of the gospel, occasionally extending his ministrations up and down the river for a long distance, uniting the young



people in marriage and burying the dead. Dr. S. M. Ballard and Samuel Knepper owned large tracts of fine land in this township, and were among the proprietors of the proposed village of Wooster.

The warm and pleasant winter of 1854-55 was succeeded by a dry and hot spring. Very little rain fell until late in May, and the grass on the prairies was slow in making its appearance. The Missouri river was unusually low all the spring, and merchants were unable to receive their supply of goods until about the first of July. Merchandise and groceries of all kinds were very scarce in the place, and the most ordinary articles of common use in families were in great demand, and often could not be purchased at any price. The emigration, in its canvas-covered wagons, began to make its appearance early in the season, but was detained on the Missouri river, waiting for supplies and the growth of grass on the plains, until the beginning of June. About that time, also, the rains began to fall, and soon the prairies were covered with their beautiful summer mantle of green. In July the river began to swell, and soon its banks were nearly full, bringing a goodly number of steamboats up the river, whose decks were crowded with freight and passengers. At that early day the arrival of a steamboat from St. Louis was an event of considerable importance, and people in great numbers hastened to the landing, either to welcome friends, receive goods, or feast their eyes upon a messenger from the outer world. On such occasions the bar of the boat was well patronized, and very frequently the day closed with a dance in the spacious cabin, at which the *elite* of Council Bluffs and Omaha were present, and joined in the festivities.

Early in the summer of 1855 the work of building the brick block in Council Bluffs, afterwards known as Empire Block, was commenced. It was the first block of brick buildings erected on the Missouri slope above St. Joseph. The proprietors were S. S. Bayliss, Milton Tootle, James A. Jackson, R. P. Snow, George Doughty, and Mrs.





Leonora Amy. It was situated in the lower part of the city, nearly opposite the Pacific House, fronting on Broadway, and extending from Main to Pearl street, and consisted of four fine store rooms, each twenty-five feet wide by eighty feet in depth, and three stories high. The work went steadily on during the fall, and the buildings were gotten ready for occupancy during the following winter. The firm of George Doughty & Co. was the first to move into the new block, followed soon after by the well known "Elephant Store," James A. Jackson & Co., proprietors, who occupied the room at the corner of Broadway and Main streets. The completion of each of these two buildings was commemorated in the way usual in those days — that is, by a regular old-fashioned dance. The remaining two store rooms were not occupied until the following spring, when one of them was filled with hardware by C. J. Fox, and the other with merchandise, by a new firm, consisting of Edward McBride and William S. Bowen.

Just about the time the above block was commenced, Mr. Lysander W. Babbitt, at that time holding the office of register of United States land office, began the erection of a brick block in the eastern part of the city, in connection with the well known mercantile firm of Stutsman & Donnell. Two brick buildings were erected, completed, and occupied during the fall, Mr. Babbitt going into the mercantile business in connection with Mr. Wm. H. Robinson. These buildings were known as the "Phoenix Block." The register's office was removed into this block early in 1856, from its old quarters, near the Pacific House. Mr. Babbitt had previously, in 1854, erected a fine residence in the extreme eastern part of the city, which has since been enlarged and surrounded by beautiful grounds, filled with all kinds of fruits, and is still (in 1872) occupied by him.

On the 27th of August, 1855, Mr. Sherman Goss, of Rockford township, was killed in a claim fight which occurred on that day at Fort Calhoun, in Nebraska. He was penetrated by two bullets, and died almost instantly. He was a highly



esteemed and worthy citizen of the county, and his loss was deeply lamented. Mr. H. C. Purple, another old resident of the county, but at that time sojourning in Omaha, was also seriously wounded in the same affray.

On the 15th of February following (1856), Mr. J. B. Wynn, an old resident of Council Bluffs, was killed at Elkhorn, in Nebraska, by a man named Tabor, in consequence of some difficulty growing out of a contested claim at that place. Tabor was arrested in Council Bluffs, and committed, after a protracted examination before Esquire Kynett, for delivery to the Nebraska authorities, but released on *habeas corpus* by Judge Riddle, after which he immediately left the country.

During this, and several subsequent years, the Indians had free access to the streets of the town, a privilege of which they availed themselves in large numbers. Omahas and Pawnees predominated among these tawny nations of the plains, and their visits to the inhabitants were made in that free and easy style which showed that they stood not on ceremony, either in coming or going. They would open doors and walk into houses with most astonishing coolness, and when they could not do this they would plant themselves before the windows and watch the movements of the inmates, to their own entire satisfaction. Francis Guittar at this time kept a so-called Indian grocery on the corner of Main and Broadway, and around this his Indian friends would gather in great numbers — shooting at dimes, jumping, running, and singing, and sometimes treating the miscellaneous crowd that gathered around them to a regular war dance. Guittar had passed many years among them as a fur trader, and could, therefore, speak their language with facility.

On one occasion, in the summer of 1855, the streets of the town presented a most remarkable scene. The Omahas, having received their annual payments from the government in gold, came to Council Bluffs to buy horses. Very soon the intelligence spread over the town, and in a little while





almost every horse and pony in the place was on the streets, for sale. The Indians were pretty good at a bargain when horse-flesh was to be bought, and trading went on actively all day. Horses and ponies were seen flying through the streets in all directions, with red or white riders. Gold was the only medium of exchange that passed current, and eagles were traded for horse-flesh in large amounts; and when night came the Indians retired to the bottoms with their horses, while their former owners were engaged in counting up their gains.

Early in 1855 a division of the Sons of Temperance was established at Council Bluffs, of which Thomas Tostevin was the first presiding officer, and T. P. Treynor, Frank Street, and George H. Smith were prominent members. Late in the fall of the same year a lodge of Good Templars was organized, and both of these institutions enjoyed a fair degree of prosperity for several years. They did not, however, make much headway in arresting the sale of intoxicating liquors or in reducing the number of saloons that lined the streets of the town. Drinking, gambling, and Sunday desecration were still far too common, and continued so for several years longer.

On the 21st of July, 1855, a masonic lodge was organized in Council Bluffs, the place of meeting being in Odd Fellows Hall. The first officers were L. L. Bowen, P. J. McMahon, S. H. Riddle, Samuel Knepper, A. W. Hollister, J. C. Fargo, and S. W. Williams. Among the early members were W. C. James, A. V. Larimer, T. H. Benton, jr., Leonard Sears, Rufus Beall, and W. W. Maynard.

During the winter of 1855 a literary association was established, which held regular meetings for several months.

The April election, in 1855, seems to have excited very little interest in the county, and a very light vote was polled — the people's (or anti-administration) ticket receiving a majority of three, seven, and thirteen for the respective state candidates for the offices of register of the state land office and register and commissioner of the Des Moines river im-



provement. I have been unable to find any record of the details of the vote in the county. In Kane township, including Council Bluffs, the total vote was 243. In this township the following local officers were elected: J. F. Moffett, justice of the peace; G. A. Robinson, assessor; W. H. Robinson, clerk; and J. L. Childs, Jeremiah Folsom, and D. B. Clark, trustees. The majority against prohibition in Kane township was 25, and in the county 49.

At the August election of the same year, only county officers were voted for, and party lines were not very stringently drawn. W. D. Turner was elected recorder and treasurer; Thomas Tostevin, county surveyor; John C. Fargo, sheriff; and Joseph Hall, county judge. All of these gentlemen, except the last named, were whigs, and the *Chronotype* brought out a primitive picture of "our coon," accompanied by an amusing notice of the departure of the "low pressure 'Hunkee Democrat'" for Salt river. I can find no record whatever of the details of the vote at this election, either in the county records or in the files of the newspapers then published in the county. In fact, these papers seem, at that time, to have been singularly neglectful of home news—the local column, now forming so prominent a part of every well conducted newspaper, having then not yet come into much prominence. Judge Hall, who was a plain, honest farmer, soon found the duties of his office exceedingly irksome, and he therefore resigned after a few months, and the duties of the office were discharged by A. V. Larimer until the spring election, in April, 1856, when William C. James was elected for the remainder of the term. At this latter election, the other county officers chosen were: Samuel Eggleston, school commissioner, and William R. Reel, drainage commissioner. The vote was very light and very little interest taken in the result.

In February, 1856, the republican party was, for the first time, formally organized in the county, and C. E. Stone, J. T. Baldwin, J. D. Honn, Frank Street, and J. B. Wynn were appointed delegates to the republican state convention.





The political canvass of 1856 was conducted, towards its close, with considerable spirit. Samuel R. Curtis and Augustus Hall, the opposing candidates for congress, both visited the county and delivered addresses, as did also several of the candidates for presidential electors. At the August election the whole number of votes was 564, and the democratic majority was 200. A. V. Larimer was elected representative, J. H. Sherman prosecuting attorney, and F. E. Welch clerk of the district court. The defeated republican candidates for the same offices were: B. R. Pegram, George W. Dodge, and David De Vol.

At the presidential election, in November, Buchanan received 353 votes, Fremont 259, and Fillmore 85; total, 697—divided among the six townships of which the county was then composed, as follows: Kane, 408; Rockford, 97; Macedonia, 41; Center, 21; Walnut, 17; and Knox, 14. At the same election D. W. Price received 40 majority in the county for member of the constitutional convention for the district then composed of nearly the entire northwestern part of Iowa. His competitor for the same office was D. E. Brainard, of Harrison county.

At the city election in March, 1856, in Council Bluffs, the following city officers were elected: Mayor, D. W. Price; recorder, F. E. Welch; treasurer, J. B. Stutsman; marshal, H. D. Harl; assessor, David De Vol; councilmen—J. E. Johnson, W. C. James, and J. B. Lewis in the first ward; J. D. Test, James Orton, and Patrick Murphy in the second ward; and J. T. Baldwin, G. A. Robinson, and D. C. Bloomer in the third ward. The whole number of votes polled at this election was 202.

On the 14th of April a special election was held, when a proposition was adopted, by a vote of 122 to 4, to borrow \$10,000, to be expended in internal improvements within the city. The money thus raised was almost entirely expended in widening and grading Broadway, then the principal street of the city, and extending westwardly from its commencement, in the valley of Indian creek, to the Mis-



souri river. In addition to the city tax upon property, a special tax, or license, was levied, or imposed, upon lawyers, land agents, physicians, and merchants, as well as upon billiard halls, saloons, &c.; but its collection was found to be very difficult, and the ordinance was repealed in the following year.

During the early part of the winter of 1854-55, the land office in Council Bluffs had been closed, but it was re-opened for the entry of lands on the 5th of February, 1855, and continued open for that purpose until the 31st of May, 1856, when it was closed by order of the secretary of the interior. During this period large quantities of government lands were entered with cash or located with land warrants. The fourteen southwestern counties of Iowa, composing the Council Bluffs land district, were traversed in every direction by land hunters, and all the more desirable locations sought out and entered. The number of professional land agents and land hunters was largely increased, and very little land would have been left after the last date above named, had not the number of entries been limited by Col. Babbitt, the then register of the land office. Especially during the early part of 1856 the rush and the pressure to enter land was unprecedented. The number of entries per day was very large, and, as a consequence, the land agents were all well supplied with business. Early in May the news came of the passage of the law making large donations of public lands in aid of the four proposed lines of railroads across the state of Iowa, with rumors that an order had been, or would soon be, issued for the closing of all the land offices in the state. Then the pressure at the register's office became fiercer than ever, and the clerks were worked day and night to meet the demand for land. Strangely enough, the order for closing the office failed to come to hand until the last day of May, and during that month the total entries at the office reached over 200,000 acres. Then the business, much to the disgust of the land agents and speculators in land warrants, closed, and no more land, ex-





cept by pre-emption, was entered until the re-opening of the office, in the winter of 1858. Fortunate would it have been for Iowa if the homestead law of 1862 could have been enacted ten years earlier, so that its beautiful prairies could have been taken up and occupied as homesteads, instead of falling into the hands, as they have so largely done, of speculators, who now refuse to dispose of them except at large prices — which, in truth, they are compelled to do, in view of the long time they have held the lands, and the heavy taxes they have been required to pay.

During the fall of 1855, and the following winter, a steady stream of land-seekers and fortune-hunters flowed westward into Iowa. The tri-weekly stages of the Western Stage Company were constantly filled with passengers, and the hotels at Council Bluffs were overflowing with guests. The price of lots in the town steadily advanced in value, and new additions to the town plat enlarged greatly the area of the embryo city. The passage of the railroad grant providing for the construction of a road to Council Bluffs, greatly increased this feeling, and by the close of 1856 and the commencement of 1857 the fever of speculation was at its highest point, and town property of every description became enormously enhanced in value. Great expectations were indulged by all classes as to the future prospects of the city as a railroad center. Nor were these views confined to the citizens of Council Bluffs alone. At the celebration of the completion of the Mississippi & Missouri Railroad to Iowa City, early in January, the following was among the toasts drank on the occasion: "*Council Bluffs* — The City of the Hills, from which the iron horse shall soon, at one bound, cross the turbid waters of the Missouri in its course to the Pacific."

Col. Samuel R. Curtis, about the same time, or a little earlier, anticipated the future course of events at the same point. In a letter to the *Keokuk Whig* he said: "Let all the cities of Iowa, including Keokuk, so arrange their railroad lines as to easily connect at Council Bluffs, and here



let all unite in a great trunk line, running west up the broad valley of the Platte; and the emigrant route will soon become the great Pacific route, and the highway of nations." Other far-sighted men took the same view, and it is therefore no wonder that, under the influence of the speculative mania that pervaded the whole west at the time, corner lots, and even outside property, miles away from the business center of the place, were run up to figures that made all sensible men hesitate long before investing their money in this description of property.

On the 23d of July a company of English and Welsh converts to the Mormon faith passed through the county, on their way to Salt Lake City. They conveyed their provisions, clothing, and a few other articles in hand carts, which they slowly dragged over the prairies. A few wagons, for the conveyance of the sick, the infirm, and the heavy baggage, accompanied the caravan, which presented, as it moved over the prairies, a most pitiable and degrading spectacle. Men and women were alike harnessed to carts, and the worn and haggard expressions of the whole company told plainly enough of hopes deferred, and faith, though strong, yet sorely tried. Crossing the river at Florence, they tarried at that point until sometime in September, when they wended their weary way westward, towards the Mecca of their hopes, on the borders of Great Salt Lake. Winter came on early and exceedingly cold, and large numbers of these people were frozen to death on the plains, so that a small moiety only, of these credulous dupes of designing men, ever reached their destination.

Center township was organized on the 23d of June, 1856, from territory taken from Macedonia township. It consisted of township 75, ranges 39, 40, and 41, with a narrow strip taken from the south side of township 76, in the same ranges. Big Grove, in this township, is the largest body of timber in the county, and comprises, in all, about 1,000 acres of timber land. The Nishnabotana passes through the center of the township. The Mormons first occupied





this grove as early as 1847-8. The Gentiles began to come in about the years 1851 and 1852. Joshua C. Layton arrived April 29, 1852, and settled upon a farm on which he still resides, near the eastern limits of the grove. His brother, Joseph Layton, arrived in the vicinity the following year. Jacob Rust was another of the old settlers in the grove, and he still survives, at an advanced age.

The town site of Iola, located near the north end of the grove, in section 1, township 75, range 39, was laid out in 1855, by Thomas Tostevin, Horace Everett, George Reed, and P. J. McMahon. At that early day it was predicted that it would become, at some future day, the capital of a new county; but that day has not yet arrived, although the project for a new county, to be carved out of the eastern end of "Old Pottawattamie," is now being earnestly canvassed.

In the summer of 1856 the writer of these notes visited Center township with B. R. Pegram, then a candidate for the general assembly of the state. A meeting was held in the dwelling of Mr. Hough, who had then just commenced the opening of a farm a little south-east from the grove, and had erected a dwelling of logs for the accommodation of himself and family. It consisted of two distinct buildings, with a covered way, or porch, between them. After the talking and canvassing were over, we proceeded to the residence of Mr. Joshua C. Layton, where we found a wedding had come off that afternoon, the bride being a daughter of Mr. Layton. In the evening the young couple repaired to Joseph Layton's to spend the night, and thus escaped an old-fashioned horning, which came off about midnight, to the infinite disgust of the candidate for legislative honors and his companion. Evidently all the tin horns, tin pans, and brass kettles in the neighborhood were brought into use on the occasion; but the parties for whom the celebration was intended were beyond the hearing of the discordant sounds that greeted Mr. Layton's residence that night.

In July, 1856, another strip of territory, twelve miles long



and six miles wide, comprising government townships 74 and 75, in range 38, in the southeastern part of the county, was organized into a civil township, and called Walnut, from a creek of that name which runs from north to south through its entire length. The East Nishnabotana river also skirts this township on the east, and is lined by a wide belt of excellent timber, while the wide valley through which it flows, together with the adjacent rolling prairies, affords some of the most beautiful farming lands in the county.

Milton P. Black was the first justice of the peace elected in the new township, William E. Van Riper the first clerk, and Edward Dean one of the first township trustees. In addition to the above names, William and Frederick Merwherter, Joseph and Granville Pierson, and Amos West were among the first settlers in this township. The last named person was a soldier in the war of 1812, and received a land warrant from the government, with which he located the land upon which he now resides, at the mature age of eighty-seven years. The first school district was organized, and the first school opened in the township, in 1858.

Hotel accommodations, boarding houses, and dwellings were in great demand during the entire season of 1856. For the week ending May 7, the number of arrivals at the Pacific House was 201, and at the Robinson Hotel 179. People found it very difficult to procure shelter for themselves and families, and prices ranged at high rates on all sides. Rents were thought to be exorbitant by new-comers, and more houses were urgently demanded. Quite a number of these were erected during the latter part of the year. Mr. S. S. Bayliss, towards fall, commenced a four-story addition to the Pacific House, but the early setting-in of winter delayed its completion until towards the beginning of the following spring. Mr. J. M. Palmer began the erection of a new three-story brick block of four buildings this season, and finished it off during the fall and winter. Hagg's Block was erected this year by Mr. Benedict Hagg, who had com-





menced the manufacture of lager beer the previous year. Mr. L. W. Babbitt erected a three-story addition, 120 feet in depth, to the Phoenix Block.

Banking houses were opened this season by Baldwin & Dodge and Henn, Williams, Horton, & Co. Messrs. Thomas Officer and William H. M. Pusey erected a row of frame buildings this fall, on the corner of Broadway and Main streets, in one of which they commenced the business of banking the following spring. These gentlemen also made extensive purchases of property in the town, and erected one or two frame dwellings previous to the setting-in of winter.

A regular line of steamers plied between St. Joseph and Council Bluffs, and through boats from St. Louis made their appearance at the landing quite frequently—the number of arrivals averaged about twenty per month. The Western Stage Company maintained a tri-weekly line of stages across the state, and Mr. Frost ran a line of coaches, also tri-weekly, to St. Joseph. On the 22d of October it was announced, with a great deal of satisfaction, that Parker's express would thereafter make weekly trips across the state.

Up to this time the circulating medium throughout this whole region had been confined almost entirely to the precious metals, and eagles and double eagles were abundant in almost every-body's pockets. Times were good, money plenty, and bank bills the exception, rather than the rule, in all commercial transactions. This year, however, the latter began to make their appearance more fully, and the neighboring territory of Nebraska furnished a most convenient field for their manufacture. A number of charters for banks were granted by the territorial legislature; and Omaha, Florence, De Soto, Nebraska City, Bellevue, and other towns on the west side of the river, had their "institutions," all engaged in the manufacture of their neatly printed promises to pay. These notes gradually worked their way into circulation in Council Bluffs, through the in-



fluence of several citizens interested in the so-called "banks" issuing them, but when the great crash came, in the following year, not a few persons had good reason to remember the days of "wild cat" banking on the Missouri river with anything but pleasant emotions.

The winter of 1856-7 was one of extraordinary severity. It began with a terrible storm on the 2d of December, and continued with almost unrelenting severity until late in the following February. The snow fell to an unprecedented depth in this section of the state, and the cold was often excessive. The roads were frequently blocked up, sometimes for several weeks at a time. A number of persons were frozen to death, or perished from sheer exhaustion, amid the drifting storms on the prairies. Cattle died in great numbers, and the following spring the roads across the state were, in places, lined with their carcasses. Many people were ill prepared for this terrible winter, and, in their rude and poorly protected dwellings, suffered greatly. In Council Bluffs, fuel, at times, was almost impossible to be had, and the poorest quality of soft wood sometimes sold at \$12 to \$15 per cord. Weeks frequently elapsed without the arrival of a mail in the place, and the people were, therefore, entirely cut off from all news from abroad. This, however, was not an unusual circumstance during the suspension of navigation, for I recollect very well that it was about two weeks after the presidential election of 1856 before we could gain any certain information as to the result. Our latest intelligence then came from St. Louis, and the *Republican* and *Democrat* of that city were then as common in our business houses and on our tables as are now the *Tribune* and *Times* of Chicago, or our own daily papers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





THE IOWA STATE NORMAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,  
AT IOWA CITY.

(Concluded from page 77.)

IN the performance of classical works, no similar institution in the United States can show a brighter record. All of these choral performances have been under the direction of the principal. The solos in "Elijah" were well sustained by Miss Gibbs, Miss Annie Cotton (soprano), Miss Hattie Glenn (contralto), Mr. H. S. Perkins (tenor), and Mr. Jule E. Perkins (bass), Messrs. Otto Schmidt and J. E. Perkins accompanists. The choruses were presented with great spirit, precision, and taste, such as has always characterized similar performances in the Academy, although this surpassed every previous effort. The great change which had taken place in the minds of the people in regard to oratorio music, and their ability to appreciate, were indeed very marked.

These happy results were highly gratifying to the principal, who had labored indefatigably and hopefully through weather "fair and foul," and against "wind and tide," to bring these things to pass. "Achieved was the glorious work," and it is no wonder that he entered into the performance of "Thanks be to God," that magnificent chorus, with great enthusiasm, and with inexpressible satisfaction. Both in detail, and as a whole, it was such a *recherche* musical entertainment as Iowa City may not have the privilege of enjoying again for many a day.

There were 130 students in attendance, many of whom were teachers, either of music or in the public schools. A better class and grade of learners seldom assembles. Each department was characterized by earnest work; and rapid progress was the result. The same liberality was extended to each county in Iowa to send two representative students



the same as in 1870. The press of the state was solicited to give publicity to the "Liberal Proposition," without charge, inasmuch as each county was offered gratuitous instruction, to the value of \$40. This request was cheerfully and generally complied with, excepting by the *State Register*, *Head Light*, and *Atlantic Messenger*, which papers refused, preferring instead, to appropriate space for mis-statements and weak sarcasm, too silly to appear in any sheet with the pretensions of the above. The same space might have been more wisely appropriated for the benefit of their county patrons and readers. There was a wide difference between the narrow-minded stinginess of these papers, when they refused to give the notice one insertion, as requested, and the magnanimous liberality of the Academy, in giving to the citizens of the state free instruction in the institution to the amount of *five hundred and sixty dollars*, without receiving *one farthing* therefor; which was done during this session of 1871. The evidences of appreciation and expressions of thanks, and "God bless you," from various sources have, thus far, been highly satisfactory both to the principal, and managers of the musical Academy. The exceptions have been few and insignificant. But the best citizens, and all good people, are naturally disgusted whenever any friction or disturbance occurs in the music ranks. In fact, the same degree of charity is not entertained by the people towards the musical profession as to other avocations, when discord is heard.

The trustees of the University were indeed in a degree excusable for not favoring the engrafting of an institution which contained the elements of discord into that of the state. It would not have been consistent, even if the department to be added was regarded as an essential branch of education, when discord existed in its ranks, and its own officers and pretended friends had become warlike. Had the real and true friends of the Academy wrested it from the hands of its worst enemies, its pretended friends, in season, they might have witnessed the consummation of





their desires in the permanent establishment of a Normal Academy of Music in Iowa City, which, doubtless, would eventually have become an integral section of the University, imitating the good example of Oberlin College, Ohio. We must add, however, that this discord in the Academy would have had no influence upon the action of a board of trustees or regents, had they acted wisely, and appreciated the worth of a musical department in the University to the state, if well managed, even if their early musical education had been sadly neglected. At this time, as during the past few years, the normal department, even, is destitute of musical instruction, and the score or more of graduates who go out into the state annually, as teachers of the youth, are as ill-prepared to instruct in singing as the pupils are before whom they stand. In this particular the Iowa State University is not doing justice to the people.

At the close of this (fifth) session of the Academy of Music, the principal presented a diploma of graduation to Miss Annie E. Cotton, of Pella, Iowa, and to Miss Nellie V. Hutchinson, of Iowa City. Certificates of proficiency were also issued to other students.

Although several other similar enterprises of the kind have been inaugurated in Iowa, at various points, including Davenport, Council Bluffs, Mount Pleasant, etc., yet none have met with the success that has attended the Iowa State Normal Academy of Music.

Considering how little attention is paid to art and music in a new section of the country, the condition of the finances during the past few years in the west, the success of the Normal Academy has been in the highest degree satisfactory — almost unprecedented.

*Recapitulation.* — Attendance in 1867, 105; in 1868, 107; in 1869, 140; in 1870, 128; in 1871, 130.

*Classical Works Performed.* — Session of 1867, Haydn's "Creation;" of 1868, Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise;" of 1869, Handel's "Messiah;" of 1870, Rosini's "Stabat



Mater," Mozart's "Twelfth Mass;" of 1871, Mendelssohn's "Elijah." In addition many selections from other oratorios and from operas were studied, and given at public concerts.

The students of the Academy at their last meeting unanimously adopted the following:—

*"Resolved,* That we extend our thanks to Prof. H. S. Perkins, principal, and to his able assistants, Professors Jule E. Perkins and Otto Schmidt, and Miss Mary E. Gibbs, for their untiring devotion to us while pursuing our studies under their direction.

*"Resolved,* That we recommend Prof. H. S. Perkins as an able and skillful manager of normal music schools, and as an able conductor of conventions and choral organizations.

*"Resolved,* that our best wishes for the success of the faculty will go with them as we separate."

At a subsequent meeting of the board of directors the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

*"WHEREAS,* The Iowa State Normal Academy of Music, of Iowa City, has now completed its fifth annual session, for which term of years scholarships were issued and notes given therefor, we, the board of directors, deem it fitting to embody our sentiments in the following resolutions:—

*"Resolved,* That we, the board of directors of the Iowa State Normal Academy of Music, take pleasure in saying we have been highly gratified and pleased with the success and musical management of our Academy since its organization in 1867, to the present time, during which term of years it has been under the principalship and musical direction of H. S. Perkins; we therefore extend to Prof. Perkins our most hearty thanks, accompanied with sentiments of highest respect and esteem, and recommend him cordially to the musical world at large for his constant zeal, fidelity and acknowledged ability in the musical management of our Academy of Music, which has thus far met with almost unprecedented success.





*Resolved*, That, as this Academy is legally incorporated under the laws of the state of Iowa, and although five annual sessions have expired — the term of years for which scholarships were issued and notes given therefor by parties receiving said certificates of scholarship — that we intend to provide for and continue its annual sessions, and earnestly solicit that Prof. Perkins continue as musical director, believing that, with him as principal, its marked success will be uninterrupted.

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### RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS.

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BY HAWKINS TAYLOR, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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AT the first election under the territorial organization of Iowa in Lee county, in 1838, the contest was for the location of the county seat. "Fort Madison" and "anti-Fort Madison" — the real contending points being Fort Madison and West Point. The "Half Breed Tract," that figured so largely in politics and law afterwards, was scarcely taken into account in this contest. There were few voters then in the district, no title to the lands, and not much hopes of there being any title to them soon. The Wisconsin legislature had, the winter previous, appointed a commission, consisting of Edward Tohune, Thomas Wilson, of Dubuque, and D. T. Brigham, of Wisconsin, to adjust and settle the title to the lands. This commission was then in session at Montrose; at least Tohune was there and looking after the matter, what time he could spare from shaking with the ague and protecting himself from the fleas, a legacy left that place when the dragoons went away, and enjoyed by the citizens for many years, and, for all I know, up to the present time.



The candidates on the Fort Madison side were General I. B. Brown, for the Council, John Bix, Joshua Owens, Wm. Anderson, and one or two others that I have forgotten the names of, for the House. On the part of the opposition, Stephen H. Burtis, for the Council, Col. Wm. Patterson, Calvin T. Price, James Brierly, and Hawkins Taylor, for the House of Representatives. Burtis and Brierly lived at Nashville, on the "Half Breed Tract," the others in West Point. B. W. Gillock was a candidate, at the same time, for sheriff. There were several other candidates against Gillock. Gillock, Patterson, and myself were all from the same section in Kentucky. I was the only whig on the West Point ticket. Although party politics had no part in the contest, I wrote out a flaming circular, promising everything that I thought the voters wanted, and we all, on one ticket, adopted the circular, but each man his own share with his own name to it, the only difference being in the name attached to it. For this kind of handbill much fun was made by the Fort Madison people. Patterson, Gillock, and myself made a canvass of the "Half Breed Tract," down the Mississippi and up the Des Moines river. There were, at that time, not more than one hundred voters on the tract, and at least eighty of them had the ague; so that it was almost impossible to get anything to eat. Everybody was kind, and no one charged for what they gave you—they would have been insulted if you had offered pay. One evening, about sun-down, we got to old man Hinkle's, in the west part of the county. We were nearly starved. The old man was a good, square-set, long, white-bearded Dutchman—the exact counterpart of "Billy Button" of that day, who figured in all circus performances. He was a new settler, just starting in a new country. He had a large family of excellent boys and girls, who, like himself, were kind, honest, and industrious. We saw a large number of well-grown young chickens running around, and no Methodist minister ever enjoyed the sight more than we.





did; but at supper, 'nary chicken made his appearance. Gillock at once soured on "Billy Buttons," as he dubbed the host, although he was a good democrat, and showed some inclination, with all of his boys, to vote our ticket. At breakfast, as at supper, no chicken was visible, but both meals consisted of milk and corn-bread. I do not think that Gillock ever thought of that night without using bad language. Our ticket was elected, with the exception of Burtis, who was defeated by Brown.

Gillock was a curious character. No man ever asked him for a favor that he did not grant, if he could; yet there was nothing reckless that he did not do. As sheriff, he was collector of taxes, and was never known to refuse taxes when offered. As there was no title to the Half Breed lands, and a law of the legislature made the payment of taxes a sort of squatter's right to the land, he was very successful in collecting the tax; in one case, he was known to receive the taxes on one quarter section of land, adjoining Keokuk, from seven different persons. At that time, each quarter section was taxed two dollars and fifty cents, without reference to location or value.

On one occasion, while in St. Louis, and out of funds (a not uncommon occurrence with him), many years before there was any railroad to that city, when all the travel was by steamboat, Gillock saw an Ohio river boat about leaving, crowded with deck passengers. He went on board, with his memorandum book in hand, and collected thirty-eight dollars passage money from the passengers, assuming to be the clerk of the boat.

On another occasion, while going from court at West Point to Fort Madison, with several chums, he overtook some movers going back to the Indians. They had moved out the year before and settled on the Des Moines river, but had had the "ager," and were now going back. Gillock and his party were in a jolly mood, and, after passing the wagons a short distance, they overtook a couple who ap-



peared very loving. Gillock at once saw a chance for some fun, and got off his horse and walked along with them, soon learning that they belonged to the outfit and wanted to get married. Gillock told them that it was most fortunate that they had met him, as he was the man that attended to all such matters, and instructed them to have the families camp below town, and go themselves to Mrs. Knapp's tavern, and that in the meantime he would get the license and meet them at the hotel, where he would marry them. In due time the couple arrived at the hotel, where Gillock and a few of his set met them, and married them with great solemnity. The next morning the newly married pair joined their friends and went on to the "Indians," as well married as anybody, if they never heard to the contrary. Gillock and his friends went back to West Point to court the next day, full of the joke, but the next morning the grand jury made the joke a bitter one by returning to court a bill of indictment against Gillock, for assuming to marry people for fun. Gillock was at once put on trial, and, for the first time in his life, he was in real trouble. Big drops of sweat rolled down his cheeks while the trial progressed. The penalty was imprisonment for five years in the penitentiary, but the jury acquitted him, and so he escaped, thankful to the hard law for his acquittal. Soon after, this he went to El Paso, Texas, and kept hotel there, where he died.

The "Half Breed Tract" brought Ed. Johnston to Iowa, and in looking back over the thirty-five years since I first met him, there is no one that I think has seen so much of the best side of life as he has, and no one is better entitled to such enjoyment. Politically, always on the wrong side, but always in the jolliest and best natured way in the world, he saw and enjoyed a joke, and enjoyed it equally well if at the expense of his own party, and when in office he was everything that an officer should be. When he was commissioner to settle the title to the "Half Breed Tract," he boarded at "Sweet William's," in Montrose. "Sweet Wil-





liam" had, as man-of-all-work, an old soldier of several enlistments, who had enjoyed much pious instruction and was piously inclined, but the flesh was too much for him at times. Ed. bargained with him, for fifty cents a week, not to steal anything from him, and he sacredly kept the pledge. This compromise arrangement of the Judge is the key to his success since.

At one time, when there was an effort to divide Lee county, the people of Fort Madison sent General Brown, among others, down to Keokuk to get up a healthy sentiment against the measure. They stopped at the "Box Trap," kept, and well kept, by my noble friend and prince of hotel-keepers, L. B. Fleak. The "Box Trap" was on the side hill, below Main street. Brown and his party were put in an upper front room. It was in the dead of winter, the river was frozen over solid, and the night still, bright, and clear. Brown and friends, joined by others of Keokuk, had some red-eye, and enjoyed a social game of euchre. Towards midnight, Brown said he felt like hallooing; the party said if he wanted to halloo, to "go it." So he raised the sash, stuck out his head, and gave several Indian yells that waked the town, if not the people in Warsaw, Illinois. Fleak, who had gone to bed, came rushing up to see what was the matter, but all was serene in the room. Brown, in his politest mood, asked pardon, and Fleak went to bed. Very soon the General said he felt like giving them another sample of the war whoop; the party again advised him to whoop, and he again gave the Indian yell. Fleak again made his appearance, when the General made his politest bow, asked pardon, and Fleak again returned to bed. Very soon the General insisted that he felt like giving the Camanche war whoop; the party said they would be delighted to hear him, and the window was raised and the Camanche war whoop given. Fleak again appeared at the door, and Brown was politer than ever; but this time Fleak told him that he kept a quiet house, and would not allow



any disturbance in it. The General fully endorsed all that he said in praise of his house, and Fleak went to bed again. Very soon the General insisted that he had not done the Camanche justice, and must try it over; the party insisted on hearing him, and the yell, with all of the variations, was given. Fleak again appeared, this time to notify the General that his horse would be at the door, saddled, within a few minutes. The General thanked him politely, and, with his companions, was soon on his way, at three o'clock in the morning, to "Hog Thief Hollow," a few miles from Keokuk.

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HON. THEODORE S. PARVIN.

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THE chiselled marble, the unhewn granite,—nay, "the everlasting hills" themselves, crumble at the touch of Time, and the face of all nature obeys the law of Change impressed upon it by the wearing friction of time. It may take a decade or two to wear out the letters cut by fame or affection on the polished gravestone, a century to crumble the granite in the virgin soil, or a millennium of time to level the mountain; but the features of man, varying with each breath of emotion, like

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— "the shade  
By the light, quivering aspen made,"

will register by their changes the flight of days, and sometimes even of moments, and when a short fraction of a century is gone, his face is no longer the same, but another.

Rummaging lately among the literary relics of a by-gone day, we accidentally fell upon the engraving we present (all "unbeknownst" to the original) with this number, and which is an excellent portrait of Hon. Theodore S. Parvin, as he appeared in the year 1848, but bearing but a slight





resemblance to him as he looks to-day, for the simple reason that time has made no exception in his case in the unalterable law of change, as applied to all terrestrial nature.

Theodore Sutton Parvin was born January 15, 1817, in Cumberland county, New Jersey. His father loved "the blue above, and the blue beneath," and in his younger days was a seafaring man, and was the commander of a vessel for a number of years. As his father's calling took him much from home, the early training of Theodore fell mainly to his mother, a devoted Christian lady, of the Presbyterian faith.

In November, 1829, he removed with his father's family to the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, and soon afterward entered Woodward College, at that place, where he soon distanced all competitors, especially leaving some of the foremost a long way behind in mathematics. In the fall of 1833, having successfully and meritoriously passed through the college course, he commenced to be "learned in the law" with the Hon. Timothy Walker, afterward judge of the superior court, who then occupied a corresponding sphere in the field of legal education in Ohio to that at present held by Chancellor Hammond in Iowa. That is to say, a young lawyer was hardly supposed to be well started there without having had the benefit of Judge Walker's preceptorial counsel, as few here have the temerity to venture from the leading-strings of Blackstone till properly balanced by the practical illustrations of Judge Hammond. Uniting the benefits of office study with the more illustrative teachings of the school, he entered the Cincinnati Law School, from which he was graduated in 1837, and immediately admitted to practice.

In the spring of 1838 Robert Lucas, who had been governor of Ohio, was appointed by President Van Buren governor of the young territory of Iowa. Lucas, on his way from his home in the interior of Ohio to assume his new office, tarried a while in Cincinnati to purchase a territorial



library, and, as may be supposed, to restock his carpet-sack with shirts and collars; for Iowa was then in the far, uncertain, and uncultivated West, as distant from haberdashers and gentlemen's furnishing establishments as from book-stores and libraries. Of course the old and new governor had friends in the metropolis of Ohio, and was a lion among them. At the tea-table of a mutual friend the Governor (one of whose practical mottoes through life ever was, that the first impulse was the best, and the first decision most correct) met young Parvin, and was so struck with the manners and conversation of the youth that he nominated him off-hand as his chief-of-staff, like Napoleon promoting a soldier for good behavior on the field of battle. Parvin accepted the post of private secretary, and accompanied the Governor to Burlington, then the temporary capital of Iowa. The stern Governor, from that day to his death, never regretted having chosen the stripling lawyer as his confidential secretary, and never faltered or wavered in his affection for him. He retained the office of Governor's secretary until the Governor promoted him to that of prosecuting attorney for one of three districts into which Iowa was then divided, when Parvin took up his residence at Muscatine, at that time known as Bloomington. At the end of two years he resigned the position of prosecuting attorney, to be elected for three consecutive terms judge of the probate court. Previous to this he had held the office of secretary of the legislative council, during the session of 1840-41.

Upon the organization of the United States District Court for the district of Iowa, Judge Parvin was appointed its clerk, a position he held for ten years, embracing the entire term of Judge Dyer's service, and until the latter's death, in 1855.

In 1856, Judge Parvin was elected register of the state land office, and therefore, in the second year of Judge Love's term on the United States District Bench, he resigned the clerkship of that court.





Indebted to the public school system of Ohio for a liberal education, it is no wonder that Mr. Parvin has always been an enthusiast in the cause of public education. He brought order to the free schools of Muscatine out of chaos, when the present school code was adopted in Iowa, serving as president of the school board of that city.

At the initial steps for the organization of the State University, in 1854, the legislature recognized the value of his counsel and experience in educational affairs by electing him one of its trustees. He was again elected trustee by the board of education in 1858, but resigned the next year, upon his election as "Curator and Librarian," a compound title, which was accompanied by all the powers of president of the university except the use of the title, just as "Lord Protector" meant king with Cromwell. But at the end of 1859 a president *de nomine* as well as *de facto* was appointed, and Mr. Parvin exchanged the title of "Curator and Librarian" for that of "Professor of Natural History," which chair he held for eight years. We find him, during his university career, at different times filling various chairs—those of Geology, Physical Geography, Botany, Physiology, Zoölogy, Meteorology, and Political Economy—besides teaching such branches as Ancient and Modern History, Ancient Geography, History of Modern Civilization, &c., which do not seem to have been considered sufficiently abstruse of themselves to entitle the teacher thereof to the title of professor. Sometimes he filled two or three chairs at a time; for whenever a chair was temporarily vacant, through sickness or unavoidable absence of its proper occupant, the professor whose varied information supplied every deficiency was at hand, and the constant word was, "Send for Parvin."

Political Economy was the last chair filled by Prof. Parvin. Pending the general election of 1870, party rancor was more than usually developed in the political canvass at the seat of the university (which is putting it in quite the superlative degree), and the bitterness then and there en-



gendered was blown over the old board fence (for this was before our *iron* age of university fences) which then shut out the common herd from the university campus. Some of the board of trustees seem to have decided that, since politics raged so uproariously outside the university, they would henceforth have none within, and, on an extravagant impulse, voted away the chair and the professor of Political Economy.

Since that time Prof. Parvin has devoted himself almost exclusively to the promotion and extension of the masonic order, of which we may say he was the founder in Iowa, having assisted in the formation of the first lodge, and of which he was for a long time the chief officer. For twenty-nine years, and ever since its institution, he has been Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, except one year, when he was nominally relieved of this duty to enable him to be elevated to the more exalted, but not more responsible, office of Grand Master. Since early manhood he has been a zealous devotee of Masonry, shirking no labor, shrinking from no responsibility, evading no duty, which the vows of that order impose on its most exalted members. To recount the offices he has held, and the honors he has won in Freemasonry, would be but little short of writing a history of the order in Iowa.

In May, 1843, Prof. Parvin was married to Miss Agnes McCully. They have six children, two daughters and four sons, the elder daughter and eldest son being married. The elder daughter was one of the first three ladies to take the degree of A. B. in the state university, and, so far as we know, they were the first females to take this degree in the United States.

In 1850, Prof. Parvin united with the Presbyterian church, in which body he is as honored and useful as in any other walk of life. For long years he was the superintendent of the Presbyterian Sunday School in Muscatine, and when he removed his residence to Iowa City the same position was





thrust upon him here, and he holds it still, by virtue of the relentless decrees of pastor, elders, and scholars.

Besides acting as an officer in the school board of Iowa City, Prof. Parvin served for a short time as superintendent of schools for Johnson county, to which office he was elected, without solicitation, by his political opponents, which is a tribute to worth the simple statement of which is more valuable than a studied eulogy, pronounced in the most honeyed rhetoric. While serving as superintendent, his visits lent new attractions to the school room. The little girls and boys would carry to their parents at home the pleasant words of encouragement that Mr. Parvin said, and be anxious to hear him again.

Prof. Parvin was one of the institutors of the State Historical Society, in January, 1857, serving as a member of the first and subsequent boards of curators, until December, 1863, when he was elected corresponding secretary, to which latter office he was re-elected in 1864—his second term expiring in December, 1865. In 1865 he was again elected a member of the board of curators, and in 1866 one of the vice presidents of the society. During the two years he was corresponding secretary he edited the *ANNALS OF IOWA*, and the popularity of the work when in his hands is best told by stating the fact that two of the eight numbers issued by him are held at a premium of three dollars a copy, and are unpurchasable at that. He has always been, since its establishment, an active friend and liberal benefactor of the society—the number and value of his gifts to it far exceeding those of all other contributors.

Prof. Parvin's residence has been in Iowa City since 1860. He has an elegant "cottage by the"—Iowa river and the railroad track. The murmurs of the river floating on the still summer evening air probably inclines one to poesy, but the engine bell ding-donging through the middle of a five o'clock morning slumber would most likely give occasion, in a profane temperament, for the harshest kind of prose.



Here, amid domestic quiet, within hearing of the careless whistle of the oriole on the one hand, and the buzz of city commerce on the other, surrounded by terraces of books, Prof. Parvin devotes himself to the collection of materials for history, and drives a facile pen in embodying the records of ancient Masonry and in the editorial conduct of *The Evergreen*.

As may be inferred from what has been said, Prof. Parvin has an engaging presence and winning manners, and is not deficient in the attributes necessary for a successful party manager, which he would have been had he devoted more time to politics and less to science. In early life an accident entailed upon him permanent lameness, which turned his inclinations away from outside sports and out of door occupations toward the cultivation of letters and the study of books. It is thus that what appear at the time the greatest misfortunes and calamities, are often, under Heaven, converted into blessings for us, and the sources of happiness.

These are but a few notes in the life of a useful public man, whose name has been familiar to the people of Iowa, in politics, in religion, in educational affairs, and in benevolent enterprise, from her earliest settlement to the present time. As he is but little past the meridian of life, his record is as yet incomplete, and it is to be hoped a long extension of his life will afford many incidents and events worthy the attention of his future biographer, who will also have to supply many omissions by the present writer.

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#### VAN BUREN COUNTY.

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THE old settlers of Van Buren county recently effected a permanent organization, under the following constitution:—

ARTICLE I. This society shall be called the "Pioneer Association of Van Buren county, Iowa."





ART. II. All persons may become members of this association who settled in this county prior to the first day of January, 1842, and have remained here ever since, upon payment to the treasurer of fifty cents, and registering his name with the secretary of this association.

ART. III. The wife, children, and descendants in the direct line, males and females, of pioneers, are honorary members of this association.

ART. IV. The officers of this association shall be a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, and one director in each township, all of whom shall constitute a board of control of the society, with power to fix the time and place of the annual meetings of the association, make by-laws, call special meetings, and generally to do such things as may be calculated to promote the objects of the association; and the first election of officers shall be made at the time of the adoption of this constitution, and thereafter at the regular annual meeting in each year.

ART. V. Any five of the above officers shall constitute a quorum to transact business.

ART. VI. The secretary shall keep the records of the society in a book or books, to be provided therefor; the treasurer shall receive and pay out all moneys belonging to the society on the order of the president, countersigned by the secretary, and keep an account of the moneys received or so paid out.

ART. VII. This constitution may be amended at any regular annual meeting of the association, by a vote of two-thirds of all the members present; or by a vote of the majority of the members present, if notice of the proposed amendment has been embodied in the call for the meeting.

ART. VIII. That pioneer settlers residing in other counties of the state shall be honorary members of this association, and are cordially invited to participate and co-operate with this association in forwarding its objects.



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

— It is a matter of justice to the editor of the *ANNALS*, as well as to the author of the article on "the Iowa State Normal Academy of Music," begun in the previous and completed in this number, to say that "the secretary," by whom it was written, is the former secretary of the "Musical Academy," and not the secretary of the Historical Society, as some have supposed.

— HON. S. C. HASTINGS, a sketch of whose life is published in this number, removed to California in the last year of his term of office as Chief Justice of Iowa, and in a few months afterwards became the Chief Justice of California. Thus he was Chief Justice of two states in the same calendar year—a fact probably unique in the judicial history of the country.

— WE have received from Mr. W. L. Palmer, the compiler, a "History of Clarksville, Butler County, Iowa," which gives, in the form of a small pamphlet, information concerning the chief natural resources of that county, short pen portraits of her early settlers, the names of those who enlisted from Butler county during the rebellion, some account of the Indian scare of 1854, and other matters of interest. We hope to quote from it more fully in a future number.

— THE prospectus of the *Iowa Progress*, the official organ of the State Board of Immigration, a new sixteen-page quarto monthly, promising the first appearance of the work at Des Moines on the 1st of June, has been received.

— WE think we detect the graceful pen of Hon. Wm. H. Tuthill in "Antiquary's" papers, in course of publication in the *Cedar Post*. Judge, "why do you tarry, and why do you stay," when our readers are yearning for your sketches?

— GEN. JONATHAN EMERSON FLETCHER died near Muscatine, April 6, 1872, aged 66 years. He was a native of Vermont, but settled in Muscatine county as early as 1838. He was a member of the convention that framed the old constitution of the state, and was appointed Indian Agent for the Winnebagoes by President Polk, and held that post for seven years. We hope to publish a more extended notice of his career in another number.

— THE delay in the issue of the present number is provoking, but, as in the case of a railroad accident, or steamboat explosion, "no one is to blame." Explanations and apologies would be to no purpose. So all we can say is, look out for the July number in better season.

— It is hoped that every subscriber will respond promptly to the polite dun which will go to each who has not already paid for 1872. The *ANNALS* has reached a point in its history when its revenue must at least equal the cost of its own printing.





# ANNALS OF IOWA.

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VOL. X.

IOWA CITY, JULY, 1872.

No. 3.

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## EARLY TIMES IN IOWA.

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BY CHARLES NEGUS.

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*From a Private Diary.*

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[Continued from page 95.]

THE country around the town of Fairfield was in the possession of the Indians until the 25th of October, 1838.

In the spring of 1841, when the writer of these lines came to Fairfield, the population of the town was one hundred and ten, and of the county two thousand seven hundred and eighty. The boudary line of the Indian country was only eight miles west of the town; and there was scarcely a day that the red men were not in the place. At that time there was a small, two-story, frame building erected by the county, for a court house; but not a church or school house in the whole county. There were two taverns, three stores, and two drinking saloons; but all business was conducted on a small scale. Most of the inhabitants were those accustomed to frontier life; unpolished in



their manners, but possessed of kind feelings and noble and generous hearts. Everybody was on an equality, kind and hospitable to each other; which, with the scenes of a new country, made the time pass off rather pleasantly.

Immediately after the whites were permitted to take possession of this locality, Henry B. Natson made a claim to the public lands upon which the town of Fairfield was laid out. Natson being a single man, the first winter kept bachelor's hall, spending most of his evenings solitary and alone, with no neighbors nearer than five or six miles. Natson for several years was a prominent man in the county, kind-hearted and of a generous turn; but he moved to another place and was forgotten.

Immediately after the town was located, William Huston came to the place with a stock of goods, and for some time he was the sole merchant and land-lord in the town, and the post master for all the country west of Henry county. Huston brought with him a young man by the name of Thomas H. Gray, who, for a while, acted as his clerk, but afterwards studied the legal profession — was the first law student in the county, and was admitted to the bar in 1841. He was possessed of easy and agreeable manners, well calculated to suit himself to whatever company he might chance to meet, and was generally beloved and respected by all who knew him. He professed to be an infidel in his religious doctrine, and to believe that death was an eternal sleep, and when man closed his earthly career that was the end of him. He was fond of discussing his religious notions, and was apparently sincere in what he advocated, though he was not obtrusive in his views, and willing to concede to others the right to their religious sentiments. In his politics he was a whig; but, in those days, the democrats had the ascendancy. He was several times a candidate for office, and always run ahead of his party vote, but never was elected. He was possessed of a keen, active mind, but had rather delicate physical functions, and his constitution could not endure hardships. As soon as he





commenced practicing as a lawyer he got business, and was successful with his cases, and but few young men rose faster, or stood higher in his profession, than Gray did at his age.

In the early days of Iowa, it was the custom of most of the lawyers of talent to travel and attend all the courts of their district. In the spring of 1848, Gray and myself started around the district. At that time all who travelled our district were young men, full of sport, and, when not occupied in business, ready to engage in anything for amusement. This spring their hilarities were carried to an unusual extent, and, in some instances, whisky was used to an immoderate degree.

Gray had a large amount of business, and worked hard for his clients; was up at late hours, and frequently had little or no sleep during the night. This was more than his constitution could bear; the result was, he came home with impaired health, and was soon brought to a sick-bed, from which he never got up. Gray had no relations in the west, but he had many friends who attended to his wants, and he suffered for nothing that could be done for him. The disease continued its ravages upon his system, until the physicians regarded his case critical, and he became conscious he might not get well. I was sitting by his bed-side, to attend to his wants, no one else in the room, when Gray fastened his eyes, glassy from the near approach of death, with a steady and fixed gaze upon me, expressive of deep thought and intense feeling, with an earnestness that was unpleasant, and to avert the gaze, I got up and walked about the room—but this did not avert his piercing stare, but made it more intent. I returned to my seat and said: "Tom, is there anything I can do for you?" when, with a low, shrill voice, with a death-rattle in his throat, he replied: "You are a picture of health. Oh! that I were as well as you are! I must die!" These words were spoken with a tone and emphasis that sent a thrill through my heart, and, before I was aware, the big tears were trick-



ling down my cheek. A few hours after he closed his earthly career—he was no more. Gray was young; with health, he had bright prospects in the future; life was dear to him; he hated to die. But he had the fortitude of a philosopher of age; he met his fate with firmness; he died with composure, and showed to the last that he believed in the doctrine that he had professed—that death was an eternal sleep. The extensive acquaintance and popularity of Gray, brought many from a distance to attend his funeral, and drew together the largest collection of people that had ever been assembled in the town; and probably it has been the lot of but few persons, in the early settlement of Iowa, to be followed to the grave by as many real mourners as followed Thomas H. Gray. A few years after his death, at an old settlers' celebration, by voluntary subscription, there were enough means contributed to erect a suitable monument over his remains, which points out the grave of the first individual who was a student of law in Jefferson county.

There had, for a long time, been reports through the newspapers, of some wonderful developments of what was called spiritual rappings, in Rochester, New York; but these reports were generally regarded as some legerdemain, and they attracted no particular attention in this part of the country, until the spring of 1852, when it was ascertained that there were persons in Jefferson county, able to produce those phenomena, and in various parts of the country there were exhibitions of moving chairs, turning tables, and producing certain noises which resembled low raps. The living pretended to call up the spirits of their departed friends, and hold conversations with them, thereby learning their conditions in the spirit world. These performances puzzled the most intelligent to satisfactorily account for the phenomena produced, and the most skeptical were forced to admit that there were some things about these manifestations that they did not understand. Universalists and atheists engaged in these developments, and held, what





they supposed, conversations with their departed friends, in which they made inquiries about future punishment, and some received such manifestations as led them to doubt their long-cherished faiths, and professed to be converted to a religious belief. For a while the occupation of clergymen seemed to be a useless calling, for the people were being rapidly converted by the admonitions of the spirits. These conversations were carried on through the application of different means, but mostly by raps and writing mediums. On one occasion I witnessed a performance, which made a deep sensation, and called forth many remarks. At this performance the conversation was had through a writing medium, who was a little girl about ten years old, that had recently come to the place, and said to be illiterate and unable to write unless under a mesmeric influence. She was seated at a table, with pen, ink, and paper, and, after being mesmerised, many questions were propounded to her which were generally answered by "yes" or "no," written in a tolerably fair hand-writing. The girl, when she wrote the answers, did it very quickly and without looking to see how she guided her pen, and her hand, so far as she was concerned, apparently moved involuntarily. Several spirits were called up, and a great many questions propounded to them, which were generally answered satisfactorily. At last a lady friend—at whose house Thomas H. Gray died—proposed to call up his spirit. Several efforts were made before it could be got to answer, and when it did, there seemed to be a reluctancy about engaging in conversation. It would answer a few questions, and then there would be no response, and it apparently felt disposed to get away and avoid an interview with his old friends. This rather increased the desire to continue the conversation. The lady friend, after making many inquiries, asked if there was any place of punishment for the wicked, in the spirit world, which was answered in the affirmative. The question was then asked, if he was happy; and the medium, much excited, instead of writing an answer, threw the



pen in a most spiteful manner clear across the room. This exhibition, connected with his known belief while living, filled the spectators, who had assembled in quite large numbers, with amazement, and for a time broke up the performance.

The first lawyer who settled in Fairfield was Colonel A. He was a man of much more than ordinary ability, energetic and ambitious of notoriety and fame. For several years he was clerk of the commissioners' court, post-master, and colonel of the militia of the county, which, in those days, had their regular drills. The only obstacle to his having become one of the most prominent men in the west, was, that he was inclined to be reckless in his habits. He was industrious, naturally a good manager, and succeeded in accumulating means, and built the first frame house ever erected in Fairfield, which was a building about twenty by thirty feet on the ground, and a story and a half high. His wife was a very interesting and intelligent woman, much attached to her family, and had much influence over her husband, to whom he was fondly devoted, and was guided by her counsel. They had four most interesting children, who, though left orphans when the oldest was only about fourteen years old, and mostly had to shift for themselves, grew up to be useful citizens.

During the summer of 1842 there were a great many thunder-storms, and the lightning several times struck within the limits of the town. There was a severe storm came up one evening, just about sun set. The rain poured down in torrents, and the heavens were almost constantly vivid by a continued succession of flashes of lightning, while peal after peal of rumbling thunder shook the earth. The cloud had nearly passed over, and the fury of the storm somewhat abated; I was standing in the door of my boarding house a short distance from A.'s, watching the troubled elements, when there came a thunderbolt that made everything tremble, and the whole heavens appeared as one sheet of fire, which almost bewildered me. As soon





as I recovered from the shock, the first thing that attracted my attention, was loud screams at the house of Colonel A. I hastened to the house, where my ears were filled with the most frightful wails. I called for Mr. and Mrs. A., but received no answer. The light had been put out; the children were so much frightened that they could not give any information as to what had happened, or tell where a light could be found so that I could ascertain myself. I ran back to my boarding house, and procured a lantern. By the time I had got back, several of the neighbors had assembled, and it was ascertained that the house had been struck by lightning, and we commenced an examination to ascertain the extent of the injuries. The plastering was nearly all torn off, and the partition in the inside of the house shivered into splinters. The house was a story and a half in height, and joists had been nailed on about half way up the rafters, and a room finished off for beds. The joists and plastering had all been knocked off together by the shock, and beneath the rubbish were Mrs. A. and two small children, so pressed down by the weight that they could not have got out without help, had they received no injury. The children were first relieved, having received no serious injury; but, when the rubbish was removed from Mrs. A., she was found to be a corpse—a horrid sight to behold. Mr. A. was at the post office, and not at the house. Mrs. A., with three of the children, was at home; the two youngest she had taken up-stairs, and was in the act of putting them to bed when the thunderbolt came. She was standing near by where a sword was hanging. The lightning came down a rafter till it reached the sword, then descended the sword till it came opposite her head; when it tore a hole through the scabbard; left the sword; struck her on the side of the head, and descended the whole length of her body. The hair on one side of her head was mostly burned off, the balance disheveled in every direction; her face was turned black, and her clothes torn into fragments. The falling timbers had cut a large



gash in her forehead, and, from the blow she had received or the effect of the lightning, the blood was running from her ears, nose, and mouth.

Mrs. A. was taken down-stairs and laid on a bed, and the children dressed, and the house was being put in order, when Mr. A., having been informed that his residence had been struck with lightning, came hurriedly into the house. He cast a hasty glance about the room, then stepped into the apartment where the corpse lay. When his eye met the ghastly form of his wife, he stood like a marble monument, with a fixed gaze on her corpse. Apparently for minutes everything was in breathless silence. Then he exclaimed: "My God! is this a dream? or do I behold a reality?" At this moment the big tears were seen trickling down the cheeks of every bystander.

That night this was a sad house. Colonel A. walked the yard the whole night without having anything to say to any one unless spoken to.

This providential act was a crushing blow to Colonel A., and a downward turning-point in the affairs of his life; from this time on, everything went wrong. Though he shared largely in the sympathies of his acquaintances, he had no relations in the west, to give him consolation in his grief.

He was devotedly fond of his children, and they being young, he could not bear the thought of separating them. They were not old enough to take care of the house, and, at that time, it was very difficult to find a person suitable for such a task. These circumstances seemed to compel him to seek a house-keeper. He sought the hand of a beautiful and intelligent lady, and a few months after the sad calamity he was married again.

But the second wife did not fill the place of the first. She had not the power to restrain and control his actions, and hold him in check, as did the first companion of his bosom. It was rather an unhappy union; instead of checking his habits of recklessness, they rapidly increased upon him—so much so that they seriously affected his financial





affairs. He lost his position as clerk, and necessity seemed to compel him to give up the post office; his professional business left him, and his income became very limited. To make a living for his family, he traded off his homestead for a tavern-stand, and commenced keeping public house.

He had not been very long engaged in his new calling till disease siezed hold of him, and he was brought to a sick bed. The disease affected his brain; the mind lost its reason, and he became a mad-man, a raving maniac; he imagined that the fiends of the lower regions were after him, and he suffered every imaginable torment. His moanings and wailings were awful; so much so that it was extremely unpleasant to be in his presence, and hardly any one visited his room unless as a matter of necessity or charity; and he died with no one present but his wife; who, from his first sickness to the last, faithfully discharged her duties as an affectionate companion.

Such were the sensations which had been produced during his sickness, that no one seemed willing to go to his room to care for his body; and it remained an undue time before being removed from the dying bed. This being known, myself, with another individual, went to the apartment; removed the body from the dying couch, and dressed it in the habiliments of the grave.

As he lay upon the cooling board, fear, dread, and horror, with all their piercing pangs, were depicted in his countenance. It was anything else than the noble, frank, energetic face of Colonel A., in his days of health and prosperity.

At the time of performing these services I was unwell, and a few days after was forced to take a sick bed, and for weeks life and death were in the scales, and it was hard to tell which was going to poise the balance. But at last the disease gave way, and the physical faculties began to regain their vigor, with a prospect of a speedy return to health. One night, feeling quite comfortable, I had a bed prepared on the sofa, and, at an early hour, laid down for a



night's repose. My bed feeling comfortable, I thought I had the prospect of a good night's rest; and I had not been long in my bed until my eyes were closed in refreshing slumber, and, supposing me asleep, all retired for the night. I enjoyed my bed on the sofa until about mid-night, when I felt an uneasiness about my head; my pulse became quick; my throat dry; my tongue parched and swollen, and every part of my body was suffering the most excruciating pains; my fever had returned with a ten-fold fierceness; I called my wife, and soon all the inmates of the house were at my side. The doctor was sent for, and was soon present, and, after an examination, asked what I had eaten for supper. Being told that I had had some baked apples, he remarked that I would pay dear for my imprudence. He gave me some medicine, but it did me no good. I grew worse; my pains became excruciating; morning came, and I was no better; a council of physicians was called; they all examined me, and gave me more medicine—but all their efforts did not in the least abate the fever, or assuage the pains. My physician closely watched over me for four and twenty hours, with no favorable result; when I was told that if I had any arrangements to make, about my earthly affairs, I had better be about it.

I sent for an old friend, and began to give directions; but before I got through, my tongue became so swollen, and my throat so parched with fever, that I could not speak, and I was not able to finish my directions; though I was perfectly conscious of what was going on about me, and knew everything that was said to or about me.

My extremities became cold, and I felt a cold, clammy sweat start from my forehead; my respiration became difficult, and it appeared as though the whole functions of the body had ceased to perform their offices. I heard the doctor say I was dying; my wife came to my bedside; fixed her eyes with a steady gaze upon me for a moment, and then gave a shriek that made me shudder. I thought of my wife and my child; I made a desperate effort to resist





the ravages of the disease which had fastened upon me — but all to no avail. I could not move a muscle; my breath seemed to refuse to enter my lungs; I felt as though a mountain's weight was pressing me on every side; I gasped to catch my breath — but in vain, and, as soon as I ceased to breathe, the spirit, with a bound, left the body, and the two had no more to do with each other.

Now every pain ceased, and I felt like a person let out of confinement. I went a short distance from the body; stopped, and looked back upon it with much interest. My eyes were not closed, and they seemed to be watching with earnestness those in the room. I felt a great interest in, and a great love for, the tenement I formerly occupied, as much or more than the child does for his paternal home.

I resolved to stand by and see what would be done with it. I saw my friends close its eyes; wrap it in the winding-sheet, and lay it in the coffin.

At the funeral a large number of persons attended. The parson pronounced the funeral sermon with much solemnity; many shed tears; the coffin was then taken to the burying-ground, and deposited in the grave. The respect shown to my remains gave me pleasure.

The grave which had been prepared was near Colonel A's. When I saw this I felt regret; the scenes of his last moments came up before me. When the coffin was lowered to its last resting place, my wife, who had been weeping most bitterly, now shrieked in wild despair, and fell senseless beside the grave. My only child, then about a year old, seemed to be sensible that he was an orphan.

When I had seen this I gave a deep sigh, and involuntarily uttered: "Poor woman; thy fate is a hard one, in the world of thy sojourning!" I stood pondering over the situation of my wife and child; all my thoughts were absorbed in their welfare, when I was aroused by one sent to me as a messenger, and was told that I had nothing to do with the things of the other world, and bade me walk around and see my present situation.



I now turned my attention to the world of spirits. I saw around me innumerable numbers, some of whom I knew. Every one appeared happy, free from pain, and nothing to irritate their feelings. I moved at will; I had only to wish to be at a place, and, as quick as thought, I was there; and this without the least exertion on my part. I desired to see the Father and the Son. No sooner had the wish passed through my mind than I was in their presence.

Here I was disappointed in my expectations. I had thought I would see the Father clothed in splendid attire, seated on a throne of the most costly material, and that there would be around Him four-and-twenty elders and innumerable hosts of angels, clothed in white raiment. But I saw nothing of this here. The Father stood without anything around Him, as if standing in the air, nothing to attract the attention except His person, which was very large—His body and limbs represented, in shape and appearance, those of Washington (Washington was present), though His head and features were different. He had the largest head, and most expansive forehead I had ever seen, and His countenance looked as if the great fountain of power, knowledge, love, and mercy were there.

I stood and looked with wonder and amazement, at the perfections before which I stood. The Son had every appearance of the Father, except being smaller in stature. I looked around to see the architect of the spirit world; I saw no walls built of precious stone; no gates of pearl, no streets paved with gold; nothing which indicated splendor or costly array—but I felt as though I was taking my repose in some hot summer day, under some cool, refreshing arbor, where the gentle zephyrs were blowing sweet odors from fragrant flowers, with no care or anxiety to perplex the mind.

There was an innumerable number of spirits coming to, and departing from the Father, as if bringing and carrying messages. These I took to be angels, but they had no wings; they appeared like the other spirits—except





they were smaller; had thin faces with long, sharp pointed noses and very large, piercing eyes.

I asked myself "Is this heaven? If so, how different from what I had expected." I could hardly persuade myself this was the final home of the faithful. But here was the Father and the Son; and here I saw my own father and mother, whom I believed had gone to heaven, and if this was not the place they would not have been here. Though things did not appear as I had expected, my happiness was complete.

After looking around, I sat down and was pondering over what I had seen, and my mind was absorbed in deep thought, when a messenger came to me, and told me that the Father wanted to see me; to go with him. I arose and followed, and, when I had come to him, I was told that my wife had prayed earnestly that I might be restored to her; that, if I chose to return to the earth, and put on mortality, He would answer the prayer, and I might go and take care of my wife and child.

On receiving this permission I started on my way to unite soul and body. Though I did this cheerfully, on account of my wife and child; yet, had it not been for them, I would have never returned to the earth.

I came to the grave-yard, and entered into the tenement of clay, and, as soon as the spirit entered the body, the heart began to palpitate, and the lungs inhaled air. The grave opened; the coffin burst, and I was again standing on the earth, a living man.

At first I could not think this real, but I looked around me; there was the open grave, the empty coffin, and I was robed in my grave-clothes. I became satisfied this was real; that I had been permitted to return in answer to the prayer of my wife.

It was now the month of November; the weather cold, and the wind piercing, and, as I had nothing on but my grave-clothes, I was cold and shivering; I immediately started for my house.



It was early in the evening, a beautiful moon-light night, but everything appeared dreary, and not interesting, compared with the place from whence I had come. I felt that I had returned on an errand of mercy — but that it would have been better for my wife and child to have come to me, than for me to return to them.

As I approached my house I thought it would frighten my wife to first appear in her presence in my grave-clothes. I went to the back part of the house; entered the room where my clothes were kept, and dressed myself in the usual manner, and was all prepared to enter the apartment of my wife, except putting on my cravat. I went to the looking-glass to adjust that, when, to my astonishment and grief, I discovered that, in entering the body, I had made a mistake, and, instead of having my own body, my spirit had become united with that of Colonel A., and that in the face was depicted all the fear, dread, and horror which it had when the body was consigned to the grave. When I discovered this, I threw myself into an arm-chair and wept most bitterly. Never was I before in such agony of mind!

My weeping awakened my wife from her slumber, and she got up to see what was the matter, and while I was sitting in my chair, my face bathed in tears, in the deepest distress, some one shook me by the shoulder and inquired what was the matter? I looked up, and my wife stood by my side, with a candle in her hand. She wiped the tears from my face; I cast my eyes on the clock, and found that it was four o'clock in the morning, and I found I was lying on the sofa where I had gone to bed the evening before, and became conscious that the imagined scenes I had experienced, were all a dream. But the impression of reality was so fixed upon my mind, that I could not be satisfied that my spirit was in my own body, until I had a looking-glass brought, and saw for myself that I still wore my own countenance—and then I became satisfied that the fancied experience of the past few hours was all imagination. Still it made such an impression on my feelings that I gave spe-





cial directions, if I should not survive, that my body should not be buried near the grave of this unfortunate man.

At this writing, over a quarter of a century has passed since the occurrence of that night; but still those fancied scenes are vividly impressed upon my mind, and no incident in my whole life has made such a lasting impression on my feelings as those of that night.

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## NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF POTTAWATTAMIE COUNTY.

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BY D. C. BLOOMER.

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### No. 4.

[Continued from page 142.]

IN January, 1857, an act was passed by the general assembly, amending the charter of the city of Council Bluffs, which greatly enlarged the boundaries of the corporation, and the powers of the city council. The limits of the city were made to embrace a territory about four miles square, and extending westward to the Missouri river. A recorders' court was established, with exclusive jurisdiction over all offences arising under the city ordinances, and with the same jurisdiction in all other cases as justices of the peace, within the corporate limits. The city was divided into five wards, in each of which two aldermen are elected for two years—their terms of office expiring in alternate years.

At the first election held under the new charter, on the 9th day of March, 1857, the whole number of votes cast was three hundred and eighty-nine, and the following officers were chosen:—

*Mayor*—J. S. Hooton.

*Recorder*—Frank Street.

*Treasurer*—S. H. Craig.

*Assessor*—S. N. Porterfield.

*City Marshal*—H. J. Barnes.



*Aldermen*—First Ward, John Graves, C. Eubank; Second Ward, Henry Allen, J. P. Williams; Third Ward, C. Gove, T. P. Treynor; Fourth Ward, J. T. Baldwin, D. S. Nye; Fifth Ward, L. W. Babbitt, and D. W. Carpenter.

The city council appointed George Snyder city attorney, who resigned during the year; when Caleb Baldwin was appointed in his place.

A new code of ordinances was passed during the early half of the year, defining the duties of city officers, providing for the punishment of offences against the peace and good order of the inhabitants, and establishing the grade of the principal streets. The salary of the mayor was fixed at \$300; of the recorder, \$500 and fees, and chief engineer at \$600 per year. Provision was made for licensing billiard tables and ten-pin alleys, on the payment of the sum of twenty-five dollars. Commendable progress was made during the year, in grading and improving the streets and bridges. The wide street known as Broadway, extending from the eastern part of the city, westward to the Missouri river, was this year, for the distance of nearly half a mile, furnished with an excellent side-walk through its principal business sections. This was the first side-walk erected in the city. Much attention began to be given this year to the planting of forest and other trees along the streets, and in the adjacent lots. Those set out in this and subsequent years have grown rapidly, and now embower large portions of the city during the summer season, in their beautiful foliage.

Early in the season, the City Mills, a large, brick structure, were completed and put in operation, furnishing to the farmers of the county a market for their wheat, and supplying the market with an excellent quality of flour. They are situated near the business centre of the city, and under the energetic management of Messrs. J. T. Baldwin and G. M. Dodge, have been kept actively at work for upwards of fifteen years. On the 27th of June quite a sensation was awakened in the city, by the arrival of a large train of





Mormons on their way to Salt Lake City. In the train were thirty wagons, each drawn by four oxen, and the whole party made up a caravan numbering several hundred people—besides “much cattle.”

The township of Crescent was established on the 2d of March, 1857, and the first election held on the 19th of June following, at which one hundred and nine votes were polled. This township was originally settled by the Mormons, soon after they arrived in the county. Here, in 1848, just south of the broad bottom land skirting the valley of Pigeon Creek, in township 76, range 44, they erected a large tabernacle of logs, with two large wings, capable of accommodating five hundred or six hundred people. A mill was also erected near this point by——, and a number of farms opened. When the Mormons left—in 1852–3—they were succeeded by a number of families from Indiana, prominent among whom was William A. Reel, who settled here with his sons in 1852, and erected a very large frame dwelling in a very beautiful locality, in the northern part of the township. He also built a saw-mill, and laid out a town site, to which he gave the name of Americus. Among the other Gentile settlers of the township were Edmund Latham, Joseph Boulden, David Dunkle, and Elkanah Hall. After the location of the line of the Mississippi & Missouri railroad, and the alleged discovery of rock in the bed of the Missouri river at Florence, in Nebraska, which point is just east of Crescent township, a good deal of attention was at once excited toward the latter point, and it was thought by many that the line of the road, instead of following the valley of Muskets, would be deflected westwardly in the northern part of the county, run down the valley of Pigeon creek, and cross the river at Florence. No sooner was the idea started, than a real furore of speculation seized a number of people, and a town site called Crescent City was laid out on sections 24 and 25, in township 76, range 43, on which a considerable village speedily sprang up. Joseph E.



Johnson, the wide-awake editor of the *Bugle*, whose farm was situated a mile or two south of the new city, entered into the scheme with great zeal, and was one of its leading proprietors and principal promoters. Here he issued early in 1856, the first number of the *Crescent City Oracle*, a seven-column weekly newspaper, which he continued to publish for upwards of two years at the same place. Crescent City grew rapidly during the years 1856 and 1857. A large number of frame buildings were erected—some of them were handsome structures. Stores and shops were opened, and a hotel established. A steam saw- and grist-mill was erected, and a school house built and a school opened. A post office was established early in 1857, and Lewis J. Goddard appointed post master. Johnson & Blake, Reel & Dutrow, Samuel Eggleston, William Menry, and Allison & Nutting were the principal business men of the place. But the financial crash of 1857, with the certainty that the Mississippi & Missouri railroad would adhere to its original line to Council Bluffs, was rapidly fatal to the growth and life of Crescent City. Toward the end of 1858 it began rapidly to decline. Johnson removed his printing office to Council Bluffs, and closed his store; others soon followed his example, and by the end of the year 1860, the village was very nearly deserted. A post office has however been maintained, and a population of a hundred or so still cluster around the point where once speculation and business were alike active. A large number of the best buildings have been removed—either to Council Bluffs or to farms in the immediate vicinity. Meantime the township of Crescent, which is twelve miles in length from east to west, and is now crossed from north to south by the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, has steadily grown to form one of the finest farming portions of the county. It is well watered and very well supplied with timber. Its population in 1860 was five hundred and thirty-five, and in 1870 it had increased to one thousand one hundred and seventeen. It has always been largely democratic in politics.





The first number of the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, a weekly newspaper of nine columns, appeared early in May, 1857, proprietors, Maynard and Long; editor, William W. Maynard. It was a handsomely printed and ably edited sheet, and its publication, under various editors and publishers, has been continued to the present time. The *Chromotype* continued to be issued during a part of the year; but, becoming the property of Mr. A. P. Bently, it was converted into a democratic organ, and called the *Democratic Clarion*. Finally, in 1868, the material on which it was printed was removed from the county, and the *Nonpareil* and *Bugle* continued for several years the only papers published in Council Bluffs, with the exception of a few months in 1859, during which a paper called the Council Bluffs *Press* was issued by J. E. Johnson. The *Bugle* was printed daily for about six months during the summer of 1857, but the experiment not proving a profitable one, its daily issue was suspended for several years, and until the war was under way.

On the 19th of June, 1857, a special election was held in the county, at which the question of subscribing three hundred thousand dollars to the stock of the Mississippi & Missouri railroad, was submitted to the electors, to be paid for in bonds of the county, having twenty years to run, and drawing interest payable semi-annually, at the rate of ten per cent per annum — bonds not to be issued unless the then established route and terminus of the road should be retained, nor until work on said road was actually commenced within the limits of the county. Public attention was deeply excited on the subject — especially in the city of Council Bluffs, in which eight hundred and forty-seven votes were polled, all in the affirmative except fourteen; outside of city two hundred and twenty-seven votes in all were cast, of which two hundred and five were in the negative, and twenty-two in the affirmative — leaving a clear majority in the county in favor of subscribing the stock and issuing the bonds, of six hundred and thirty-six. As the bonds were not to be issued until work had actually com-



menced in the county, the question was allowed to rest until the fall of 1858, when an earnest and finally successful effort was made to secure their issuance. For that purpose the promise was made that work should actually be commenced within the limits of the county, and in fact, a few thousand dollars were expended in the Musketo valley in the following spring, in grading about half a mile of the road bed. The county judge, at the time, however, held back from signing the bonds, and it was not until several excited public meetings had been held, and a strong pressure had been brought upon him, that he finally consented to affix his signature. The bonds, to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, bearing date the 29th day of January, 1859, were placed in the hands of certain parties in Council Bluffs, but finally they went into the possession of the railroad officials. These disposed of them to the amount of thirty-five thousand dollars and for the interest on the bonds thus sold, heavy judgments have been obtained against the county within the last two years, which the taxpayers are now paying off. The remaining bonds, to the amount of sixty-five thousand dollars, were never placed in the market; but were finally surrendered up to the county in exchange for the stock issued to it by the old Mississippi & Missouri railroad company. Fortunately, these were the only bonds ever issued to any railroad company by Pottawattamie county.

Early in 1857, a subscription was circulated, which amounted in the aggregate, to about ten thousand dollars, and a lot purchased preparatory to the erection of a Presbyterian church in Council Bluffs. This church was first organized in the fall of 1856, under the auspices of the Reverend Mr. Bell, a well known Presbyterian missionary in the west. The first elders of the church were James B. Rue and Thomas Officer. The legal organization dates from February, 1857, when articles of corporation were filed, containing the names of John T. Baldwin, Thomas Officer, James A. Johnson, C. W. Boyers, and W. H. M.





Pusey, as trustees. So far as I have been able to find, Reverend John Hancock, formerly of the state of Kentucky, was the first Presbyterian clergyman who officiated in Council Bluffs. He came here in 1856, an entire stranger. After remaining a few days, he passed over to Bellevue, Nebraska, where he met with the Reverend William Hamilton, the missionary to the Omaha Indians at that place. Returning, he made the acquaintance of Messrs. Officer, Boyers, Rue, and others, and soon after called together the scattered members of the church in the city, and commenced his labors among them. He belonged to the old-school branch of the church, and his pastoral relations continued until the fall of 1860. The erection of a brick church which had been commenced in 1857, was suspended after the walls in the basement had been completed, and was not resumed until 1865; the congregation in the meantime occupying rented rooms, and finally a temporary frame building erected for the purpose, on Pearl street. In the early days of the county, the holding of fairs and festivals was a frequent and successful way of raising money. One of these fairs held on Christmas day and evening, in 1856, by this church, proved remarkably successful, and realized over one thousand dollars to its treasury.

On the first day of August, 1857, the corner-stone of St. Paul's Episcopal church, was laid in Council Bluffs by the Right Reverend Henry W. Lee, the Episcopal Bishop of Iowa. The Reverend George W. Watson was present, and assisted in the services. The people assembled in the Congregational church, and marched in procession to the lot, where the stone was prepared. A brief history of the parish, with the newspapers of the city, a few coins, and some other articles were deposited in the box prepared for the purpose, and over this a large stone was deposited; after which an appropriate address was delivered by the bishop. St. Paul's parish had been organized on the 17th of April, 1856, through the efforts of Reverend E. W. Peet, then of Des Moines, who was the first Episcopal clergyman who



visited Pottawattamie county, or held service within its limits. The first vestrymen of the church were J. B. Beers, Horace Everett, W. C. James, J. P. Casady, D. C. Bloomer, A. Cochran, T. P. Treynor, Samuel Perin, and G. W. Dodge. In the fall the parish was visited for the first time by Bishop Lee, accompanied by the venerable Bishop Kemper, the missionary bishop of the northwest. In February, 1857, the Reverend George W. Watson arrived and took charge of the parish, as missionary. He also had charge of a parish in Omaha, and divided his services equally between them. It was through his influence, and the active zeal of two or three members of the parish, that a lot was purchased, and preparations made for the erection of a church. Nothing further was done toward effecting the object, beyond laying the corner-stone which still stands—just as it was left on the beautiful summer morning in 1857, in which it was laid. A small frame edifice was however erected on the church lot in 1860, which is still used as a place of worship by the congregation. The Reverend G. W. Watson remained in charge of the parish until the spring of 1860.

At the election held in the year 1857, for county officers, the republicans—who were in a decided minority in the county—made no nominations, but the candidates supported by them were mostly elected. D. S. Nye was chosen county judge; W. D. Turner, treasurer and recorder; William Baker, sheriff, and Samuel Perin, county surveyor. The total vote for sheriff, stood as follows: William Baker, two hundred and twenty-three; William L. Biggs, two hundred and twelve; D. B. Clark, one hundred and sixty-six; Egbert Ellsworth, eighty-eight.

At the October election, two hundred and sixty-four votes were given for the new constitution, and four hundred and eighty-one against it. For striking the word "white" out of the suffrage section, seven affirmative votes were cast, and two hundred and fifty-seven in the negative. The *Nonpareil*, the republican organ in the county at this time,





strongly opposed negro suffrage. For governor, Benjamin M. Samuels received four hundred and sixty-three votes, and R. P. Lowe, two hundred and five. For senator, W. H. M. Pusey had four hundred and twenty-six votes; Frank Stut, two hundred and forty-five. For representative, S. H. Casady received four hundred and sixty-two, and J. W. Denison two hundred and four votes. Pusey and Casady were elected. This year the votes in the county were divided among the different townships as follows: Kane, five hundred and four; Centre, sixteen; Crescent, eighty-nine; Knox, fifteen; Rockford, thirty-eight; Walnut, nine; Macedonia, fifteen. During the canvass Messrs. Samuels and Lowe visited the county and held a joint discussion at Council Bluffs.

County Judge D. S. Nye entered upon his office with the promise of making a reform and improvement in the manner of conducting county affairs and county finances; the latter especially, it was charged, had been badly managed by his predecessor, and large amounts of swamp land money loaned upon insufficient securities. But the promises held out, of better things under the new administration, were hardly fulfilled. During the early part of 1859, a tract of land for a poor-farm was purchased, at a price, it was believed, far beyond its true value, and, when the order of the county judge, in making the purchase, was found to be illegal, an act was promptly passed by the general assembly—then in session—confirming his action. Public sentiment in the county at the time was greatly outraged by the proceeding, and some of his sureties having withdrawn from his official bond, Nye, on the first of May, 1858, resigned his office, and its duties thereafter devolved upon J. H. Sherman, the county prosecuting attorney. The latter soon after made an order directing the drainage commissioner to drain the swamp and overflowed lands of the county, and large amounts of money were expended on the work during this and the following year.



The tide of speculation which marked the close of the year 1856, continued in full force in Council Bluffs during the spring and summer of 1857. Sales of lots and lands in and adjoining the town site were frequent, and steadily advancing in price. Lots on the business streets reached to one hundred, and one hundred and fifty dollars per foot, and it seemed as though no one could make a purchase that was too high for some one else to take it off his hands at an increased price. The assessed value of real and personal property within the limits of the town, as returned by the township assessor, amounted on the first day of July, to the large sum of two million two hundred and seventy-six thousand six hundred dollars. As a large proportion of this property consisted of unoccupied town lots and lands, it was, of course, based upon speculative values. Knowing ones looked upon this state of things as altogether unusual, and predicted that a crash must soon come—as indeed it did—but no one cared for these prophets of disaster at that time; money was plenty; lots sold rapidly, and a continued stream of new-comers kept up the delusion, and steadily enhanced the rate at which sales of real estate were made. At the same time a wonderful degree of activity in all branches of business was apparent. The river was in fine condition, and steamers arrived at the landing with goods from below, almost daily. Lumber yards were opened, and building material—always enormously high—was abundant and sold readily. Trade was active, and the merchants were all doing a good business. The emigration across the plains was large, and the demand for corn and country produce was fully equal to the supply, and at high prices. A large number of substantial dwellings were commenced early in the season, and finished before cold weather. Mr. W. C. James purchased the property at the corner of Main and Broadway streets, and commenced, in connection with Milton Rogers and W. B. Lewis, the erection of a new three-story building—since known as the James block. Mr. J. M. Palmer, besides





finishing off the block which bears his name, also began the work on a new two-story building afterwards known as Concert Hall, one of the handsomest ever erected in the city, but which was, after a few years, destroyed by fire. Messrs. John A. Andrews, F. A. Tuttle, and H. C. Nutt made a large purchase of real estate, in the then southern part of the city, and commenced work on a large hotel located about half a mile from the business part of the town. Although the proprietors expended from twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars upon it, the structure was never finished, and was finally torn down and the materials used in the erection of other buildings, some years afterwards, and the spot where it stood is now (1872) occupied by the Congregational church.

The banking firms in business in the city this summer (1857), were the following: Officer & Pusey; Green, Weare, & Benton; Baldwin & Dodge; S. H. Riddell & Co.; and J. M. Palmer & Co. Colonel Thomas H. Benton, the resident member of the second firm, erected a fine brick dwelling in one of the glens with which the city abounds; and Messrs. Officer and Pusey each built substantial dwelling houses on the south side of the public square. Mr. Benton also erected a fine banking house on Broadway, into which he moved his office about the first of September. All these bankers, except the first named firm, dealt more or less extensively in Nebraska currency, of which large quantities were afloat in the community. Colonel Benton was president of the American Exchange Bank of Omaha; and also of a similar institution in Bellevue. The failure of these institutions early in the autumn, led to the closing of his own banking house at Council Bluffs. This event occurred on the 25th day of September, and inflicted quite heavy losses upon a number of persons whose money had been deposited with him. Colonel Benton made earnest and persistent efforts to meet his obligations; but many of his banking loans turned out to be nearly or quite worthless, and, after surrendering all these



up to meet his liabilities, together with his homestead, considerable amounts still remained unpaid. His failure was the beginning of financial distress in the whole Missouri slope.

Thenceforward money became less and less abundant. The Nebraska banks one after another went down, and their bills became worthless; and the fever of speculation was, for a long time to come, most decidedly checked. Town lots gradually depreciated in value, and the business of real estate dealers became distressingly dull. Prices fell lower and lower, and in the city of Council Bluffs lots that in 1856-7 sold readily for three thousand or four thousand dollars, could hardly, at the end of four years from that date, be sold for one-fourth of these sums. For reasons, however, which I shall presently notice, the residents of this city never realized the full extent of the financial disaster of 1857, as keenly as some other sections of the country.

Boomer township was organized on the 8th of January, 1858. It is situated on the northern line of the county; is twelve miles long from east to west, and six miles wide from north to south, being town 77, ranges 42 and 43. It is traversed diagonally from the north-east by Pigeon and Honey creeks; and along these considerable settlements were made by the Mormons, as early as 1847-8. The oldest residents of this class were Robert Kent, Samuel Bateman, Joseph Wild, John Macklin, Joseph Beardsley, and William McKeon. They all remained in the county after the general emigration to Salt Lake in 1852, and organized a branch of the Mormon church, opposed to the pretensions of Brigham Young, and recognizing Joseph Smith as their spiritual leader. The church still exists, and has a considerable number of members in the county, and holds its meetings regularly in the different school houses of the township. Joseph Hall, who came into the township in 1852; Z. W. Remington, and William Goodman, in 1854; and Isaac M. Sigler, in 1857, were the first Gentile settlers.





The first township officers elected in 1858, were:—

Samuel Bateman—*Justice of the Peace.*

Isaac M. Sigler—*Town Clerk.*

Henry Givens, Allen Jones, and Joseph Hall—*Trustees.*

James Kent was the first representative of the township on the board of supervisors, serving two years. He was succeeded by Isaac M. Sigler, who served six years. The first school in the township was opened in 1859, in an underground room in Sigler's yard. The township settled up slowly. From the first it was strongly democratic in politics — there being for several years only one republican vote in the township.

The land office at Council Bluffs was reöpened for the sale and entry of government land, on the 23d of February, 1858, by James Pollard, register, and A. H. Palmer, receiver. There was a great crowd of land-buyers in attendance for several months, and the hotels of the city were crowded. Up to the 14th of August, seven hundred and nine thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine acres had been located with land warrants, and twenty thousand and nine acres entered and paid for with cash. Under the operation of this system nearly all the public lands in southwestern Iowa were, in the course of a few years, disposed of, or granted to the railroads, so that when the homestead law of 1862 was passed, only a very small amount was left for settlement under its benign provisions. In June of that year, James Pollard resigned the office of register, and Lewis S. Hill, who had been a most capable and efficient clerk for several years, was appointed in his place.

The leading land agency firms engaged in business this year were Henn, William, Hooton & Co.; Casady & Test; Baldwin & Dodge; Sam Perin; Loudon Mullin; A. Cochran; Officer & Pusey; and Horace Everett.

At the annual city election in March, 1858, the following city officers were elected:—

*Mayor*—J. S. Hooton.

*Recorder*—Frank Street.



*Treasurer*—C. W. Boyer.

*City Marshal*—C. W. Bryan.

*Aldermen*—First Ward, J. B. Lewis and B. Hagg; Second Ward, J. P. Casady; Third Ward, Milton Rogers; Fourth Ward, A. Cochran; Fifth Ward, A. Shoemaker.

The following city officers were appointed :—

*City Attorney*—C. E. Stone.

*City Engineer*—Samuel Perin.

*City Supervisor*—Elias Thornton.

The principal work accomplished during this year by the city council, was the digging of a new channel for Indian creek, a small stream that meandered through the valley in which a portion of the town is built. Like all western streams, its bed was very crooked and quite deep, but, in seasons of high water, it overflowed its banks; often doing much damage to adjoining property. The project of cutting a new channel—by which it was made to run nearly due west, out into the Missouri bottom—had been a favorite one for some time. This year it was finally accomplished, mainly through the exertions and energy of Colonel A. Cochran, a member of the city council. To effect this object, the mill property of Madison Dagger was purchased by the city, and paid for in city bonds, which have since been redeemed; and the locality where the mill and mill race were situated is now nearly all occupied by handsome dwellings. In several law suits which have been brought against the city in subsequent years, for damages alleged to have been caused by the straightening of the creek, the legality and good policy of the work have been fully vindicated. The new channel, beside furnishing a fair supply of water at all seasons of the year, furnishes excellent drainage for the city; and, when the work of properly protecting its banks is completed, its beneficial influence upon the health and convenience of the inhabitants will be still more fully acknowledged.

On the 19th of May, 1858, a convention was held in Council Bluffs, for the purpose of promoting the construction of





a railroad from that city to Saint Joseph. Four counties in Iowa, two counties in Nebraska, and three counties in Missouri were represented by delegates. The proposed railroad was quite fully and favorably considered, and an organization for its construction effected. The first officers of the new company were:—

S. F. Nuckolls—*President.*

Horace Everett—*Vice President.*

S. S. Curtis—*Secretary.*

L. Nuckolls—*Treasurer.*

H. C. Nutt was appointed chief engineer, and he immediately proceeded to make a survey of the portion of the road extending from Council Bluffs to the state line. His first and preliminary report was submitted to the stockholders at a meeting held on the 12th of July following, at which time Enos Lowe, S. F. Nuckolls, B. F. Rector, J. W. Coolidge, L. Nuckolls, L. W. Babbitt, J. S. Jackson, J. D. Test, and A. Cochran, were elected directors for the ensuing year. Mr. Nutt's report was highly favorable to the construction of the road. Very little grading would be required for the road-bed, and only one or two bridges of any importance, on the entire route to the state line.

At the April election in 1858, held in the county, James B. Rue was elected county superintendent of schools, by three hundred and fifty-six votes against two hundred and forty-one for Samuel Eggleston, and nineteen for Thomas Officer. On the 28th of June, the vote for a state bank and for a general banking law was largely in the affirmative. At the August election, J. H. Sherman was elected county judge; C. P. Kellogg, clerk of the district court; and C. P. Smith, coroner. The fourth election this year was held in October, but was not conducted with a great deal of spirit. S. R. Curtis and Henry H. Trimble the opposing candidates for congress, each visited the county and delivered addresses, but the meetings were not largely attended. The result was as follows:—



Trimble.....	451
Curtis.....	242

And the majority for the other democratic candidate was about two hundred. At the same time E. H. Sears was elected district judge, and R. B. Parrott prosecuting attorney of the third judicial district, to which Pottawattamie county belonged. The former was the republican and the latter the democratic candidate; the opposing candidates were J. M. Dews and Samuel Forrey.

Silver Creek township was organized on the 7th of September, 1858. Its name is taken from a beautiful stream of water that runs across its eastern part, and along which the first settlements were made as early as 1848. The old Mormon trail, and subsequent stage road, crossed the creek in section 31, town 74—41, and here a frame dwelling and barn were erected by a man named Mace, in 1850, which were long used as a stage station. The western part of Silver Creek township is crossed by Keg creek, and near the point where this is crossed by the stage road, a settlement was early made by a man named Shaw, who sold out to William Campbell, in 1852. About the same time James M. Putney and Thomas Moffatt settled near the same place. Thomas Moffatt, in December, 1853, made the first entry of land in the township. The next entries were made early in 1854, by Lyman Campbell and Pleasant Taylor. The next settlers in the township were Edward Ward, John Bratten, and J. D. Craven. The township settled up slowly, and, at the time of its organization, had only about a dozen votes. It has at present two school houses within its limits. The population in 1870, by the United States census, was two hundred and thirty-one.

The first exhibition of the Pottawattamie county agricultural society was held at Council Bluffs on the 13th and 14th of October, 1858. The number of entries was quite large, and the display of stock and agricultural productions very encouraging. Caleb Baldwin was president of the society; W. H. Kinman, secretary; and among the exhibit-





ors at the fair, and those most active in promoting its objects, were L. W. Babbitt, D. B. Clark, William Garner, H. A. Terry, J. E. Johnson, M. Turley, and others. Col. Babbitt's famous horse, Cherokee, carried off the first and highest premium of eight dollars. The ladies' tournament on the second day, excited a great deal of interest, and two fine saddles were awarded to the best riders. The ladies who competed for these prizes were, Mrs. Gough, Miss Josephine Biggs, Mrs. Wright, Miss Amy White, Mrs. Milton, Mrs. Robinson, and Miss Delia Jackson. As usual with all public gatherings in those days, a social dance followed in the evening following the second day of the fair, which was largely attended by the citizens, both male and female.

On the morning of the 4th day of December, 1858, Mr. A. D. Long, one of the publishers of the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, was found, frozen to death, in a small creek near the centre of the city, into which he had fallen from an open bridge while on his way to his residence the evening previous. The night had been intensely cold, and it was supposed that he had been so benumbed by the fall that he was unable to extricate himself from the icy channel. This sad event threw a deep gloom over the community. Mr. Long was a warmhearted, steadfast friend, a kind husband and father, and possessed those genial and social traits that endeared his memory to a large circle of friends.

I have already remarked that the people of Council Bluffs were never called upon to realize the full severity of the hard times that followed the financial crash of 1857, as keenly as some other sections of the country. This was principally owing to the tide of emigration that was constantly sweeping across the state of Iowa for the western territories and California. The Missouri river towns, and especially the county seat of Pottawattamie county, were the great outfitting points for a large proportion of these emigrants; hence, trade was active; merchandise sold freely for cash, and the farmer found a good market for his corn



and wheat, and at fair prices. The discovery of gold in Cherry creek, in what is now the territory of Colorado, greatly augmented and increased this traffic. Captain J. H. Smith, a resident of Council Bluffs, is said to have been the first person who found the sparkling metal in the bed of the river in that now famous locality. The first announcement of this discovery was made in the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, on the 11th of September, 1858, and the article had the following heading, in startling capitals:—

“PIKE’S PEAK GOLD DIGGINGS. EUREKA! EUREKA!! GOLD MINES WITHIN 500 MILES. THE BEST ROUTE THITHER. THE YELLOW FEVER SPREADING RAPIDLY. THE ONLY ANTIDOTE—PICK AND SHOVEL.”

And from that time for the next year or two, a large portion of the columns of all the papers published in the country were filled with articles on the new gold regions, and the best route to them. Council Bluffs, Nebraska City, and Saint Joseph were the rival outfitting towns, and the public press of each labored to convince the country that the best and shortest, and most direct road to the diggings lay through its limits. An elaborate map appears in the papers of Council Bluffs, in January, 1859, of the road from Council Bluffs to the Cherry Creek gold mines, of which thousands of copies were published and scattered over the country. A number of residents of Pottawattamie county left for the new gold fields, in the fall of 1858, among whom was Samuel S. Curtis, whose letters appeared regularly in the *Nonpareil*. Reports continued uniformly favorable for several months, and a steady stream of gold-seekers—in spite of the inclemency of the weather—pushed across the plains. Many of these were but poorly provided for the hardships and privations of the way; hundreds, it was asserted, perished from cold and starvation. As the spring of 1859 advanced, the reports were less favorable, and not a few of the newspapers at the east pronounced the whole thing a humbug. In April and May a regular stampede





among the emigrants commenced and hundreds of them recrossed the Missouri on their return. Some of these people were highly indignant at the people and newspapers on the Missouri, who, it was charged, misled them into setting out on their bootless search for gold, and threats of vengeance were sometimes heard. This led timorous people to fear for the safety of their property.

Early in the spring of 1859, William H. Kinsman, a young man of indomitable perseverance, who for several months had been writing for the *Nonpareil*, walked the entire distance from Council Bluffs to Cherry creek. As he marched westward he sent back encouraging letters, which were published in the county papers. He reached the mining region early in June, and his first letter, giving the result of his explorations and observations in the gold region, reached Council Bluffs in mid-summer. It was highly favorable, and produced a great excitement. The *Nonpareil* printing office was illuminated; a band of music paraded the streets, and a crowd gathered in front of Palmer's block where addresses were delivered by Dr. Farmer and others. The announcement of the event in the *Nonpareil* was characteristic, and spread out in flaming capitals, read as follows:—

“LET THE SHANGHAI CROW.” (A grotesque picture of a rooster here followed.)

“LET THE HAWKEYE GROAN. LETTER FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, W. H. KINSMAN, ESQ. THE GOLD OF PIKE'S PEAK NO LONGER A MYTH. OUR FONDEST HOPES REALIZED. GRAND ILLUMINATION. REJOICING OF THE PEOPLE. TRUTH VINDICATED. JUSTICE TRIUMPHANT.”

The expression, “Let the Hawkeye groan,” referred to the course of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, which had, on several occasions, pronounced the whole story about the discovery of gold on Cherry creek a wicked deception and fraud. At the same time, the letters of Horace Greeley, A. D. Richardson, and Henry Vibbard were published, giving also a



highly favorable report of the prospects of the mines in the Pike's Peak regions.

This seemed to settle the question, and indeed, from this time no one was hardy enough to deny the existence of gold in the new mining region. The emigration went steadily forward, and the wagons of the emigrants lined the roads and filled the valleys, during the summer season, of Iowa and Nebraska, until the construction of the Union Pacific railroad furnished a quicker, cheaper, and more convenient mode of travel to the mountains, and the rich mines with which they abound.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## REMINISCENCES OF EARLY SETTLERS.

BY R. B. GROFF, MARENGO, IOWA.

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HENRY SPRAGUE came to this city from his advanced trading-post, some thirty-five miles above this place, on the Iowa river just above what is now called Raven Creek. He had selected this as a point for trading with the Indians. The company consisted of his father, brother, wife, and himself. After having constructed his temporary log shanty, he returned to his former home at Brush Run (now Homestead), for some implement that had been forgotten. A trip there and back (eighty miles) would now be considered quite an undertaking. (When he came back here it was late in the fall of 1848.) It was snowing very fast—large, plushy flakes fell so fast that he feared his progress would be impeded. He tried to buy a pair of snow-shoes from an old Indian here; but, failing in this, he bought some coffee, sugar, and tea at the only store we then had in this place, and started homeward.





After he left this place it ceased snowing; a light, drizzling rain set in, and the snow became soft and slushy. He had nothing on his feet but an old pair of moccasins. Being an excellent walker he made good headway. About four o'clock it commenced growing cold. He was then about ten miles from home. He ran down hill and walked up to keep warm. He found the buckskin moccasins were freezing to his feet. He thought he would stop and take them off; he proceeded to do so, but found on examining his pockets, that he had no knife. He tried to open the firmly tied knots with his teeth. Failing in this, he tried to arise and walk; but found that his feet were so frozen it was impossible to do so. He actually crawled some five miles on his hands and knees, and reached home that night. Unfortunately, they applied warm water to his feet, to get the moccasins off. The consequence was, his feet were ruined. He has hobbled around for the last twenty years, on his knees.

As his wife was about to be confined, they concluded that it would be best to construct a hand-sled, and try to reach home on the Iowa river, on the ice, and abandon their trading-post. Next morning they started on their long journey, following the serpentine course of the river, probably about seventy-five miles.

About ten miles above this place, on the Iowa river, his wife was delivered of a large, healthy boy, which has since grown to be a man. There was no one present that dreary night, but her husband, his father, and brother; the two latter only could render her any aid, and she was more successful than many under similar circumstances, in kingly palaces.



## GENERAL JESSE B. BROWN.

BY HAWKINS TAYLOR, WASHINGTON, D. C.

**A**MONG the early settlers in Iowa, and especially in Lee county, none was better known, none more prominent, than General Jesse B. Brown. The general, in personal appearance, was remarkable—six feet seven inches tall in his stocking feet, as straight as an arrow, and in polished politeness—when sober—had no superior. Never forgot a name, nor its locality, nor the peculiar characteristics of the most casual acquaintance. When in his cups, there was no act of daring recklessness that he would not do. It was the wonder of himself and friends, that he escaped with his life, through his many reckless, dare-devil freaks.

General Brown was born in Christian county, Kentucky, about the beginning of this century. His father was a man of fair ability, excellent character, and independent means, a Baptist preacher of the hard-shell, iron-side order, did not preach for pay; did not believe in temperance societies, Bible societies, missionary societies, nor in Sunday schools; was ready to take his wine with any respectable citizen—unless at the communion table, where he admitted none but of the hard-shell order.

When a young man, Jesse B. removed to Illinois, and was for years clerk of the court of Edgar county. He commanded a company of rangers during the Black Hawk war, and was appointed captain of the first regiment dragoons in the regular army, August 15th, 1833. Montrose at the head of the De Moines rapids, was located as a military post, and this regiment ordered to that point. Probably no better material ever entered the army than this new company. This regiment of dragoons supposed that they would be engaged mainly in exploring what was then a western wilderness, but now the states of Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. When located at





Montrose, they had to build their own quarters and barracks, out of logs — all the lumber used had to be brought from Pittsburgh by boat.

About this time B. S. Roberts, who has figured since in several wars, and who has the reputation of being the brightest and sharpest man that West Point ever educated, was then fresh from West Point. Benny was the acting commissary of the post. The soldiers were mainly from the west, and knew all about building log houses; while Benny had never seen one built in his life, probably. The fort was beautifully located; the officers' quarters near the river, and the barracks for the soldiers on the high ground, with a double "L" running toward the river, leaving a beautiful piece of ground in the centre. The men had got one row of huts ready for the roof, when little Benny, in all the glory and pride of young West Point, discovered that *there were no doors cut into the rooms*. He at once ordered them torn down, and doors cut out. The soldiers tried to explain that they had notches in the logs; that they could put in a cross-cut saw, and saw out the doors when the roof was on; but West Point could hear no explanation. But, fortunately, when a part had been torn down, Captain Brown came along and stopped the work, and ordered them put up again as at first, much to the disgust of the young lieutenant. But Roberts fought gallantly in the Mexican war, and became a general during the late unpleasantness, and is now in Washington on the retired list. But I am sorry to say that he is not happy. He invented the best gun for killing people, that has ever been invented — as he says — but the war department will not adopt it; and worse than that, he had made a bargain with the Remingtons to manufacture his arms, and sell them to the French to be used in their late war with Germany; but just as the manufacturing commenced, the war department went to work and sold all of their old guns to the Remingtons, and thus defeated the sale of his — to the discredit of the war department, and the ruin of the French — as Benny



fully believes. Then, there is a law of congress against any officer prosecuting a claim before the war department. But, worst of all, Horace Greeley may be elected president, and after that all is to be peace, and no further use for guns. Horrible!

I could fill a book with laughable scrapes of Brown's while in the army; one I will give.

As before stated, his company was composed of good material — mainly young men of character, and while in the saddle, exploring the new world, were content; but when confined to barrack life, under the strictest discipline, they soon tired and many deserted. A batch of some half-dozen went off, crossing the Mississippi river on the ice. Brown followed them, spending a day and a couple of nights at Capt. Knapp's, in Ft. Madison. He was on one of his high benders; it was getting late in the winter and the ice on the river was so soft that no one had dared to venture on it for several days. But Brown swore that he would cross. He was on a powerful horse, and no Camanche Indian ever rode a horse better than he did. He had drunk enough to make him perfectly reckless. He went on to the ice in full run, and so crossed the river. All of the people of the town, not many at that time, however, stood on the bank, breathless, expecting every jump of the horse to be his last. When Brown had crossed the channel, and was out of danger, he turned and waved his plume to the relieved spectators, and gave a few Indian yells and rode off. He followed the deserters to Rushville, Illinois, where he lost them.

Rushville was settled mainly by Kentuckians, many of them acquaintances of Brown's, and generally of the hard-shell Baptist persuasion. The town had a good tavern for that day, a good drinking place close by, where groceries of all kinds were sold, and whisky was sold by the tin-cup, after the good old Kentucky style, and, as the season was dull, the people had little else to do than go to town and drink. Brown enjoyed himself hugely for several days, in getting the grocery full of people and supplying them with





whisky. At ninepence a tin-cup, a little money goes good way, and the General soon became the most popular man in all that region, his fame spreading day by day, and his customers continually increasing. In looking around the grocery, he had discovered behind the counter, an empty powder-keg. When the General felt that the thing had run long enough, he got out his horse in the morning, to leave, but went over to the grocery and found it chuck full, all rejoiced to see him; but instead of treating the crowd as before, the general walked behind the counter, took up the powder-keg, opened the stove door, and, with a terrible oath, swore that he thought that population had lived long enough, and threw the powder-keg into the stove. No crowd ever made haste more quickly to get out the store than did that one. When they had all got out — without any reference to their manner of going — the General walked out, mounted his horse, gave a few Indian yells, and galloped off.

In the spring of 1837, the General resigned his commission, and moved to Fort Madison. He had opened a large store at that point previously; but the general break-up of that year that was so fatal to the business men south and west, broke him. It was a sad blow to his sensitive nature, and more sad to his proud family, leaving them poor and helpless.

In 1838, the General was elected a member of the council of the first Iowa territorial legislature, running ahead of his ticket — in fact, he was the only candidate that was elected on the ticket that he ran upon. At the meeting of the legislature he was elected president of the council, and since then there has never been a more successful presiding officer of the territorial council or state senate than Brown made that winter, notwithstanding, the session commenced in a fight with Conway, the secretary of the territory, a dissipated, wild, talented, educated Irishman, and ended in a fight with the governor. The fight with the secretary was about pen-knives, and with the governor about the ap-



pointment of a few notaries, and a general or two. The sort of generals — like Cary, of Michigan, made famous by Tom Corwin — the whole thing was worse than a farce, and was kept up by a few men on each side for spite. Brown had no heart in the fight, and, as presiding officer, gave entire satisfaction to both sides. Politically, Brown was a follower of Henry Clay, then a republican, but never a bitter partizan.

Fort Madison was one of the handsomest and most prominent towns in the territory for many years, and has always been one of the solid, steady-going towns. She was one of the towns laid off and sold by act of congress. From 1835 to 1837, speculation in town lots ran high, and a great deal of money was made and lost in the operation. One of the operators was Benjamin Brattain, now in Oregon. Ben had some town lots after the break-up in 1837; was lazier than the laziest man that you could name; had little education, but was good-natured and kind, and always reading — but if he ever had an idea that Ed Johnston did not furnish him with, no one ever heard of it.

One day when the General was running a good head of steam, he found Ben in the Madison house, in his usual seat, reading. The General took a large pin, and walked up to Ben, stretched out his ear, and run the pin through it, leaving it in the ear. Ben sprang to his feet, took up his chair, and made for the General. Brown straightened himself up to his full height, and, with an astonished and injured look, demanded with terrible oaths, what Ben meant. Brattain called his attention to the condition of his ear. Brown, with still greater surprise, swore the country was coming to a nice condition when a man could not take little liberties with his friends, without their getting mad about it. Ben quietly took out the pin from his ear, acknowledged satisfaction, and went to reading again.

On one occasion during one of the numerous county-seat contests in Lee county, Guy Wells and Brown were sent as a committee to Montrose to secure the Mormon vote for





Fort Madison. Brown was always a favorite with the Mormons. Their conveyance was the box-trap stage of that day. Brown and Wells occupied the back seat; on the seat next in front was a rough specimen, who made himself offensive by boasting of his many Indian, and other brave exploits. Brown was in a mellow mood, and, after standing the fellow's boasting as long as he could, he turned to Wells and enquired if he ever heard of how he had served a Camanche chief during the expedition of the dragoons into this country, years before. Wells said that he never had, when Brown went into a minute account of the quarrel, at the end of which he hit the chief with his fist, "knocking him heels over head," and suiting the action to the word, he hit the fellow such a blow in the short-ribs that it knocked him breathless, to the front of the stage under the driver's feet. The driver stopped and drew the fellow up, when Brown, with the kindest words, inquired if he was hurt, assuring him that he was merely illustrating his story. As soon as the fellow could speak, he informed the General that in future, when illustrating *that story*, he hoped that he would find some other subject than himself to illustrate upon. They were no more troubled with Indian stories from that fellow, that trip.

General Brown had no capacity for ordinary money-making trades or business. No man had a keener relish for the pleasures and enjoyments that money gives a man; yet he had no more capacity to husband it than a child. If he had possessed the wealth of an Astor, all his friends and those about him would have been rich as long as his money lasted; the result was, that from his failure in business in 1838, to his death in 1864, his life was a life of poverty, and much of the time, real want of the ordinary necessities of life; but, during all that time, I never heard him complain of Providence or the world. He always attributed his want of success to his own faults. In his drinking, he was not like other men; when he drank, it was a wild spree — while it lasted, probably but a few days, but sometimes



running into weeks; then he would not drink a drop for months, and I am sure no person ever tried harder to restrain himself from doing evil than did Brown to keep out of these sprees. Those that were intimate with him could tell when they were coming on, by his restlessness. He could not be still until night, and then he would surrender to his old enemy, and none knew the infamous character of the enemy better than Brown, himself.

Nearly one-third of Lee county is included in what is known as the "Half-Breed tract." This tract had been given in treaty by the Sac and Fox tribes of Indians, to the half-breeds of their tribe. Speculators soon bought out the interest of these half-breeds; bought mostly by a New York company and parties in Saint Louis. In the spring of 1841, the Lee county district court, Charles Mason, judge, made a decree dividing these lands into one hundred and one shares. With one or two exceptions, the claimants all lived outside of Lee county. The settlers on the tract repudiated this claim, and unitedly organized for mutual defense and protection against the claimants under the decree, and, constituting about one-third of the voters of the county, they were a political force. It was claimed by them that the survey of the tract was wrong; that, in place of there being one hundred and nineteen thousand acres, there were, honestly, but twenty or thirty thousand at most, and that of right, the balance was government land, and they petitioned congress for the passage of a law authorizing a resurvey. General A. C. Dodge was then the delegate in congress, from the territory, and he succeeded in getting a law passed by congress, for a resurvey. This was glad tidings for the settlers; but no survey was made, and the next session of congress repealed the law.

General Dodge, who was, probably, the most popular and efficient delegate that has ever been in congress, from any of the territories, opposed the repeal; but the New York and Saint Louis interests were too powerful for him, and beside it was shown that the old survey was correct, and gave the claimants under the decree vested rights that con-





gress could not disturb. This was a hard blow on the settlers, and it came just at the time of the state organization.

The settlers were made to believe that the repeal of the law was all the fault of the delegate; that he was out at a horse race when the repealing bill passed, etc., etc.; the result was, that there was an anti-Dodge party organized in Lee county, that elected the entire legislative and county ticket—electing James Sproat and Jacob Henner to the senate; Jesse B. Brown, William Street, and W. J. Cochran, whigs, and Josiah Clifton and Reuben Couler, democrats, to the house.

It so happened that the three democrats from Lee county held the balance of power in the legislature. At the meeting of the legislature, Brown was elected speaker. In caucus, the democrats nominated A. C. Dodge and Judge Wilson, of Dubuque, for senator. The whigs, with the three anti-Dodge democrats, met in caucus and nominated Jonathan McCarty, a distinguished Indian war carpet-bagger, who claimed Keokuk as his home, and Jacob Hume, for the senate. *Not a single member in the caucus, but the three anti-Dodge democrats, wanted either McCarty or Hume for senator;* but the party feeling was so strong that the whigs stood by their nominations, with the single exception of Dr. Fulenwider, of Des Moines, who voted for Browning, his senatorial colleague, in place of McCarty—McCarty lacking but the single vote, of an election.

The joint convention adjourned without an election, and did not meet again during the session. There was not then, as now, any act of congress requiring an election of senators on a particular day. Their failure to elect senators created the most intense excitement that I ever saw.

General Dodge was at this time the political idol of his party; his election as senator was desired above all things else, politically. Brown was speaker of the lower house, and had a set of friends that was disposed to make any sacrifice to serve him; the result was, that a few of the friends of Dodge and Brown organized a scheme to make Dodge and Brown the senators. It was found that it could



be done if Brown would give his consent to the arrangement; but when he was approached on the subject, he positively refused to be a party to the arrangement — insisting that in caucus he had pledged his honor to stand by the nominees of the caucus, and that he meant to do it in good faith. A very distinguished democratic friend of General Dodge, and an old personal friend of Gen. Brown, went all the way to Galena, in the middle of winter, by land, to get Judge Thomas Brown, one of the judges of the court of appeals of the state of Illinois, and brother of General Brown, to influence the General to join in the arrangement to make himself and Dodge the senators. Judge Brown wrote the General, urging him at once to accept, and telling him that it was a crime to his family for him not to accept; and he then went on to depict the condition of his family: His wife was dead: his eldest daughter nearly grown; another daughter that soon would be grown, and the youngest, a poor child ten years old, and afflicted with epileptic fits so that her mind was almost destroyed — all needing care and attention such as he was not able to give them in his condition of poverty. To be elected United States senator at once gave him and his family position in society, and also money to care and provide for them. The letter was written to touch the General's pride of family, and also to sting him in his poverty. This letter Brown read to me — the tears running down his cheeks, and swearing at his brother for too cruelly bringing home to him the poverty-stricken condition of his afflicted family. The letter had no influence upon Brown; he said his honor was at stake, and to betray his honorable pledge, for his own benefit, was to disgrace himself, and, after that, life would be useless to him. How many politicians would refuse a senatorship now, when they could get it by breaking a caucus pledge? General Dodge was then delegate in congress, and at Washington, and did not know of this attempt to elect him and Brown; if he had, I am fully satisfied that he would have repudiated the arrangement, just as Brown did.

The year following, Brown was the whig candidate for





congress in the first district, and, strange to say, McCarty, for whom he had given up a seat in the United States senate, stumped the district against him, in favor of William Thompson, of Mount Pleasant, one of McCarty's most bitter opponents, of the winter before. Brown ran ahead of his party, but was beaten by a few hundred votes. If McCarty had supported him, he would have been elected.

A few years later, when the Honorable Daniel F. Miller was in congress, he had the General appointed visitor to West Point. The General's friends furnished him a suit of clothes, and he did not drink a drop of liquor during the trip; and no man made a finer appearance at West Point, than he did, nor commanded more respect.

The General was for many years a justice of the peace in Keokuk. He paid little attention to the law, but always decided what he believed to be right. On one occasion a young medical student was arrested for not marrying a young lady, as he had promised to do and ought to have done a good while sooner. The college had closed, and the young man was about to leave without the wedding. Brown was in a good mood to enforce justice, when the young man was brought before him. The justice asked him if he had not promised to marry the girl present. The answer was in the affirmative. "Why the hell have you not done it?" said Brown, and at once ordered a friend of the young lady to go for the license. When the license was brought, the judge ordered them to stand up and lock hands, when he married them—the student quietly acting the part of bridegroom.

In 1858 or 1859, the General went to live with his second daughter, who had married and lived in Covington, Kentucky. In 1860, he voted, with one or two hundred others, for Mr. Lincoln for president, and during the winter of 1860-61, was an intense Union man. In the latter part of the winter—or early in the spring, when secession ran the highest—the general met in a large party of gentlemen, and most of them secessionists, Greene Clay Smith, with a ribbon in his button-hole that Brown took to be an em-



blem of secession. That was too much for him; that a relative of Henry Clay—his political idol—should be in favor of destroying the Union. He at once commenced cursing Smith for disgracing his Clay blood. Smith, in telling me about it, said that he had heard refined, eloquent, and bitter swearing before, but nothing that he had ever heard before equaled Brown. The eloquence of the language and manner captivated him. As soon as Brown had exhausted himself and stopped, Smith told him that he was as good a Union man as Brown was. Brown at once grabbed his hand; tore the ribbon out of the button-hole, and pinned on a rosette, and told Smith to wear it—which he did, bringing down the curses of his secession neighbors to such an extent that he had to enter the Union army for self-protection. Brown at once became the leader of Smith's friends, and knocked down a good many of the chivalry. Smith said that Brown would never hit but once, and then he was almost sure to bring down his man, when his friends would take the fight off his hands.

Brown did not live to see the glorious end of the infamous rebellion.

Poor, noble-hearted friend! What I have written has been written without fee or hope of reward, and, most probably, it will never be read by a single relative of Brown's. If the General had used his talents to enrich himself at other people's expense—as many others have done—and thereby grown rich, few people would have inquired how the wealth came—how many people, and better people than himself, had been ruined in obtaining it—how many widows and orphans had been robbed—and besides, he would have had no trouble, for *small pay*, in having a rose-tinted life written, even by a Parton. But Brown was poor, his sympathies were with the poor, and he died in poverty. Verily he must have his reward in the world to which he has gone—or it will be hard indeed, on some others when they leave this world, where fraud too often gives wealth.





REPORT OF CAMPAIGN AGAINST MAJOR GENERAL STERLING  
PRICE, IN OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1864.

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[Continued from page 631, No. 3, Vol. IX., July, 1871.]

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Attack on Fayetteville.

CAMPING in mud, rain, and snow, at dark on the evening of the 3d, at Cross Hollows, I was nearly overcome with fatigue, illness, and the perplexing orders which I have mentioned.

My troops had built fires in the woods and began to enjoy themselves, when, about midnight, messengers arrived from Fayetteville informing me of Price's attack of that post, and Col. Harrison's successful holding against fearful odds, and his earnest desire for help.

This post, 18 miles in my advance, was commanded by Col. M. La Rue Harrison, of the 1st Arkansas Cavalry, with about 1,100 militia and volunteers, constituting the garrison. Substantial earth works had been erected, and although far from supporting forces, it had for several weeks, especially during the previous ten days, been in a state of siege, and the troops were on half rations.

Price's main forces halted at Cane Hill, sending General Fagin, with 8,000 men and two pieces of artillery, to take the forces and supplies of Col. Harrison. Their operations commenced on the 3d, and after investing the town, they cannonaded the Fort for several hours with very little effect. The storm, timidity of the rebels, and the gallant bearing of the garrison, prevented a charge on the works, which the rebel officers tried to make, but with the close of the day they withdrew and went into camp around the town.

I had sent a small party which had got into the Fort during the night. Meantime Col. Harrison's messengers reached me at Cross Hollows about midnight. As soon as my troops could be fed and collected I hurried forward with



my little force, determined to make the best showing I could for the benefit of the garrison. The enemy not knowing my force, but doubtless supposing I was coming with all my former numbers, made a hasty retreat during the night, his rear guard leaving as my advance arrived, about 11 o'clock, Nov. 4th.

A portion of the rebel troops separating from Price's main force, went eastward, under Freeman, following down the White river, leaving their broken guns in disgust, and probably disbanding near Huntsville. The main force, however, moved rapidly back to Cane Hill, and joined Price's main army, which was collecting cattle and other supplies at that place.

The accompanying report of Col. Harrison is interesting, giving an account of his perilous position and gallant deportment for some time before my forces came to his relief.

I sent the following dispatch:

"FAYETTEVILLE, Friday, Nov. 4, 1864, 12 M.

"MAJ. GEN. HALLECK:

"Price's forces attacked and shelled this place, but retreated at the approach of my command. Col. Harrison reports his loss as trifling. He will join me in pursuit as you direct. The enemy lost several, including one officer. He has divided, but seems to aim at a crossing of the Arkansas, above Fort Smith.

"S. R. CURTIS, *Maj. Gen'l.*"

I sent a similar telegram to General Rosecrans, and forwarded another lot of prisoners to him in charge of Lieut. Quinby.

Continuance of the Pursuit below Fayetteville, Arkansas.

The broken lines of the enemy at Fayetteville made it difficult to ascertain the route of Price's main force, and detained me nearly a day.

During this delay, and pursuant to your directions, I ordered Col. Harrison to join me with a portion of his force, leaving Captain Dodge's Battery, which was nearly broken





down, and the remainder of the garrison, sufficient, in my judgment, for the safety of the place, while we continued to press Price's general movement beyond.

Giving Col. Harrison the advance, we moved forward on the 5th, our force now amounting to about 3,500. During the day I received a note from General Sanborn, dated the 4th, at Cassville, explaining the order of the previous day to Col. Benteen as not being his "design to withdraw him from the face of the enemy, or from your support, but expecting him to be near Cassville, where I was expecting to be in person to-day.

"He will remain with you if Price is still in your front. My information is that his army has gone into the Nation. I will have positive knowledge in a day or two. General McNeil's brigade is a few miles in the rear, and will come forward at once, if there is any prospect of meeting the enemy.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"JNO. B. SANBORN,

"*Brig. Gen'l, Com'd'g.*"

This showed me clearly that no other reinforcements were within supporting distance, and my boldness of pursuit must compensate for want of numbers, judging rightly that the enemy would not, in his flight, ascertain the relation of my troops to those in my rear.

Crossing the Illinois river, I camped for the night at Prairie Grove battle ground. During the day we found plenty of cattle, which now became the only food for most of my troops. Very little forage for horses could be obtained, and the country beyond was still more destitute.

We left Prairie Grove at daylight on the 6th, driving scattering rebels out of Cane Hill, and taking and paroling a large number of sick and broken down rebel prisoners. Price had secured supplies of cattle at this place, and his troops had commenced erecting huts, with the evident sup-



position that he would remain some time. Col. Benteen's scouts attacked and killed some of the enemy's scouts, or rear guard, killing two or three, and capturing the old flag of Gen. Blunt's escort, which the rebels took at the massacre of Baxter Springs. Benteen lost two or three in this skirmish. We went into camp about 5 o'clock, p. m., near the ground occupied by Price's forces the previous night.

Nov. 6th we made an early start, following the well marked trail of Price's army. His camp fires extended for miles, and I counted over a hundred heads of cattle that had been slaughtered and the meat distributed among his troops. We pressed forward during the day and most of the night, when we ascertained the enemy had departed westward from the line road, taking the valley of a beautiful little stream called the Salisas, which bears south-west through a portion of the Cherokee Nation. Halting and grazing our horses on cane and coarse grass, which we found on the valley of this stream. We were evidently close on the enemy's rear, and my order of march for the 7th was carefully arranged for battle. Col. Benteen in advance, Gen. Blunt's division following next, Col. Harrison's force followed this division, and Major Ketner, 16th Kansas Cavalry, commanded escort, and all that appertained to the Commissary train.

Nov. 7th, we started at daylight, our route leading through the woods and on bye-roads, in a south-west direction. Horses, wagons, and property stolen from Missouri marked the way, which we followed until late at night, and remained until the morning.

Among other articles, a carriage, said to be the one occupied by Price himself, was passed on the way side, and everything showed a hasty and terrified retreat. Our curiosity, usual on such occasions, hurried the advance forward, hoping to overtake the enemy. About dark we came upon a cannon which he had left in the road, and after a few miles more darkness and a necessity to close up my forces induced another halt.





We had very little chance to feed ourselves or horses, and resumed the march early on the 8th, uncertain of our whereabouts, but confident of the enemy's near presence, as the prairie was still burning, and his broken down mules, horses, and baggage, were again broadcast over his well defined way. Col. Harrison now had the advance, and pushed forward with great vigor to the timber far in our advance, which proved to be the timber skirting the Arkansas river. A few of the rebel rear guard were driven beyond the stream, and bringing up McLain's battery we shelled the timber on the south side. Some of our troops crossed over and exchanged a few shots as they supposed with the last of Price's army.

Our work was accomplished, and the shout that went up from the "Army of the Border," and the roar of our cannon, resounded through the gloomy forests of the Arkansas, carrying to the camp of the starving enemy beyond our parting farewell.

This crossing, selected by Standwaitie's Indians, is a little above the mouth of the Salisas, about twenty-five miles above Fort Smith.

A prisoner taken by the enemy, who had escaped or been discharged, a Reverend, and perfectly reliable gentleman, gave the particulars of the enemy's condition. His troops were so destitute of provisions, an officer being begged by a soldier for an ear of corn, was told he had not a grain to give him. The elm trees, for miles, had been stripped to furnish food for the starving multitude.

An officer of the rebel army, whom we paroled at Cane Hill, said that at Lexington Price's force was thirty-seven thousand, but now he thought they had lost in killed, wounded, and missing, from eight to ten thousand. All my information was to the effect that the enemy was over twenty thousand strong, but many of his troops were volunteers and conscripts picked up by the way, and were only partially armed.

The reports of my militia forces are so imperfect, and



those of others also, I cannot give any correct idea of my own losses, either at each battle or in the aggregate.

I was obliged to immediately separate my troops and start them homeward in different columns, so as to collect scattering cattle, and the best grass, to save our men and horses from greater suffering. The reports of my subordinates and that of my Medical Director in the field, show that our killed, wounded, and prisoners, during the campaign, may have reached 1,800 or 2,000.

We nowhere stopped to bury our dead or take care of the wounded, feeling confident we left them with their friends, where their wives, mothers, and sisters could safely render them the kind offices so justly due to those who fell in this struggle for their homes and their country.

Before separating from the gallant 3,500 that had accompanied me from the Missouri to the Arkansas, and from Newtonia, a distance of two hundred miles, been my only comrades in this eventful pursuit, I issued the following congratulatory order, a copy of which I sent you as soon as possible after my return to the settlements.

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE BORDER, }  
CAMP ARKANSAS, Nov. 8th, 1864. }

GENERAL FIELD ORDER.

The object of this organization and campaign is accomplished. The rebel army under Gen. Sterling Price has been confronted, beaten in several conflicts, pursued and driven over three hundred and fifty miles, from the Missouri to the Arkansas.

This has been the work of fourteen days. Your marches have been incessant, sometimes for days and nights, in rain and snow, and generally on short rations, gathered from the herds lost by the enemy.

Your privations, toils, and gallantry, deserve the highest commendation, and the success of the campaign in which you have so gloriously participated, most of you from the beginning to the end, must entitle you to the thanks of





your government, and the gratitude of the loyal people of our country. Your losses are considerable, but nothing in comparison with those of the enemy, who admits of a loss in killed, wounded, and missing, of eight or ten thousand. All his cannon, too, a large portion of his small arms, his vast wagon train, loaded with spoils, and herds of cattle and horses, have been left, burned, and scattered in the way of your pursuit.

His army of twenty or thirty thousand is converted into an unarmed, disorganized mob, destitute of everything, starving with hunger, and far from supplies. Their condition is indeed so desperate as to excite pity rather than exultation.

But the greatest achievement of the campaign is the driving of a desperate class of vagrant associates of rebels so far from your homes and the states you defend. Besides this, your stern resistance and close pursuit saved the towns and garrisons of Kansas City, Olathe, Paola, Fort Scott, Fayetteville, Fort Smith, and Fort Gibson, and the valuable public stores of those places; besides checking ulterior purposes of slaughter and desolation contemplated by the invasion of Kansas. But it would tarnish the brilliancy of your achievements to claim this for yourselves alone, without acknowledging with gratitude the share borne in the brunt of the contest by the troops of Missouri and the militia of Kansas, who shared our dangers, and because of their greater numbers, especially deserve more of the honors due to the conflicts of the 24th, 25th, and 28th of October.

But to you, including the brigade of Col. Benteen, who have shared in most of these battles, and continued throughout the long, weary pursuit to the dark and turbid waters of the Arkansas, where your guns thundered in the rear of the starving, terrified enemy, must be accorded the special commendation of the Commanding General, and the generous approval of your country.

The special honors due to distinguished comrades in this campaign will be carefully presented by the Commanding



General in his proper report to Headquarters at Washington; and to secure the most exact justice to so many deserving commendation, Commanders of Divisions, Brigades, Detachments, and Staff Officers, will make full reports, directed to Headquarters, Fort Leavenworth, at their earliest convenience.

In parting, the General tenders to the officers and soldiers, for their generous support and prompt obedience to orders, and to his Staff, for their unceasing efforts to share the toil incident to the campaign, his heartfelt thanks.

The pursuit of Price in 1864, and the battles of Lexington, Little Blue, Big Blue, Westport, Marias-des-Cyngnes, Osage, Charlot, and Newtonia, will be borne on the banners of the regiments who shared in them, and the states of Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Arkansas, may glory in the achievements of their sons in this short but eventful campaign.

The First Division, commanded by Gen. Blunt, will move from the camp according to special instructions.

The Brigade of Col. Benteen will return to his proper corps command, by such route as he may consider most economical and advantageous to the government.

Col. Harrison will report to Gen. Steele at his earliest convenience.

Col. Ford, with his command, will accompany the Commanding General to his Headquarters, Fort Leavenworth.

By command of

MAJOR GENERAL CURTIS.

C. S. CHARLOT, *Ass't Adj't Gen'l.*"

#### Return from the Pursuit of Price.

As directed in your dispatch of the 28th of October, Price had been pursued beyond the Arkansas, carrying away with him the murderers, marauders, and bushwhackers that infested Missouri, Arkansas, and Kansas.

He entered Missouri feasting and furnishing his troops on the rich products and abundant spoils of the Missouri





valley, but crossed the Arkansas destitute, disarmed, disorganized, and avoiding starvation by eating raw corn and slippery elm bark.

Having thus disposed of our foes, my forces being separated, made their way in several lines, scouring the country for cattle and hogs, their only means of subsistence. The grass also being entirely killed by the frost, afforded poor sustenance for horses, and rendered it necessary for us to walk much of the way, and make short marches, until we reached the vicinity of Fort Scott, where I arrived on the 15th, and taking more rapid conveyance reached my Headquarters, Fort Leavenworth, on the 18th of November.

I here received your dispatch of the 7th, which is as follows:

“WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 7th, 1864.

MAJOR GEN'L CURTIS:

In the Field:

The Secretary of War directs that you assume command of all the troops belonging to the Department of Missouri, and now serving on the west border of that State, and pursue Price towards the Arkansas river, or till he reaches the troops of Gen. Steele or Gen. Reynolds.

Having completed this duty you will return the troops to their respective commands.

You will furnish a copy of this order to the several commanders, and also to Gen. Rosecrans.

Regiments, or fractions of regiments, belonging to Department of Arkansas will be sent to Gen. Steele.

H. W. HALLECK, *Chief of Staff.*”

This order, as you perceive was issued at Washington the day before I reached the Arkansas river, and far from mails and telegraphic communication, yet seems to cover all my orders and movements, down to my order of the 8th, distributing the troops that had shared in the final pursuit. Thus terminated my last campaign against the rebel Gen. Price, in 38 days.



The distance traveled, going and returning, including the various marches and countermarches of Headquarters of the "Army of the Border," is about eight hundred and fifty miles.

In conclusion, although I have specially commended most of my comrades who ought to be prominently named, yet I here again present the Roll of Honor, which I hope may be transmitted to posterity, and ask for the generous sympathy of their countrymen, and from their government the advancement due to those who have gained victories, conquered armies, saved cities, and increased the great aggregate of glorious achievements which are crushing the rebellion.

#### ROLL OF HONOR.

Major General James G. Blunt, U. S. V.

" " Alfred Pleasanton, U. S. V.

" " Geo. W. Deitzler, Kansas State Militia.

Brigadier General John McNeil, U. S. V.

" " John B. Sanborn, U. S. V.

" " W. H. M. Fishback, Kansas State Militia.

Colonel James H. Ford, 2d Colorado Cavalry Volunteers.

" Charles R. Jennison, 15th Kansas Cavalry Volunteers.

" Charles W. Blair, 14th " " "

" Thomas Moonlight, 11th " " "

" M. LaRue Harrison, 1st Arkansas Cavalry Volunteers.

" George A. Veal, 2d Kansas State Militia.

" G. A. Colton, 5th Kansas State Militia.

" James Montgomery, 6th Kansas State Militia.

" Wm. D. McCain, 4th Kansas State Militia.

" Wm. Pennock, 10th Kansas State Militia.

" L. S. Treat, 12th Kansas State Militia.

" A. C. Hogan, 19th Kansas State Militia.

" Sandy Lowe, 21st Kansas State Militia.

Lieutenant Colonel F. W. Benteen, 10th Missouri Vol. Cavalry.

" " George H. Hoyt, 15th Kansas Vol. Cavalry.

" " Samuel Walker, 16th " " "

Major J. Nelson Smith, 2d Colorado Cavalry (killed).

" James Ketner, 16th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry.

" Martin Anderson, 11th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry.

" I. L. Prichard, 2d Colorado Cavalry.

" E. G. Ross, 11th Kansas Vol. Cavalry.

" Henry Hopkins, 2d Kansas Vol. Cavalry.





Major A. W. Pearce, commanding 4th Iowa, and wounded at battle of Osage.

Captain G. L. Gove, Co. "G," 11th Kansas Vol. Cavalry (who commanded my body guard in early part of campaign, and died from effects of exposure).

" P. Cosegrove, Co. "G," 2d Kansas Vol. Cavalry.

Lieutenant Gill, Co. "G," 11th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, who commanded a battery of howitzers attached to my escort.

Sergeant Shoenacker (same Company, who served with these guns).

I desire to specially mention my own regular Staff, for gallant services in almost every field.

Major T. J. Weed, A. D., A. D. C.

" T. J. McKenny, A. D. C. and Inspector General.

" C. S. Charlot, Assistant Adjutant General.

" S. S. Curtis, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry, and A. D. C.

" R. H. Hunt, 15th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, and Chief of Artillery.

Captain E. J. Meeker, Chief Signal Officer.

Lieutenant G. T. Robinson, Chief Engineer.

" C. M. Roberts, Signal Officer.

" J. R. Fitch, Staff and Acting Chief Quartermaster.

My Volunteer Staff were all active in the field and elsewhere.

Hon. James H. Lane, A. A. D. C.

" S. C. Pomeroy, A. A. D. C.

Colonel W. P. Cloud, 2d Kansas Vol. Cavalry, A. A. D. C.

" John Ritchie, 1st Regiment Indiana H. G., A. A. D. C.

" Samuel J. Crawford, 1st Regiment Kansas Colored, A. A. D. C.

" W. T. Roberts (formerly of 1st Kansas), A. A. D. C.

Lieutenant Colonel J. B. Wheeler, 13th Kansas Vol. Infantry, Acting Field Officer.

" " J. J. Sears, 18th U. S. C. T., Acting Provost Marshal of the Army of the Border.

Among others should be mentioned with honor:

Surgeon S. B. Davis, Medical Director of the Army of the Border.

" Philip Harvey.

" J. J. Pollock, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry.

Assistant Surgeons Vance and Aiken, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry.

Captain W. D. McLain, Independent Battery Colorado Volunteers.

Lieutenant G. A. Eayres, Independent Battery Colorado Volunteers.

" Beach, Independent Battery Colorado Volunteers.

Captain J. H. Dodge, 9th Battery Wisconsin Volunteers.

Lieutenant Hicks, 9th Battery Wisconsin Volunteers.

" W. H. Price, 2d Col. Vols., Acting Ordnance Officer in the field.



Major General Blunt, in his report, honorably mentions the names of those on his regular and volunteer Staff:—

Captain George S. Hampton, Assistant Adjutant General.

" R. J. Hinton, 2d Kansas Colored, and A. D. C.

" B. F. Simpson, Acting A. Q. M.

" George J. Clark, 14th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, Acting Ordnance Officer.

Lieut. Colonel John T. Burris (late of 10th K. V. C.), Vol. A. D. C.

Major R. G. Ward, 1st Kansas Colored Volunteers, Vol. A. D. C.

" J. T. Penny (late of 35th Missouri Vols.), Vol. A. D. C.

Captain A. J. Shannon, Dist. Provost Marshal, and Acting Division Provost Marshal.

" T. E. Milhoan (late 10th Kansas), A. A. D. C.

Second Lieutenant W. B. Clark, Company "E," 14th K. V. C., commanding escort.

I also present the names of—

Captain Carpenter, commanding Battalion 3d Wisconsin Cavalry.

Lieutenant J. B. Pond, commanding Battalion 3d Wisconsin Cavalry.

" John Crites, Company "D," 3d Wisconsin Cavalry.

" Joseph Mackle, 15th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, Acting A. A. G.

" W. H. Bisbee, 11th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, Regimental Adj.

Captain Young, 5th Kansas Vol. Cavalry.

Lieutenant Taber, 11th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, Acting A. A. G.

" Goble, Company "L," 5th Kansas Vol. Cavalry.

Surgeon Ainsworth, and Assistant Surgeon Adair, 11th Kansas Vol. Cavalry; Sergeant Major J. H. Isbell; Q. M. Sergeant W. H. Cowan, and Chief Bugler N. D. Horton, 11th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, for gallantry in the field, are deserving promotion.

Lieut. Colonel Morris, 10th Kansas State Militia.

" " Ewes, 24th Kansas State Militia.

Major Smith, 19th Kansas State Militia.

" Wiley, 10th Kansas State Militia.

" C. C. Willets, Volunteer Aid to Col. Blair.

Lieutenant L. J. Beam, 15th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, A. A. A. Gen'l.

" James Adkins, 24th Kansas State Militia (severely wounded at Westport).

Sergeant Major Ripston, 3d Wisconsin Vol. Cavalry.

Sergeant A. C. Green, 3d Wisconsin Vol. Cavalry.

Private Van Valkenburg, 3d Wisconsin Vol. Cavalry.

Captain W. H. Green, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry.

Lieutenant R. Roe, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry, A. A. A. G.

" Wm. Wise, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry.

" Fenton Seymour, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry (who was wounded at Little Blue).





Captain Kingsbury, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry.

" Elmer, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry.

" Boyd, 2d Colorado Vol. Cavalry.

Sergeant Samuel Ferre, Company "C," 2d Colorado Cavalry, gallantry at Newtonia.

Captain Thomas Moses, Company "C," 2d Colorado Cavalry, wounded at Newtonia.

All the names thus presented deserve honorable mention for uniform gallantry and energy.

I must also include some reluctantly left in my rear to attend to my support of men and means, and for earnest and successful exertions, therefore deserving this presentation:—

Brigadier General Thos. H. Davis, commanding Dist. of North Kansas.

Colonel Werter R. Davis, commanding Post at Fort Leavenworth.

" Coates, E. M. M., Kansas City, Missouri.

Major F. E. Hunt, Chief Paymaster, in command of Artillery at the Post and City of Leavenworth.

" H. H. Heath, Provost Marshal General.

" E. S. Hubbard, K. S. M., commanding at Wyandotte.

Surgeon Buckmaster, Medical Director of the Department.

Captain John Williams, A. A. G., Headquarters Fort Leavenworth.

" H. C. Hodges, Department Q. M. Fort Leavenworth.

" John McNutt, Chief of Ordnance, Fort Leavenworth.

" Robert Graham, Depot Commissary, Fort Leavenworth.

" Edgar Seelye, Depot Q. M. at Kansas City, and until after the battle of Westport A. C. Q. M. of the Army.

I name also as deserving honorable mention for active exertions in protecting the border, the Post of Paola and town of Mound City, and for gallantry on the march and at the latter place on the night of the 24th, and morning of the 25th of October, the names of—

Colonel Thomas Moonlight, 11th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, commanding Brigade.

Lieut. Colonel Samuel F. Drake, 17th Kansas Vol. Cavalry (one hundred day men).

Captain S. W. Greer, 15th Kansas Vol. Cavalry, commanding Mound City.

" Parks, Kansas State Militia, wounded at Mound City.

Also, Privates Williams and Manlove, Kansas State Militia (the latter being killed at Mound City).



## Distances Traveled by the Army of the Border.

## From Fort Leavenworth:

	MILES.
October 13. Olathe .....	28
14. Wyandotte, via Shawnee.....	29
15. Hickman's Mill and return.....	48
17. Kansas City .....	4
19. Independence .....	12
21. Little Blue .....	9
Big Blue .....	15
22. Kansas City .....	6
23. Little Santa Fe.....	15
24. Marias-des-Cygnés.....	56
25. Fort Scott .....	36
26. Shanghai.....	27
27. Carthage .....	42
28. Newtonia .....	30
29. Neosho.....	10
30. Back to Newtonia.....	10
31. Keatsville.....	27
November 1. Pea Ridge.....	10
3. Cross Hollow .....	15
4. Fayetteville .....	20
5. Prairie Grove.....	11
6. Cane Hill.....	25
7. ....	30
8. ....	12
Back again.....	320
Total miles traveled .....	847

I have the honor to be, General,

Your obedient servant,

S. R. CURTIS, *Major Gen'l.*

Report of Major General James G. Blunt, Commanding District of  
South Kansas.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF SOUTH KANSAS, }  
PAOLA, December 24th, 1864. }

MAJOR C. S. CHARLOT, *Asst. Adj. Gen'l.*,

Department of Kansas:

For the information of the Major General commanding the Department, I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the first division of the Army





of the Border, in the recent campaign against the rebel army under command of General Sterling Price.

On my arrival at Fort Leavenworth, from the District of upper Arkansas, on the 9th of October, I was directed to proceed to Olathe, and report from that place by telegraph for orders.

Arriving there on the morning of the 10th I was assigned, by orders from Department Headquarters, to the command of the District of South Kansas, to relieve Major General Sykes, and immediately assumed command by telegraph, with headquarters at Paola, and in the field, and proceeded at once to put the small force in my district in condition for active service.

At one o'clock A. M. of the 13th I received a telegram from the General commanding to move, with all my mounted force and artillery, to Hickman's Mill, Missouri.

At daylight I marched, with all my force immediately at hand, consisting of the 11th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry; detachments of the 5th and 16th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry; 1st Colorado Battery, and a portion of the 5th and 10th regiments of Kansas State Militia (mounted), and arrived at Hickman's Mill at 11 o'clock A. M. of the 14th. On the following day (the 15th of October), the 15th Kansas; Battalion of 3d Wisconsin Cavalry, detachment of 14th Kansas; 6th regiment Kansas State Militia, and right section of 2d Kansas Battery, under the command of Colonels Jennison and Blair, who had been directed to join me by forced marches, reported to me in camp at Hickman's Mill. The force was then organized as follows: 1st Brigade, commanded by Col. C. R. Jennison, 15th Kansas Cavalry, consisting of the 15th Kansas Cavalry, Battalion of 3d Wisconsin Cavalry, and four 12 pound mountain howitzers; 2d Brigade, commanded by Colonel Thomas Moonlight, 11th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, to consist of the 11th Kansas Cavalry, detachments of the 5th and 16th Kansas Cavalry, and four 12 pound mountain howitzers. The 3d Brigade, commanded by Colonel C. W. Blair, 14th Kansas Vol-



unteer Cavalry, comprising the 5th, 6th, and 10th regiments Kansas State Militia, 1st Colorado Battery, and right section of 2d Kansas Battery, and detachment of 14th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, Brigadier General Fishback to have immediate command of the State Militia, reporting to Col. Blair.

Early on the morning of the 16th, Gen. Fishback, of the State Militia, and Col. J. D. Snoddy, of the 6th regiment State Militia, refused to recognize my authority to command the militia force, and ordered them to return to Kansas. The matter was promptly disposed of by placing Gen. Fishback and Col. Snoddy in close arrest for disobedience of orders and mutinous conduct in the face of the enemy. The 6th regiment was directed to choose another Colonel, which resulted in the selection of the veteran soldier, Col. James Montgomery, under whose leadership the regiment did gallant service; and no further conflict of authority occurred between myself and the Militia during the campaign; and in this connection I desire to do justice to the Militia here referred to, the 5th, 6th, and 10th regiments, by stating the fact that none others—except the two officers alluded to as placed in arrest—either officers or soldiers, evinced any other disposition than to do their whole duty, and move against the enemy in Missouri, or elsewhere that he could be found. Nor could I attach so much criminality to the acts of Brigadier General Fishback and Col. Snoddy, especially of the former, and inflict upon them the summary punishment prescribed by the rules of war—viz. death—as would have been the case, had I not known that they were the instruments selected by the Executive of Kansas and others, their superiors in the militia organization, to carry out their mischievous and disgraceful designs.

At 4 o'clock p. m. of the 16th, I was ordered to move with all my mounted men of the volunteer force to Pleasant Hill. I marched at 7 o'clock the same evening, with the 1st and 2d Brigades, comprising a total of about 2,000 men, and eight 12 pound mountain howitzers, arriving at Pleasant





Hill at 1 o'clock A. M. of the 17th. Halted until daylight, and then moved east on the Warrensburg road. After marching about ten miles, met a squad of Missouri militia and Union citizens of Warrensburg, who reported to me that on the 15th the rebel Gen. Shelby had captured the town and garrison at Sedalia, and that his advance were moving into Warrensburg, when they evacuated the place. I directed the Militia to turn back, and the command proceeded to Holden, arriving there at 11 o'clock A. M. Halting at this point, I sent Major Foster, of the 7th E. M. M., with a party of scouts and telegraph operator to Warrensburg, to make a reconnoissance. At 5 o'clock that evening Major Foster reported to me by telegraph that no enemy had been in Warrensburg, but that after the capture of Sedalia Gen. Shelby's force had rejoined Price's main command, near the Missouri river, below Waverly. Upon learning, from what I considered reliable authority, that Brigadier General Sanborn, in command of the Cavalry of Gen. Rosecrans' Department, was at or near Dunkburg, and that Gen. O. J. Smith's Division of Infantry and Artillery were within supporting distance, I sent a courier to Gen. Sanborn, with dispatches, notifying him of my position and movements, and urging upon him the propriety of uniting our forces and promptly commencing an offensive movement against Price. With the view to carry out this plan, I telegraphed to the Commanding General, requesting him to send forward to my support, on the Independence and Lexington road, the Brigade of Col. Blair, and the 16th Kansas Cavalry, and 2d Colorado Cavalry, and at 7 o'clock P. M. marched for Lexington, at which place my advance, under Col. Moonlight, arrived at 11 o'clock A. M. of the 18th. The place had been evacuated by the Federal forces for several days, and was occupied by no force of the enemy except a small party of guerrillas, several of whom were killed and captured by my advance.

Upon occupying Lexington, I obtained reliable information that the advance of Price's army, under Shelby, was at



Waverly; that Price was calling in all detachments sent out for recruiting and other purposes, and was concentrating his force to meet an expected attack from the forces of Gen. Rosecrans.

On the 19th, at 11 o'clock A. M., while I was momentarily expecting the arrival of re-enforcements I had requested to be sent to join me at Lexington, and also of receiving an answer to my dispatch to Gen. Sanborn, a courier arrived with dispatches from the General commanding, informing me that in consequence of the embarrassments thrown in his way by the governor of Kansas and others, relative to moving the Militia out of the State, no re-enforcements could be sent to me. At the same time it was reported to me that my pickets were attacked and were being driven in by the enemy, who were advancing in force in three columns. The pickets were re-enforced and instructed to resist the enemy's advance, while the command was immediately put in position in line of battle south-east of the city, facing a section of open and undulating country, with cultivated fields extending from one to two miles in our front, with the Independence road in our rear, upon which I designed to fall back whenever it became necessary.

As the enemy moved steadily up and massed his force in my front, I became well convinced that the whole of Price's army were present, and with the small force of my command I determined not to bring on a general engagement, but to develop his force and movements, and to accomplish the object of a reconnoissance. An irregular firing upon the skirmish lines of the contending forces, with occasional artillery firing, was kept up for nearly two hours, when their long range guns opened a brisk fire in my front, to which my short range howitzers could not reply with effect, and being pressed by an overwhelming force, with an attempt to flank me on the right and left, I directed the command to withdraw and fall back on the Independence road. This movement was accomplished in good order, the 11th Kansas Cavalry, under the immediate command of Colonel





Moonlight, covering the retreat in a gallant manner. The last position, occupied by the rear guard with four mountain howitzers, was held until dark, and until the small command was almost entirely enveloped by the superior numbers of the enemy, when, under cover of the night, we moved by easy marches in the direction of Independence; having in the operations of the day punished our adversary severely; but what was of greater importance, developed his position, strength, and movements, the first instance in which it had been done since he had crossed the Arkansas river in his raid into Missouri.

At 9 o'clock A. M. of the 20th, I reached the crossing of the Little Blue, nine miles east of Independence, and finding a strong natural position for defense on the west side of that stream, I halted my command and camped in line of battle, sending to Independence for rations, and requesting the General commanding to send forward to me the 16th Kansas Cavalry, 2d Colorado Cavalry, and 1st Colorado Battery. In response to my application for re-enforcements, with a view of making a stand at the Little Blue, I was ordered by the General commanding to leave four squadrons at that point, as an outpost, and move with the remainder of my command to Independence, assigning as a reason that in consequence of the action of the governor of Kansas, and others of the State authorities, he was unable to move the State Militia any further into Missouri. In pursuance of these instructions I left Col. Moonlight, with the 11th Kansas Cavalry, with instructions to burn the bridge across the Blue, if the enemy advanced in force, and to make such resistance as he could until I could be notified.

Early on the morning of the 21st, I was directed to move with all the volunteer force back to the Little Blue, and just as the command had commenced to move, I received a dispatch from Col. Moonlight, informing me that the enemy were advancing in force; that he had burned the bridge, and was engaging their advance. The command was now pressed forward as rapidly as possible, but on arriving upon



the field, I found that the small force under Col. Moonlight, although making a stubborn resistance, had been forced back by superior numbers, and we had lost the strong position on the west side of the Little Blue, before alluded to, and where I had hoped to have held Price in check until Gen. Rosecrans' forces came up in his rear, had circumstances have permitted me to remain there as I had suggested the day previous. As soon as the troops could be got into position, a gallant attempt was made to push back the enemy and retake the ground we had lost, when their line was driven back nearly a mile, but the vastly superior numbers of the enemy enabling them to push forward, having flanking columns on my right and left, compelled me to fall back in the direction of Independence. The retreat was conducted in perfect order, every foot of ground being stubbornly contested, and the troops exhibiting a degree of coolness in the face of an overwhelming enemy seldom equalled.

(To be continued.)

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### COLONEL NATHAN BOONE.

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#### Biography of the Adventurous Pioneer.

THERE is one name, which, whenever it is mentioned among military men and old frontier men, is always mentioned with respect, and that name is Nathan Boone. On account of his father, Col. Daniel Boone, of Kentucky, the fame of the son is not as wide-spread as it should be, nor is it such as he was justly entitled to. He was born in Kentucky in 1782, in the settlement made by his father; lived there until he was grown to manhood, and then moved to the territory of Missouri, where, at thirty years of age, and on the 25th of March, 1812, he was made by the president of the United States a captain of mounted rangers.





These rangers, of which there were seven companies, were raised during the war with Great Britain, for the protection of the frontier of the United States against the Indians, and were to serve on foot or on horseback, as the exigencies of the service might require. He served through the whole war, his company being made up of frontier men from Missouri territory. He was promoted major of the Missouri mounted rangers, on the 10th of December, 1813, continued as captain in 1814, and his command was finally disbanded when the whole army was cut down at the close of the war, in June, 1815.

By nature, he was cool and daring, combining the superior knowledge of the white man with the cunning of the Indian. He had the passion peculiar to his family, for the chase, and often went off on long and lonely marches, far beyond the most extended frontier settlements, in pursuit of the denizens of the forest. After leaving the army, he was sometimes employed as a surveyor, and laid off many Indian boundaries in the territory north of Missouri; and sometimes as a trapper, when he indulged his love for hunting for months together. His home he moved beyond the Ozark mountains, where, in a beautiful valley, and far in advance of civilization, he made it cheerful and happy.

There he lived until the breaking out of the Black Hawk war, when he was again called upon by the president to serve his country in the field. A battalion of mounted rangers was raised and placed under the command of Maj. Henry Dodge, the six companies of which it was composed being commanded respectively by Capts. Lemuel Ford, Benjamin V. Becks, Jesse B. Brown, Jesse Bean, Nathan Boone, and Matthew Duncan. Capt. Boone's commission was dated June 16, 1832. This battalion rendered good service during the Black Hawk troubles, and after the war closed it was sent west of the Mississippi, and served in the Indian country. Here, Boone's knowledge of woodcraft was invaluable, and he was known to be one of the ablest woodsmen that ever belonged to the United States army. He could go to



any point in a straight line, no matter whether it was across the prairie or through the timber, and possessed a keener instinct than the Indians themselves. He was an extraordinary man, and it is said that no Indian hunter excelled him in a knowledge of woodcraft.

In August, 1833, the battalion of rangers was reorganized as the 1st regiment of United States dragoons, Major Dodge having been promoted colonel; Stephen W. Kearney, lieutenant colonel, and Richard B. Mason, major. Five of the captains in the rangers were retained, Capt. Becks having been discharged, and five other captains from the old army appointed to the regiment; these were Clifton Wharton, Edwin V. Sumner, Eustace Trenor, David Hunter, and Reuben Holmes.

While a captain, Boone was stationed at Fort Des Moines, and at Leavenworth, but every summer his company made long expeditions far out in the Indian country. He was the favorite pioneer captain of Col. Kearney, who had the most implicit confidence in his knowledge and sagacity. It is related that at one time, while out in the buffalo range, several young and enthusiastic officers started out and followed a drove of buffalo a long distance. They became separated from the main command and from one another, and in fact, got lost. Night came on, but still the young gentlemen did not return, and all became exceedingly apprehensive in regard to their safety. A long night ensued, but with the first light of the following morning, Boone was on the trail, though in some places it had been obliterated by the hoofs of thousands of buffaloes; and after a long search, found them completely lost, and almost insane.

At another time, an officer, while in the pursuit of buffaloes, after riding several miles, lost his hat, but in the hurry of pursuit did not stop to pick it up. After shooting a buffalo, he returned and tried to find it, but could not do so; and tying his handkerchief round his head, returned to the main body. Boone asked him where he had lost his hat, and the officer told him it was somewhere out on the plain





—he did not know where. As a hat at that time could not well be replaced, it was worth looking after, and Boone rode out, and having been gone an hour or two, returned with the hat.

In the settlement of the Osage Indian difficulties, in 1837, and those of the Cherokees, which originated in the death of Boudinot and Ridges, in 1839, Boone acted a conspicuous part.

During the Mexican war he was kept on the plains in the Indian country, where it was thought he could be more usefully employed than he could further south. He was promoted major in the 1st regiment on the 15th of February, 1847, and served as such until the 25th of July, 1850, when he was promoted lieutenant colonel of the 2d dragoons. Feeling that old age was wearing upon him, and that he was no longer able to keep the field, he resigned out of the army, on the 15th of July, 1853, and died at his home in Missouri, in January, 1857, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Several of the paths leading towards the Rocky mountains were first traveled by parties under the leadership of Boone, and he discovered many of the water courses and streams along which travelers have since wended their way to the shores of the Pacific. This work has been claimed by explorers who have visited the country long since his time, and who have robbed him of the credit which was due him as a successful pioneer and noted leader on our wide western domain. He was a man of great modesty and simplicity of character. His education was quite limited, as he lived nearly his whole life on the frontier, away from schools and the advantages which most other Americans possess. He had the most unflinching perseverance, combined with personal courage, and an integrity which nothing could shake. In personal appearance he is said to have strongly resembled his celebrated father,—Daniel Boone, the first settler of Kentucky.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE GILMAN FOLSOM.

A RECENT number of the Dubuque *Telegraph* contained the following in relation to a parliamentary passage at arms in the House of Representatives of the Iowa Legislature, between the late Hon. Gilman Folsom, of Iowa City, and Hon. James Grant, of Davenport:—

“Gilman Folsom, whose death occurred recently at Iowa City, was, in his day, one of the leading politicians and lawyers of this state. He was gifted with a natural eloquence, which was cultivated by education, and which rendered him a formidable antagonist in the forum, on the stump, and in the halls of legislation. But, withal, this gifted man had such indiscretions of judgment as to more than off-set his other gifts of intellect. He was querulous with his friends, and passionate toward his adversaries, sparing neither in his fits of elocutionary frenzy. A remarkable instance of his peculiar nature was exhibited in the winter of 1854—we think it was—during the session of the legislature. Judge Grant was speaker of the house; and between him and Mr. Folsom there was an estrangement, which affected the latter very sensitively, and carried him into intolerable excesses in his intercourse with the speaker. In the formation of committees of the house, Mr. Folsom expected, from his position in the ruling party, and at the bar; that he would be placed on the judiciary committee as chairman, and so, indeed, did his friends, for there was no other in the house who appeared to be better qualified for, or better entitled to, the position. But the feeling between the speaker and Mr. Folsom affected the former as well as the latter. Judge Grant had the weakness to ignore his adversary, and, worse still, to, as Folsom regarded it, insult him, by placing at the head of the judiciary committee a young man just admitted to the bar, with Folsom down lower on the list of names. The first one who saw the list was the writer of this, and casting his eye over it he noticed at once what had been done, and took in at a thought what would be the





probable consequences, knowing the nature of the two men who would be thrown into conflict with each other, by what one of them would regard as an affront. The writer privately remonstrated with the speaker, but it was of no use. Judge Grant was not the man to change what he had deliberately done. The writer left the hall of the house with the list of the committees in his hand. Folsom noticed what had taken place between the writer and the speaker, and suspected somehow that it concerned him, so he followed the writer out of the hall of the house, and asked to be allowed to see the list of the committees. The writer parleyed with him for a while, hoping that something might occur to change the mind of the speaker, but Mr. Folsom was importunate, so the list was shown him. He became at once another being. In an instant he had made up his mind to give the speaker neither peace nor rest during the session, and he commenced at once to put his feelings into execution. Sitting in front of the speaker, he watched every opportunity to annoy and worry and torment Judge Grant, till at last, the latter, yielding to *his* nature, came down on the floor to meet his tormentor on an arena where he could give way to his feelings. This was just what Folsom desired. It was the opportunity he longed for. It was no longer the speaker he had to encounter, but what he called his adversary, Jim Grant. Those who were in the house of representatives on that day will never forget the scene which was there enacted. Judge Grant, on leaving the chair, had the good sense to put Mr. Grimes, afterwards governor and senator, in his place. It was well that some one who knew the duties and proprieties of the position, was in the chair, for otherwise the result of that famous passage at words between those two Iowans might have been different. We cannot describe it; nothing short of hearing the words and seeing the combatants as they appeared on the scene, could describe what took place.

“It is no disparagement of the survivor in that famous set-to, to say that his now dead adversary was awarded the



victory. Indeed, it is a question whether it would be complimentary to Judge Grant to say of him that he could worst Gil Folsom in a personal controversy. How these memories of old times come upon us, when we hear of the death of one of our old colleague associates and friends. Peace to thy perturbed spirit, thou eccentric orator, thou intuitive lawyer, thou inveterate enemy, thou steadfast friend ! ”

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### JONATHAN EMERSON FLETCHER.

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GEN. JONATHAN E. FLETCHER, an old settler of Muscatine, died at his residence, near that city, April 6, 1872, at the age of 66 years. The Old Settlers Association of Muscatine attended his funeral in a body, and passed the usual resolutions of respect and regret. We find in the *Muscatine Journal* a tribute to his memory and an account of the more prominent events of his life, which we copy, from the pen of a favorite contributor to the ANNALS—Suel Foster, Esq.—who knew the deceased long and intimately:

“Gen. J. E. Fletcher was a native of Thetford, Vermont. He was an early settler of this city (Muscatine), coming here in the summer of 1838, when Iowa was made a separate territory. He attended the first land sale in the territory, in November, 1838, at which he bought lands six miles west of the city, upon which he located in the fall of 1839, and went to farming, having previously returned to Vermont and married his surviving wife. He had resided a few years in Ohio before he came to Iowa.

“Gen. Fletcher has held many responsible offices in this territory and state. He was a member of the convention which framed the old state constitution, taking an active and important part in the formation of our fundamental law.

“In 1846 he was appointed by President Polk an Indian agent, for the Winnebagoes, and served in that capacity eleven years, having removed the location of the agency





twice, making three different places in the territory of Minnesota, where he resided — Fort Atkinson, on Turkey river, Mankota, on Minnesota river, and high up the Mississippi river above St. Paul. Few agents indeed are ever better calculated to manage a tribe of Indians. The Winnebagoes, Sioux, and Chippewas were frequently at war, and he was often instrumental in saving much bloodshed. With quiet apprehension, decision, and firmness, and great courage to face and surmount all difficulties, his valuable services in his long career as Indian agent, to the government, and to the country, are incalculable.

"In all these arduous duties, General Fletcher was accompanied by his faithful wife, who rendered him great assistance; beside she spent much time in teaching the Indians the English language from books. Dr. Frank Fletcher, their oldest son, was, when they went among the Indians, quite a young boy. He played and frolicked with the Indian boys, and soon learned their language so well that he became his father's interpreter.

"Gen. Fletcher returned to his farm, one mile west of this city, in 1858, where he has ever since engaged in farming. He leaves his dutiful and afflicted wife and eight children—five sons, and three daughters, his oldest son having studied medicine, and settled in that practice, a few years ago at Detroit, Mich.

"Gen. Fletcher was a man of marked and noted character,—a man of talent, energy, and industry, actuated at all times by truth, right, and justice; affection, benevolence, and kindness, which, based upon the foundation of Christianity, enabled him to accomplish much good in this life, and to gain, in a high degree, the esteem, friendship, and love, of a wide circle of acquaintances, who find that in him they have lost a great and good friend in time of need,—they will not soon find one to fill his place.

"As a citizen of the city and county, we have lost a great and good man, in whose counsels we have so often found wisdom, goodness, and benefit, and we mourn his loss."



## I-O-W-A.

A LATE number of the *Northern Vindicator*, published at Estherville, Emmet county, thus vindicates the good taste of whoever first proposed for our state the name of Iowa:—

“Has any one ever heard the true rendering or translation of this word Iowa? As all instinctively know, it is an Indian word; and as all proper names in Indian dialect have their peculiar, and oftentimes significant, meaning, this little word, composed, as each of its syllables is, of a separate word, has likewise a meaning and Indian definition, that is most apropos and suggestive of the state that it describes.

“A gentleman passed through here the other day who has been spending some time among the Indian tribes that are sojourning in eastern Nebraska and western Minnesota. He is a well-informed, intelligent, and fully reliable man, and has taken much pains, on account of his business as a trader, in studying the language of these primal inhabitants and in informing himself, through curiosity and a laudable desire for learning their history, the principles of their language, and the rendering of their words and phrases. He informed us, among other curious and interesting facts, that the word ‘Iowa,’ in the Indian tongue signified ‘here is the place,’ and that it originated from an incident which transpired in an Indian tribe of the then wild territory of Iowa, ‘more moons ago than there are tracks of the buffalo upon the plain, or feathers upon the wild fowl’s back.’

“The story runs: A tribe from the west came into the land of Iowa, forced across the Missouri on account of an unfavorable season for game, trapping and hunting, and after several days of tired, weary tramping, hungry and heart-sick, its members came unexpectedly, at nightfall, to the shore of a beautiful lake. Groves of shade surrounded it, plums, wild apples, and berries were found upon every hand upon overladen trees and vines, fowls swam upon, and





flew over, the lake in great swarms, and fishes glided and swam in the pellucid waters. The tired ponies eagerly drank from the cool fountain, and the squaws began with avidity to pluck the fruit and prepare for the evening meal. Then the chief, who had taken in at a glance of his eagle eye the whole prospect, after a pause, that caused all to hold intent their countenances, wisely and solemnly said: 'Iowa'—*this is the place.*

"And the story spread abroad among the tribes, and tradition has passed it down to the white man, who has taken it up, and with a most felicitous appropriateness, has adopted the word, and with it christened one of the grandest and best lands known among these magnificent states of the American Union. May its name and fair fame ever live so long as 'water runs or fishes swim,' and may all races and people early come into a knowledge of the fact—"this is the place.'"

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#### AN ACT TO REORGANIZE THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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**SECTION 1.** *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Iowa,* That from and after the taking effect of this act, the Board of Curators of the State Historical Society, at Iowa City, shall consist of eighteen persons, of whom nine shall be appointed by the governor of the State, and nine elected by the members of the society. The term of office of said curators shall be two years, except as provided in the next section, and they shall receive no compensation for their services.

**SEC. 2.** The curators appointed by the governor, shall be appointed on or before the last Wednesday in June in the year 1872, and each second year thereafter, and their term of office shall commence on that day. Nine curators shall be selected by the present board to serve on behalf of the society until the last Wednesday in June, A. D. 1873, or in default of such selection, the nine members of the present



board having the longest unexpired terms shall so serve. And at the annual meeting of said Historical Society held next before the last Wednesday in June, A. D. 1873, and in each second year thereafter, there shall be elected by ballot from the members of the society nine curators for the term next ensuing.

SEC. 3. All persons who are members of said Historical Society at the date of this act, shall remain members of the same as reorganized, and new members may be admitted at any time under the rules now in force, or such other rules as may hereafter be adopted by the Board of Curators.

SEC. 4. The annual meeting of the society shall be held at Iowa City on the Monday preceeding the last Wednesday in June of each year.

SEC. 5. The Board of Curators shall choose annually, or oftener, if need be, a corresponding secretary, recording secretary, a treasurer, and a librarian, who shall be selected from the members of the Historical Society outside of their own number, and shall hold office for one year, unless sooner removed by a vote of the board. Said officers shall be officers of the society as well as of the Board of Curators, and their respective duties shall be determined by said board. No officers of the society or of the board shall receive any compensation from the state appropriation to the society.

SEC. 6. The Board of Curators shall also choose from their own number a president, who shall be the executive head of the board, and shall hold his office for one year, and until his successor is elected.

SEC. 7. The curators, a majority of whom shall reside in the vicinity of the State University, and seven of whom shall constitute a quorum, shall be the executive department of the society, and shall have full power to manage its affairs. They shall keep a full and correct account of their doings, and of the receipt and expenditure of all funds collected or granted for the purpose of the society, and shall report the same annually to the governor on or before the fifteenth day of December, as required by law of other state institutions.





SEC. 8. There shall be delivered to said society eighty bound copies of the reports of the supreme court, and all other books and documents published by the state, or at its order, for the purpose of effecting exchanges with similar societies in other states and countries, and for preservation in its library, and other purposes of the society.

SEC. 9. This act being deemed of immediate importance, shall take effect and be in force from and after its publication in the *Iowa State Register*, a newspaper published at Des Moines, and in the *Iowa City Press*, a newspaper published at Iowa City, without expense to the state.

Approved, April 24, 1872.

I hereby certify that the foregoing act was published in the *Daily Iowa State Register*, April 30, and in the *Iowa City Press*, April 29, 1872.

ER. WRIGHT, *Secretary of State.*

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### DEATH OF MARQUETTE.

HIS solitary grave was made  
Beside thy waters, Michigan;  
In the forest-shade the bones were laid  
Of a world-wondering man:  
Discoverer of a world he sleeps—  
By all the world unknown;  
No mausoleum marks the spot,  
Nor monumental stone.

He died alone—no pious hand  
Smoothed down the pillow for his head;  
No watching flowers reared the tent,  
Or strewed the green leaves for his bed:  
His followers left the holy man  
Beside a rustic altar kneeling—  
The slanting sunbeams' setting rays  
Through the thick forest-branches stealing.

An hour had past, and they returned;  
They found him lying where he knelt,  
But lo! how changed: the calm of death  
Upon his marble features dwelt;  
Even while he prayed, his living soul  
Had to its native heaven fled,  
While the last twilight's holiest beams  
Fell, like a glory, on his head. —*Western Messenger.*



## REORGANIZATION OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

IN another place will be found the law enacted by the legislature last winter reorganizing the Historical Society. The Board of Curators of the society, at their first meeting after the passage of this law, appointed a committee to amend the constitution of the society in agreement with the new statute. At a subsequent meeting of the Board, the committee's report was heard and adopted, and a special meeting of the whole society arranged for. The society therefore held a special meeting in Iowa City, on June 14th, at which the action of the Board of Curators was confirmed, their recommendations adopted, the constitution of the society changed so as to harmonize it with the new law, and the act of the legislature accepted as the organic law of the society.

The Board of Curators refrained from exercising the authority granted them in the act, to select the nine curators on the part of the society; consequently, in accordance with the provisions of the law, the nine members of the board having the longest time to serve under the former organization became the members, on the part of the society, of the new board. They are all residents of Iowa City, and are Rev. Wm. Emonds, Hon. Wm. G. Hammond, Hon. Thos. Hughes, Robert Hutchinson, Esq., Hon. John P. Irish, Geo. E. Kimball, M. D., Hon. S. E. Paine, Col. S. C. Trowbridge, and A. C. Younkin, Esq. The governor appointed as members of the board, on the part of the state, the nine elective members of the Board of Regents of the State University, who are Hon. C. W. Slagle, of Fairfield, Hon. John McKean, of Anamosa, Hon. Austin Adams, of Dubuque, Hon. A. T. Reeve, of Hampton, Hon. James Wilson, of Buckingham, Hon. A. K. Campbell, of Newton, Hon. P. M. Casady, of Des Moines, Hon. Wm. W. Merritt, of Red Oak Junction, and Hon. J. F. Duncombe, of Fort Dodge.

This new Board of Curators held their first session at the Historical Rooms in Iowa City, on the 26th of June, and organized by electing as their president, Hon. William G.





Hammond, chancellor of the law department of the State University, who had served in the same capacity in the previous board. H. S. Welton, Esq., was unanimously elected treasurer of the society— Mr. Silas Foster having resigned the office of librarian, and removed to Colorado, George Fracker, Esq., was unanimously elected librarian. Capt. Wm. C. Gaston, the recording secretary, having vacated his office by removal to Oregon, F. Lloyd was elected in his place, and also charged with the duties of corresponding secretary. The board devoted the rest of its session, which was held in the presence of Gov. Carpenter, Col. Abernethy, superintendent of public instruction, and other state officials, to the general business of the society.

It is hoped that this division of authority and responsibility in the management of the society's affairs between officers selected immediately from, and by, the society itself, and others chosen by the governor, will advance its prosperity, by bringing the society, without changing its voluntary character, into closer and more fostering relations with the state government than it occupied under its former organization; and the happy selection of the nine elective University regents as the state's representatives in the Board of Curators, representing, as they do, the nine congressional districts of the state, will remove any suspicion of its being a *local* institution, while it will fulfill the requirement of the act passed by the legislature, in 1857, organizing the society, and providing that it should be "in connection with, and under the auspices of, the State University."

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#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

— We have received the first number of the "*Western Life Boat*," a large monthly periodical published at Des Moines, and devoted largely to the biography of prominent Iowa people. This first number is profusely illustrated with engravings of faces and places of interest. The business tact of Mr. A. C. Edmunds, its principal manager, and the merits of the work itself, have already, as we understand, secured it a vast popularity throughout the country.



—THE short sketch of the life of Col. Nathan Boone, which appears herewith in our pages, we find floating about on the gulf stream of western journalism, which we believe takes its rise in Chicago, courses westward along the Pacific railroads, to spread out over California and the Pacific coast. Our attention was called to it sometime ago, by Judge Parvin, and we think even so imperfect a biography of the adventurous pioneer well worthy of preservation, and not inappropriate to our pages, since much of his military scouting was done in what is now the state of Iowa. His company of rangers was incorporated into a regiment of dragoons with that of Gen. Jesse B. Brown, whose biography Mr. Hawkins Taylor gives in this number.

—WE are glad to learn that the "Pioneers of Marion County," written by Mr. Wm. M. Donnel, of Otley, and published in former volumes of the ANNALS OF IOWA, will shortly appear in book form. Mr. Donnel spent a great deal of time and labor to make his history of Marion county exact, correct, and complete, and we are glad to learn that he is likely soon to realize some pecuniary return for his trouble, by a large sale of his book.

—TWENTY-FIVE newspapers and periodicals have been established at Dubuque in the last thirty-six years, from the *Visitor* of 1836, to the *Telegraph*, of 1870. Over one-fourth of the number are still, as dailies and weeklies, in successful existence—a greater number than is published in any other city in Iowa, with possibly the exception of Davenport. There are no abler papers published in the state than those of Dubuque. The *Times* was formerly a weak vessel, but since Rich has taken hold of it, it has had no superior. For the statistical part of this note, we are indebted to Mr. C. Childs, a walking cyclopædia of Dubuque pioneer lore, but one who keeps all his early settler recollections for the Dubuque papers, and never permits any of them to get into the ANNALS, except at second-hand.

—A SUBSCRIBER in the western part of the state last month remitted to us twenty dollars, on account of new subscribers he had—we were going to write, *taken the trouble to obtain for the ANNALS*—but he says it was really no trouble at all. If each one of the rest of our subscribers would do only one-quarter as well, the ANNALS would at once be in a most satisfactory and independent position. Will you all follow the example?

—SINCE the issue of our last number, death has invaded the ranks of our subscribers. The Hon. Gilman Folsom, a finished scholar, a profound jurist, and in earlier days, a popular legislator and party leader, died at his residence, near Iowa City, on the 15th of July; and Col. J. C. Culbertson, a member of the legislature in 1861, and assistant adjutant general of the state, and paymaster in the United States army during the rebellion, expired at his residence, in Springfield, Mo., July 18th. We hope to be able, in our next, to give more extended notices of the lives of these deceased subscribers, over whose names we are compelled to draw a black line, but whose memories will long be cherished by their cotemporaries.





# ANNALS OF IOWA.

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VOL. X.

IOWA CITY, OCTOBER, 1872.

No. 4.

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## THE EARLY HISTORY OF IOWA.

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BY CHARLES NEGUS.

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### The Great Indian Confederation.

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(Continued from Vol. 9, p. 652.)

ABOUT the time of acquiring the Louisiana purchase there were in the northwest two very noted Indian characters, Tecumseh, and Fensk-wau-ta-wa (the prophet). They were Shawnees, a tribe of Indians who once lived in Georgia, but moved north; and in 1786 the United States allotted that tribe lands in the territory which was afterward embraced in the boundaries of Ohio and Indiana. Their father was a Shawnee and their mother a Creek. Tecumseh, from his childhood, manifested a disposition for war; he was an orator, and had a peculiar faculty to gain the respect and control those around him. Fensk-wau-ta-wa was of a very different turn of mind; instead of being warlike or commanding, he was persuasive, and religiously inclined. About the year 1805 it happened that an old Shawnee, who was a man of great influence, and acted the part of a prophet among his people, died. (Drake's Life of Tecumseh, 86.) Fensk-wau-ta-wa, who had witnessed the old man's influence with the Indians, caught up the mantle of the departed



prophet and assumed his sacred calling. He affected great sanctity; did not engage in the secular duties of war or hunting; was seldom seen in public; pretended to see into futurity and foretell events, and announced himself to be the mouth-piece of God (Schoolcraft, vol. 6, p. 353); and with such adroitness did he manage his religious career that within a few years his influence was felt by the remote tribes of the upper lakes, on the extensive prairies beyond the Mississippi, and among the tribes of the sunny south. Early in the year 1805 the Shawnees, having settled in small villages in different parts of their country, re-assembled their scattered people, and established themselves at Greenville, Indiana, notwithstanding this country had been ceded to the United States by the treaty of 1805.

The fame of the Prophet had by this time become extensively known, and he had made a great reform in the dissolute habits of the Indians. While the Prophet was disseminating his religious doctrines, Tecumseh, seeing the grasping disposition of the government, to get their lands, traveled from tribe to tribe through the west, north, and south, for the purpose of effecting a combination of the several nations to protect themselves against the encroachments of the whites. Through the year 1806 Tecumseh and the Prophet were visited by large numbers of delegates from the different tribes, and many embraced their cause. The Prophet had by some means got knowledge of the coming of the great eclipse in 1806, and proclaimed that on a certain day he would bring darkness over the sun. At the appointed time he had a large assembly around him, and when darkness came over the earth he arose in their midst and exclaimed, "Did I not prophesy truly? Behold, darkness has shrouded the sun!" This event made a deep impression upon the Indians, and greatly increased their belief in his sacred character as a prophet.

In the fore part of April, 1807, Tecumseh and the Prophet had with them about four hundred Indians at one time; and by the 1st of May it was estimated that not less than





fifteen hundred visited the Prophet, and many of them were from the distant parts of the Indian country; and in the month of August there were assembled in the immediate vicinity of Greenville, between seven and eight hundred, supposed to be under the influence of the Prophet, most of whom were armed with new guns. It was insisted by the government that the Indians should remove on to their own lands, and in the spring of 1808 they left Greenville and located their village on Tippecanoe, one of the branches of the Wabash river. Here, as before, large numbers visited the Prophet, to listen to his teachings, while Tecumseh often visited the various tribes. (Drake's Life of Tecumseh, pp. 96, 107.) These demonstrations alarmed the whites, and William H. Harrison, then governor of Ohio, was urged to seize the Prophet and hold him as a prisoner. The Prophet, learning this, immediately visited the Governor, and succeeded in convincing him that his intentions were only to better the condition of his race, and Harrison was rather inclined to sustain, than weaken, his influence. On the 30th of September, 1809, by the instructions of the government, Harrison held a treaty with some of the Potawattamies, Miamies, and Delawares, and obtained from them a large cession of land east of the Wabash. The Shawnees claimed an interest in these lands, but did not attend the council or sign the treaty. (U. S. Laws, vol. 7, pp. 113, 115.)

This purchase embraced a part of the land allotted to them by the treaty of 1786, and whatever arrangements there might have been among the Indians themselves about their hunting grounds, it does not appear that the United States had ever purchased these lands from the Shawnees. (U. S. Laws, vol. 7, p. 87.) The conveyance of lands was against the policy of Tecumseh and his brother, and was what they had been endeavoring to prevent. They claimed that the village chiefs, who attended the council, had no right to sell lands, and especially without the consent of the Shawnee nation; and this act on the part of government



stimulated Tecumseh and the Prophet to renewed efforts to unite the various tribes in one confederacy. Delegations from a long distance were constantly visiting the Prophet, and in May it was estimated that there were more than six hundred warriors encamped in the vicinity of Tippecanoe, well equipped with arms; and early in July Harrison received information "that the Sacs and Foxes had taken up the hatchet, and declared themselves ready to act with the Prophet whenever it should be required, and that the Shawnees had received large presents from the British authorities.

These demonstrations produced great alarm on the frontiers, and to come to an understanding with the Indians arrangements were made for holding a council at Vincennes. The 15th of August, the day for holding the council, came. The Governor had made arrangements for holding the council in the portico of his own residence, and had fitted it up with seats. At the appointed hour Tecumseh, with about forty of the principal men of his party, was seen approaching the house, while about four hundred of his warriors were encamped near by. When the bold, daring chief had got within about thirty yards of the house, he stopped, and in silence took a gaze about the premises. He was requested to come forward and take a seat; he refused, and pointed to a grove, near by, as the most suitable place for the meeting. He was told there were no seats there; he replied, "that constituted no objection to the grove; the earth is the most suitable place for the Indian, who loves to repose on the bosom of his mother." (*Drake's Life of Tecumseh*, p. 126.)

The parties then removed to the grove, when Tecumseh opened the council with a speech, stating his objections to the treaty made the previous year. He disclaimed all intention of making war, but "declared it to be his unalterable resolution to take a stand and oppose the further encroachment of the whites upon the Indians." The Governor replied, and in relation to the treaty at Vincennes said,





"the Indians were not one nation, owning a common property in lands;" and "he contended the Miamies were the real owners of the tract on the Wabash, ceded by the late treaty, and that the Shawnees had no right to interfere in the case."

When this was interpreted to Tecumseh he sprang to his feet and "began to speak with the greatest vehemence of manner, declaring that all the Governor said was false." Here followed an exciting scene. The Governor noticed a friendly chief lying on the grass before him quietly renewing the priming of his pistol. His ear was next saluted by a remark from Gen. Gibson, "these fellows mean mischief, you had better bring up the guards."

At this moment the Indians raised their tomahawks and war clubs, and sprang upon their feet, their eyes fiercely turned upon the Governor. The Governor sprang from his chair, and drew his sword, Captain Floyd drew his dirk, the friendly chief cocked his pistol, the citizens present gathered clubs and brick-bats, the Rev. Winans ran to the house, seized a gun, and posted himself at the entrance of the house to defend the family. The guard came running up with presented arms. Thus far in the scene not a word had been said, and the ominous silence was broken by a command of the Governor to the guards not to fire. When the excitement had subsided, the Governor told Tecumseh he was a bad man, and he would have no further intercourse with him.

The Indian leader having reflected over his conduct, doubtless thought he had committed an error, and the next morning asked to make an explanation. The request was granted, and at this interview Tecumseh's deportment was dignified, and that of a wise diplomatist, and after this apology an audience was held with the Indians. At the council, chiefs of the several tribes spoke, "and distinctly avowed that they had entered into the Shawnee confederacy, and were determined to support the principles laid down by their leader." (Drake's Life of Tecumseh, 128). The In-



dians were given to understand that the government would not give up their purchase of lands, and this closed the council. Here was a momentous period in the annals of destiny. A time when almost the weight of a feather would have turned the scales between love and hate. The next day the Governor visited the hero in his tent. He was kindly and politely received; a long conversation ensued; the chief in his tent declaring the same sentiments as in the council, and his determination to carry them into effect. He stated to the Governor that he would be "reluctantly drawn into a war with the United States; that if he would induce the President to give up the lands lately purchased, and agree never to make another purchase without the consent of all the tribes, he would be their faithful ally, and assist in the war which he knew was about to take place with England. But if he did not comply, he would be compelled to unite with the British." The Governor assured him he would make known his wishes to the President. "Well, said Tecumseh, as the great chief is to decide this matter, I hope the Great Spirit will put sense enough into his head to induce him to give up the lands; it is true, he is so far off he will not be injured by the war; he may sit still in his town, and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out."

As the mind reflects over these incidents, it will be asked, What were the intentions of the great chief? Did he marshal around him his warriors with the intention of committing personal violence, of shedding blood, of laying waste the country? or was it for making an exhibition of his power before the representatives of government, and creating upon the minds of the whites fear and dread of his wrath? Was the outbreak of passion a premeditated thing, or was it the spark of anger caused to fly from his flinted mind, by the contradiction of his assertions? On the 30th of July, 1810, Tecumseh, with a large number of his followers, went to Vincennes, and had another interview with Harrison. At this council the land question was extensively discussed.





And Tecumseh informed the Governor "that after much trouble and difficulty, he had induced all the northern tribes to unite, and place themselves under his directions; that the white people were unnecessarily alarmed at his measures, which meant nothing but peace; that the United States had set him the example of forming a strict union among all the Fires (States) that composed their confederacy; that the Indians did not complain of it; nor should his white brothers complain of him for doing the same thing in regard to the Indians." (Drake's Life of Tecumseh, 140). The Governor closed this council by saying "that the moon which they beheld (it was night) would sooner fall to the earth, than the President would suffer his people to be murdered with impunity; and that he would put his warriors in petticoats, sooner than give up the country, which he had fairly acquired from the rightful owners." Most of those who came with Tecumseh, returned to their villages, but Tecumseh with about twenty warriors went south to get the tribes there to join them. He easily induced the tribes he met with to embrace his cause, till he came to the Creeks, of southern Alabama. He visited a Creek town of the Tallapoosa river, and immediately made his way to the lodge of the chief, to whom he explained the object of his visit, to which the chief pretended to give his assent, but Tecumseh, reading from his countenance his intentions, looked him in the eye, and pointing his finger towards his face said, "Your blood is white; you do not intend to fight; I know the reason: you do not believe the Great Spirit has sent me—you shall know." "I leave directly, and shall go to Detroit; when I arrive there I shall stamp on the ground with my foot, and shake down every house in Tuckhabatehee." So saying, he turned and left the chief and those around him in utter amazement. They often talked over the acts of Tecumseh, and carefully calculated the time he would arrive at Detroit. And it so happened, that on the very day they had fixed for his arrival at Detroit, there came an earthquake, and shook down every house in their town. This



produced a great effect upon the minds of the superstitious Indians, and caused them to look to Tecumseh as their great chief. (Drake's Life of Tecumseh, 144.) After Tecumseh left for the south, the alarm on the frontiers greatly increased. Public meetings were held, and memorials were forwarded to the President asking for protection, and that the Indians might be removed from Tippecanoe. A military force was placed at the disposal of the Governor. Learning of this, the Prophet sent assurances to Harrison of his peaceful intentions; but, notwithstanding this, early in September, the Governor marched with a body of troops towards the Prophet's town, and on the 5th of November, 1811, with nine hundred men, camped within ten miles of it. When the forces were within a mile and a half of this town, the troops made a halt, and the Prophet sent a message to that place to inquire the cause of this military display, and to assure Harrison that he desired to avoid hostilities. And "a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon, and the terms of peace were to be settled on the following morning." The place where the army had halted not being a favorable spot for an encampment, the army was marched up to within three-fourths of a mile of the village. This move alarmed the Indians, and they made preparations for hostilities. "The night was dark and cloudy, and after midnight there was a drizzling rain." This was a night of anxious thought. The whites, distrustful of Indian character, lay upon their arms. The soldiers were camped in marshal order, ready to spring to arms at the word of command. The Indians not understanding the reason of such a military display, and after they had made arrangements for a council to adjust all matters of difference, learning that a threatening force had approached still nearer their village, became uneasy and alarmed. Their town was a chosen place by the Indians; it had been the scene of the mysterious rites of the Prophet; it was now invaded by a hostile foe. Thus the slow momentous moments coursed along in deep silence till about four o'clock in the morning, when the sharp click of the





Indian rifle was heard upon the left of the encampment. The whole army of the whites were instantly on their feet, "and the whole of the troops were prepared for action in the course of two minutes." The battle raged with unabating fury and mutual slaughter until daylight, when a gallant and successful charge by our troops drove the enemy into the swamp, and put an end to the conflict." (Drake's Life of Tecumseh, 151.) This engagement took place while Tecumseh was absent, and against his wishes and instructions, and when he met the Prophet, "he reprimanded him in bitter terms, for having departed from his instructions, to preserve peace with the United States at all hazards." After Tecumseh returned from the south, he made efforts to adjust the difficulties between his people and the whites, but without success.

In 1811, there being a strong probability of a war with England, a delegation of the Sacs and Foxes visited Washington, and had an interview with the President, and proposed in the event of war to assist in behalf of the United States; but they were told that in case of hostilities their Great Father did not wish them to interfere on either side, but to remain quietly at home and provide for their families. But Tecumseh and the Prophet were busy in their machinations to bring all the Indians into one combination. On the 18th of June, 1812, congress made a formal declaration of war, and from that time Tecumseh threw his whole influence with the British, and induced most of the Indian tribes to imitate his example. But the Osages, and some other tribes of the Missouri valley, hesitated about going to war. Among the Sacs and Foxes there was a division in sentiment. Black Hawk and the larger portion of them were friendly to the British, and he and about two hundred warriors entered into their service against the United States, and Black Hawk kept up these hostilities till the 13th of May, 1816, nearly a year and a half after the close of the war. Shamaga (the Lance) with a few other chiefs, cultivated friendly relations towards the United States, and after



the declaration of war, went to St. Louis and tendered their services to the government; but the offer was declined, on the ground that it had been determined not to employ Indians in the war. Those opposed to the British being in the minority, and finding it unpleasant to remain in close proximity to those in favor of the British, withdrew from their villages on the Mississippi, and located themselves in the valley of the Missouri, in close proximity to the Osages. This state of affairs being understood by Tecumseh, he goes to their village and holds a council with these Indians. To form an estimation of his ability as an orator, and his power of persuasion, imagine the Osages and other tribes of those who were opposed to joining the British, on the borders of a beautiful prairie, under the cool shades of an adjoining grove, with a few "distinguished strangers" assembled in council to hear the words of the great chief. When "Tecumseh arose, and after a pause of some minutes, in which he surveyed his audience in a very dignified, though respectfully complaisant, sympathizing manner, he commenced as follows:"—

"BROTHERS: We all belong to one family; we are all children of the Great Spirit; we walk in the same path; slake our thirst at the same spring, and now affairs of the greatest concern lead us to smoke the same pipe around the same council fire. Brothers, we are friends; we must assist each other to bear our burdens. The blood of many of our fathers and brothers has run like water on the ground to satisfy the avarice of the white men. We, ourselves, are threatened with a great evil; nothing will pacify them but the destruction of all the red men. Brothers, when the white men first set foot on our grounds, they were hungry; they had no place on which to spread their blankets or kindle their fires. They were feeble; they could do nothing for themselves. Our fathers commiserated their distress, and shared freely with them whatever the Great Spirit had given the red children. They gave them food when hungry, medicine when sick, spread skins for them to sleep on,





and gave them grounds that they might hunt and raise corn. Brothers, the white people are like poisonous serpents: when chilled they are feeble and harmless; but invigorate them with warmth, and they sting their benefactors to death. The white people came among us feeble, and now we have made them strong; they wish to kill us, or drive us back as they would wolves or panthers. Brothers, the white men are not friends to the Indians; at first they only asked for land sufficient to build their wigwams; now nothing will satisfy them but the whole of our hunting grounds, from the rising to the setting sun. Brothers, the white men want more than our hunting grounds—they wish to kill our warriors; they would even kill our old men, women, and little ones. Brothers, many winters ago there was no land; the sun did not rise and set; all was darkness. The Great Spirit made all things. He gave the white people a home beyond the great waters. He supplied these grounds with game, and gave them to his red children, and he gave them strength and courage to defend them. Brothers, my people wish for peace; the red men all wish for peace, but where the white people are, there is no rest for them, except it is on the bosom of our mother. Brothers, the white men despise and cheat the Indians; they abuse and insult them; they do not think the red men sufficiently good to live. The red men have borne many and great injuries; they ought to suffer them no longer. They will not; they are determined on vengeance; they have taken up the tomahawk; they will make it fat with blood; they will drink the blood of the white people. Brothers, my people are brave and numerous, but the white people are too strong for them alone. I wish you to take up the tomahawk with them. If we all unite, we will cause the rivers to stain the great waters with their blood. Brothers, if you do not unite with us, they will first destroy us, and then you will fall an easy prey to them. They have destroyed many nations of red men, because they were not united; because they were not friends to each other. Brothers, the white people send



runners among us; they wish to make us enemies, that they may sweep over and desolate our hunting grounds, like devastating winds or rushing waters. Brothers, our Great Father over the great water is angry with the white people, our enemies. He will send his brave warriors against them. He will send us rifles and whatever else we want; he is our friend, and we are his children. Brothers, who are the white men, that we should fear them? They cannot run fast, and are good marks to shoot at; they are only men; our fathers have killed many of them; we are not squaws, and we will stain the earth red with their blood. Brothers, the Great Spirit is angry with our enemies; He speaks in thunder, and the earth swallows up villages and drinks up the Mississippi. The great waters will cover their low lands; their corn cannot grow; and the Great Spirit will sweep those who escape to the hills from the earth with his terrible breath. Brothers, we must be united; we must smoke the same pipe; we must fight each others battles; and more than all, we must love the Great Spirit. He is for us. He will destroy our enemies, and make all his red children happy."

Tecumseh and his brother, by their eloquence, industry, and energy, had united into a confederacy, the Creeks, Cherokees, Chickasaws, and Choctaws, of the south, the Souix, from the extreme north, the Menominees and Chippewas, from the vicinity of Green Bay, the Senecas, of north Ohio, the Miamies, (consisting of the Weas, Piankeshaws, Eelrivers, Mississinoways, Maumees), Kickapoos, Wyandots, Shawnees, and Delawares, of Indiana and eastern Illinois, the Kaskaskias, of southwestern Illinois, the Ottawas, of Illinois river, the Pottawattamies, who lived around Lake Michigan, the Winnebagoes, of northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin, the Mahas, Osages, Kansas, and Ottoes, of the Missouri valley, and most of the Iowas, Sacs, and Foxes. All these tribes embraced the British cause, and fought against the Americans. The British army, at the commencement of the war, met with suc-





cess, and this had a tendency to encourage the Indians in their efforts to establish a confederacy, and brought many into the battle field. But in 1813 the British met with reverses, and Gen. Proctor with his forces retreated into Canada. This did not please, and was disheartening to, the Indians. And through the influence of Tecumseh and his followers, on the 5th of October, the British made a halt at the river Thames, and prepared for battle. The forces on both sides were drawn up in battle array, defiant of each other, and threatening grim death. The deadly strife was about to commence. Just at this critical moment Gen. Harrison received the intelligence "that the British lines, instead of the usual close order, were drawn up in open order." (Drake's Life of Tecumseh, 1125). On the receipt of this intelligence, at a thought, Harrison determined to change the whole order of attack. And contrary to the usual mode of conducting a battle, a battalion of mounted men, under command of Col. James Johnson, were ordered to charge the British line of regulars, and instantly the battalion in close column, was hurled upon the British lines. At first "on receiving the fire of the British, the horses in the front column recoiled, but again getting in motion, they broke through the enemy with irresistible force. This achieved, and with the British in one minute the contest was over." And "the British officers, seeing no prospects of reducing their disordered ranks to order, and seeing the advance of the infantry, and our mounted men wheeling upon them and pouring in a destructive fire, immediately surrendered." Col. Richard M. Johnson, with the balance of the regiment of mounted men, dismounted, gallantly charged upon the Indians, but he met a resolute force, who hotly contested the field, and for about thirty minutes a fierce fight ensued. Col. Richard M. Johnson received a severe wound, which caused him to be taken off of the field, "not, however, till he had dispatched an Indian by a pistol shot," and "the great leader of the Indians, Tecumseh, was no more. From the commencement of the attack on the Indian lines, "his



voice was distinctly heard by his followers, animating them to deeds worthy of the race to which they belonged." When that well known voice was heard no longer above the din of arms, the battle ceased. Thus fell Tecumseh, a man of the wilderness, who at this time had not his equal in swaying and controlling the Indian tribes.

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### INCIDENTS RELATING TO THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF MARION COUNTY.

BY WILLIAM M. DONNELL.

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NEXT to Knoxville, the county seat, Red Rock is the oldest village in Marion county, having been laid out in August, 1845, by John D. Bedell, who is still a resident of the place. Mr. B. was formerly a citizen of Missouri, from which state he emigrated to near Farmington, Van Buren county, in the autumn of 1842. Early in the spring following, having associated with him a Frenchman named Louis Leplant, who was conversant with the Indian language, he applied to Capt. Allen, the commandant of the military post of Iowaville, for permission to cross the line and make a tour in the "New Purchase," as it was then called. The Captain refused to grant permission officially; he told the applicants, however, that he should not prevent them from going, but would not be responsible for what might befall them, should they chance to fall into the hands of the Indians or dragoons, and advised them to be on their guard.

Being willing to take the risk, the two adventurers set out on foot, equipped with guns, ammunition, a couple of blankets, and what cold victuals they could carry, taking the Indian trail up the north side of the Des Moines river.





This was in March, and shortly after they commenced their journey a heavy snow-storm came on, and continued until the trail was not only covered, but their progress was so much obstructed by the depth of the snow as to make it exceedingly slow and toilsome. Besides, their way was through a dense forest, uninhabited, and where, so far as they knew, no white man had ever before traveled, lonely, and beset by dangers unknown to them,—altogether making the adventure one that required resolution to prosecute. Mr. B. was then young, hardy, and brave, and his companion had been accustomed to frontier life, and both had an object in view that promised an ample reward for the undertaking; so they plodded slowly onward, now and then relieving each other in the lead in their single-file march through snow that reached above their knees, and slept in their blankets at night, under the shelter of some cliff or thicket that chanced to be convenient at the close of day.

At the end of the third day they came to a creek, whose abrupt bank seemed something of an obstacle for a really tired traveler, and they decided to clear away the snow for a camping place, make a fire, and tarry there till morning. The place was not well sheltered, but as it was even then getting dark, and they were much exhausted, and suffering with the cold, they thought it advisable to make the best of the situation. But ere they had made the necessary preparations for the bivouac, Leplant discovered the glimmer of a light that appeared to be no great distance west from them. Such a discovery, at such a time, was hailed with as much joy by these suffering adventurers as could a beacon light be by a bewildered and storm-tossed mariner. They soon found themselves sufficiently refreshed by the discovery to renew their journey that much farther, not for a moment doubting but that they should be welcomed to shelter and food by either civilized men or savages.

On reaching the place they found it to be an encampment of Indians, on their way to a town called Hardfish,



located where Eddyville now is. They were going on a trading expedition, and the deep snow had compelled them to stop for a few days. Mr. Bedell, through his interpreter, asked for lodging with them, and his request was readily granted. Next morning the travelers were led to the river by the chief, and from thence they made a tour around the neighborhood of the camp. They found it to be a beautiful piece of bottom land, half surrounded by bluffs and well timbered hills on the north and west. It was also on the main trail between the fort and the lower trading posts, and Mr. Bedell therefore thought it would make a good location for another trading post, and, eventually, for a town. With the view of becoming proprietor of the place, and for the purpose of establishing a prior claim thereto, he "blazed" a tree on the bank of the river, and then enclosed two or three square miles of country around the contemplated town, within an irregular line of "blazes."

But as he could not yet establish any legal title to the property, he and Leplant went to Missouri, where they packed a couple of horses with provisions destined for their new home. With these they reached there about the first of May. Soon after their arrival they were joined by John Jordon, with whose assistance they erected a cabin about fourteen feet square, completing the job in less than a day. This was the first house built in what was afterwards the town of Red Rock. It derived this name from the lofty cliffs of bright red sandstone\* about a half mile above town. The Indian name for it was Sic-dah-musk-a-chees (redstone), but as the word stone was not a fashionable one with most of the first settlers of the town, the name was changed to rock.

About two weeks after having established his claim, by the erection of a house, Messrs. Bedell, Jordon, and Le-

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\* This stone, when first taken out of the quarry, is so soft that it may be easily dressed into any shape; after which it hardens sufficiently to make it quite suitable for building purposes.





plant went to Keokuk for a stock of goods. Here they succeeded in purchasing a flatboat, and at Alexander they loaded it with about ten tons of such provisions as were suitable for trade with the Indians, and hired it pushed to its destination. This was the first mercantile house in the country, and for some time it did a lively and profitable business.

Soon after the country was open for settlement Red Rock and its neighborhood became the location of other traders, and the town was the resort of Indians, and all white men of leisure and convivial habits. We here introduce a few anecdotes, illustrative of the state of society in and about Red Rock at that time.

During the winter of 1845-46 Daniel Hiskey, who is now a resident of Monroe, Jasper county, taught the first school in Red Rock village, in a small cabin near the river bank. He was the only teetotal temperance man in the community, and, as such, was the subject of ridicule by many of the old soakers. But as neither ridicule nor argument could induce him to make a practical breach in his peculiar principles, it was decided by some of them to force him to do it. It was New Year's day, and this was a time when treats were particularly fashionable; yet Mr. Hiskey had no intimation that any body intended to ask *him* to treat on that occasion, till on the morning of the day in question. On opening school that morning, he found several young men in attendance, apparently as scholars, who had not been there before. This was a sign that some trick was intended; but nothing of the kind was intimated till noon, when the big boys respectfully invited the master to supply them with a gallon of whisky, and sugar to sweeten it. His reply was, "Not a drop!" They then told him that it was their intention to "duck him if he persisted in refusing." This threat, instead of having the effect intended by the boys, roused his ire a little, and made him the more resolute. He saw plainly that they intended to lay hands upon him, and he thought it advisable to escape if he could. So



thinking, he made a sudden dash by them, and made all speed for the river, closely followed by the boys and others, old and young, who understood the game, all joining in the pursuit with a jargon of yells that made the scene quite an exciting one.

The river was spanned by a strong bridge of ice, and to this Mr. H. made his way, intending to lead his pursuers a long chase up the stream; but in this he was foiled, for some who had got the start of him when the race began succeeded in heading him off, and finally captured him, short of a half mile from the starting place. They then renewed their demands for the gallon of whisky and the sugar, and he most pointedly refused to comply; whereupon they led him to a hole that had been cut in the ice, and there again renewed the demand, threatening with all apparent sincerity, to put him under if he did not promise. The cold, dark current, passing swiftly under the thick ice, offered a chilling prospect, indeed, to the helpless captive in the hands of what appeared to be an excited mob, who might possibly carry their threat into execution. But, true as a martyr to principle, he told them he would die first. Not willing thus to be conquered by so strong a champion of total abstinence, to conquer whom would be a victory, indeed, they now sought to win by compromise, offering to let him off with half a gallon and the requisite amount of sugar, telling him that it was his last chance, and that he must go under if he refuse. He stoutly replied, "Not a drop!" A leading citizen then interfered, and told the boys that it was utterly useless to labor with such a fellow any longer, and advised them to let him go at once. So they did, convinced that such integrity to principle, however erroneous, was worthy of respect, for Mr. Hiskey was permitted to go on with his school, unmolested, and was never after hooted at for his opinions on temperance.

At an early date in the history of Red Rock, an itinerant minister of the gospel, named Pardo, or Purdo, made his appearance there, and stated that he had been employed by





the government to preach to the Indians. Being somewhat at leisure in his vocation just then, he asked some of the people of Red Rock if they would not like to have the gospel preached to them. They replied that they would be very glad of it. An appointment was thereupon made, seats laid, and a dry goods box set up for a stand. A goodly number responded to the announcement, and the Rev. Pardo, instead of occupying a position at the side of the box, surprised his auditors by getting upon it. After the usual preliminaries had been gone through with, he began to preach, and waxed warm and warmer, as he proceeded, until, in the midst of one of his most eloquent flights, the box tipped from under his feet, and his Reverence came down in a most ludicrous manner. Thinking it only an accident, he remounted the box and went on with his discourse. But again, as he reached his wonted degree of fervor, the treacherous box tipped, and down came the preacher! This was too much for poor Pardo. Common sense convinced him that two such accidents could not have occurred unaided, and he thereupon abandoned the gospel-hungry Red Rockers to their own destruction, and turned his attention to the spreading of the gospel among the Indians.

In this, however, we are informed he met with but limited success; for one day as he was holding forth to a squad of them, relating the story of the cross, and exhorting his hearers to repent, one of them interrupted him with the query, "Who killed the Son of God,—white man or Indian?" "White man," the preacher was compelled to reply. "Then," said the brave, "let white man repent. If God had sent His Son to Indian Indian no kill him." On another occasion he was preaching to Keokuk's band, telling them that if they would repent and believe in Christ they should go to a land flowing with milk and honey, when the renowned chief rejoined, "I no like much milk and honey,—you say, corn and whisky, plenty, I go." Alas! poor Pardo! This was worse than the dry goods



box catastrophe. What field of labor he next turned his attention to we are not informed.

On the occasion of the first sermon preached there by a Methodist minister, whose name is not remembered, it was a subject of some anxiety among the few brethren as to whom he would call upon to close the services with prayer, as the custom is with this order. It appears that praying had been so little their habit, that a public performance of the duty was an undesirable task. So, previous to the hour for services, several of them met and discussed the matter. It was a point that might be used to advantage,—one that something might be won upon,—and the sanctity of the occasion should not stand in the way. So they agreed that if the preacher called upon any brother to pray, and said brother failed to perform, he, said brother, should be subject to a fine of one gallon of whisky, to treat the crowd with. It may be supposed that the close of the services was felt as something of a crisis in their religious experience by some of the members; but, fortunately, the preacher, being quite a stranger among them, relieved them of their oppressive apprehensions by doing the praying himself.

Among the numerous loungers about Red Rock was a man named Charley Hamlin. Charley had been a somewhat distinguished personage, and had once been a candidate for the state legislature, to which position he had narrowly failed being elected. This to him was a source of as much pride as though he had been, and when in liquor he made it the subject of much boasting. One day, being at Red Rock on a "big drunk," he glorified himself hugely to a crowd of fellow-loafers, by the oft-repeated story of coming within two votes of going to the legislature. Of course the crowd enjoyed his garrulous nonsense, and so did he, and he was happy. At length, however, his voice failed, his eye-sight became dim, his ideas mixed and flitting, and, at length, he sank down upon the bench in a sound, drunken slumber. The idea of playing the Hon. Charley Hamlin a good joke now suggested itself to some of the attendants.





So they smeared the palms of his hands with blacking, and then proceeded to tickle his face with a straw; this was sure to bring one or both of his hands in contact with his face, with a wipe intended to expel the flies. And this process was continued until the ruddy face of the sleeper had assumed a complexion equal, in glossy blackness, to that of any African.

At last Charlie awoke, and was greeted by many suppressed remarks about his appearance. Unconscious and incredulous of anything wrong, he was told to look in the glass and see for himself. This he did; yet scarcely awake, and bewildered by the appalling reflection, he hardly knew whether he was himself or somebody else, and gave expression to his bewilderment thus: "Ah, Charley Hamlin, you came within two votes of going to the legislature—now here you are, in Red Rock, a nigger!"

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF NORTHWESTERN IOWA.

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BY N. LEVERING, GREENWOOD, MO.

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*(Continued from page 122.)*

IN the spring of 1863, the Sixth Regiment Iowa Cavalry, commanded by Col. D. M. Wilson, of Dubuque, was ordered by Gen. Pope (who had command of the northwestern military department) to Sioux City, preparatory for a vigorous campaign against the Indians, during the summer. They were quartered at what was called Camp Cook, near the mouth of Big Sioux river, on the Dakota side. The camp was named Cook, in honor of Gen. Cook, of Springfield, Illinois, who was placed in command of the expedition. The General and staff arrived some weeks previous to the troops. On the evening of his arrival, he took rooms at the Wares-



gan House, and soon after a large number of the citizens of the town assembled in front of the hotel to pay their respects to the General, who was, immediately on his arrival, buttonholed by some favor-seekers who froze to him so firmly that he was not permitted to respond to the many loud and lusty calls made for him by the populace in the street. Jimmie Dormidy, a son of Erin (before spoken of), when he found the General would not put in an appearance, raised the floodgates of passion, and let his indignation flow copiously. Said he, "Now gentlemen, if Gen. *Kook* will not spake, I will. We have assembled here to welcome Gen. *Kook* to our town, and he trates us wid contempt; by George he is no *gintleman*, so he isn't; I love you *bays*, every one of you, and would cut myself up into mince mate for ye, so I would, if it was necessary to save year lives, but Gen. *Kook* is no *gintleman*." After Jimmie had made some grand flourishes of oratory, he gently collapsed into a more calm and mild tone, and said, "No *bays*, let us all go home and let not a mother's son of ye salute or spake to him when ye mate him on the strate."

Not long after the General's arrival, he visited Fort Randal and other points of the river, paying a visit to the Yanktown Sioux agency. While there his conduct was reported as not being very commendable, and was severely criticised by John Currier, editor of the *Sioux City Register*. This so incensed the General, that he determined to vindicate his honor in a soldier-like manner. Meeting Mr. C. soon after at his boarding house, the General, without much ceremony, proceeded to give him a severe pummeling. The General was declared the victor, but was badly demoralized; in the engagement he broke one or more of his fingers. This kind of fighting, as well as inefficiency to command the expedition, was not what Maj. Gen. Pope had contracted for, and the result was, Gen. Cook was soon after superceded by Brig. Gen. Sully, who was eminently fitted to command the expedition, having been on the war path several years under Harney, he was familiar with Indian warfare, and the





country in which he had to fight them. On his arrival, he at once set about arranging business for an active campaign, and was greatly assisted by his staff, who were very efficient officers, rendered so from their long service in the army of the Potomac. They were Capt. Pel, Capt. King, and Lieut. Levering. The Second Regiment Nebraska Cavalry, under command of Col. Furnace, was added to Sully's command. All things being ready, the expedition left Camp Cook about the 1st of June, for the country of the hostile Indians, on the upper Missouri river, in Dakota territory.

In the latter part of June, a captain in the regular army, and a topographical engineer (whose name I now have forgotten), and who was accompanying the expedition for scientific purposes, while in advance of the army a half mile or more, searching for natural curiosities with which the country abounded, was attacked by two Indians who crept upon and shot him, killing him almost instantly. He had often been cautioned by Gen. Sully not to get too far out from the army, as there were Indians following up the expedition for the purpose of picking off straggling soldiers; the Captain replied that he had gone through too many tight places to be killed now by an Indian's bullet. On hearing the firing, a squad of men were at once dispatched to the place where they found the Captain dead. The Indians having fled chase was immediately given, and the murderers soon overhauled and sent to their new hunting grounds; their bleeding scalps were soon lying at the feet of Gen. Sully, who said he was not yet satisfied, he must have their heads. The soldiers returned with an ambulance to where the lifeless bodies of the enemies lay, and with their swords soon performed the work of decapitation. Their bleeding and gasty heads were soon placed at the disposal of the General, who ordered them placed on poles and stuck up in the trail where the Indians traveled, that others might look upon them and expect a similar fate. The loss of the Captain was much regretted by all of his brother officers and soldiers; he was, if I am



correct, a native of Germany; he was an accomplished gentleman in every sense of the term, a polished scholar and a brave man. He had seen much hard service on the bloody Potomac, but was destined to bow to the bullet of the merciless savage. His body was laid away in its final resting place, in as comfortable a condition as circumstances would permit, in a dreary and desolate waste, far from loving hearts that cruel distance forbade the cherished privilege of dropping a tear on his lonely grave. There let him rest, while his many virtues and his heroic conduct will long live in the hearts of his admiring fellow soldiers, who will recount with pride his devotion to his adopted country.

"He has fought his last fight,  
He sleeps his last sleep."

Gen. Sully kept up a continuous and incessant search for the hostile bands. After many hard and dreary days march over burning sands and beneath a scorching sun, without much hope of encountering the lurking foe, when about the 1st of September, while on a march, they discerned an object on the side of a bluff some considerable distance off, which, on bringing a glass to bear on it, was discovered to be a human being. A squad of men were at once sent out to bring him in. On arriving there it was found to be a decrepid old Indian, by the name of Kegg, who was well known to all the early settlers of Sioux City. The old man had been deserted by Little Crow's hostile band, with whom he had been traveling, on account of his inability to keep up with them. The old man was in a starving condition, having been left without food, or the means of obtaining it, save a butcher knife, with which he had made a small excavation in the side of a bluff, where he slept at night. The only article of food he possessed was a portion of a snake which he had been subsisting upon. One of the soldiers took from his haversack some hard-tack, and gave it to the old man, who devoured it ravenously, exclaiming, "wash-ta-do"—very good. After the gnawing pangs of hunger had been satisfied, he became very communicative, and





offered his services to "big chief"—Gen. Sully,—to pilot him to Little Crow's band, which he said numbered about 1,500 lodges. He was carried to Gen. Sully, whom he knew, and informed the General, through an interpreter, which direction the Indians had taken, and that he would find them at one of two places. Taking their trail, he piloted them to the first place, but without finding them. The old Indian then said they would be found at White Stone Hill. Gen. Sully now pushed forward as rapidly as possible, in order to overtake them before they should leave there. On the morning of September 3rd, when nearing the place, the scouts returned and reported the enemy there, camped in a ravine, and not suspecting any danger, and that they were about 1,500 lodges strong. The General was some distance in the rear. Col. Wilson, being the senior officer, assumed command, and ordered Col. Furnace to bring up the Nebraska Second on one side of the ravine in which the enemy were camped, the battery at the mouth of the ravine, while he brought up the Iowa Sixth on the opposite side, forming a triangle, and completely surrounding the enemy, who were much surprised on finding themselves thus encircled and cut off. Seeing no hope for escape, Little Crow resorted to a strategic movement that would have done credit to a yankee. He requested a big talk with the big chief, which Col. Wilson granted. The Indian chiefs assembled and proposed a treaty. It was now about three o'clock p. m. Gen. Sully had not yet arrived. The treaty partly continued until near dark, when the Nebraska Second became impatient on observing the movements of the enemy, who were assiduously engaged in packing their ponies and Esquimaux dogs, of which they had a large supply. This labor was performed mostly by the squaws, while the warriors kept a vigilant watch of every movement made by the troops. It was now evident that their object was to continue their treaty propositions until night, when they hoped to make their escape under the cover of darkness. This being apparent, Col. Furnace could not restrain his men, who made



a precipitous charge upon the enemy, who returned the fire, and broke through the lines of the Iowa Sixth, but not without some loss in killed and prisoners. The smoke from the firing, added to the coming shades of night, soon rendered it impossible to distinguish an Indian from a soldier. The troops camped upon the field, and cared for the dead and wounded, as far as they were able for the intense darkness. When morning came, our loss was ascertained to be thirteen killed, and about twenty wounded (the exact number not now remembered). Among the killed was First Lieut. Levett, acting Adjutant Sergt. James Rogers, and private John Kelsey, Co. E (the other names not now remembered). After our troops had retired for the night, the Indians, under cover of the extreme darkness, crept back upon the battle field, and carried off their dead and wounded as many as they were able to find, so that their losses could not be definitely ascertained. In their search for their dead and wounded, they scalped our dead, and killed all our wounded that they chanced to find. Among their victims was Lieut. Levett, who was severely wounded and unable to get into camp. He was an excellent young officer, who evinced much of that peculiar tact and ability that is requisite for a military officer, and was fast rising in the esteem and confidence of his superior officers. By the bloody hands of a merciless and savage foe, he filled a soldier's grave in the bloom of manhood, and in the hey-day of life, loved and mourned by all who knew him. The next morning, September 14th, the enemy presented a very demoralized appearance. The country for some distance around, was covered with poneys and dogs, some packed and others partially so, some huge dogs were running to and fro with papposes lashed to their backs. The battle ground was literally covered with blankets, robes, kettles, and Indian paraphernalia of every description. Among the many things picked up, were silver spoons, with the owner's name engraved thereon, together with many other household goods which they had robbed settlers of. Gen. Sully now ordered





all the tepees and other goods belonging to the enemy collected together in one pile and burned. The vast number of ponies were divided out among the soldiers. The Indians were now completely routed and scattered in every direction. This was a severe blow to them, so completely crippling them, that no further trouble was apprehended from them that season.

Gen. Sully returned to Sioux City with his forces, where the Iowa Sixth went into winter quarters, and the Nebraska Second was discharged on their return home. A portion of the Sixth were quartered in the M. E. Church, at the head of Douglass street, some in barracks, which were erected at the mouth of Perry Creek, others at Cherokee, Peterson, and Spirit Lake. Cassaday's Hall was occupied as a hospital, and an unoccupied dwelling belonging to G. H. Shuster, on Pearl street, for headquarters. The warehouse of J. E. Booge, at the corner of Pearl and Fourth streets, was used as a government store house. The long and tedious winter months were whiled away by the monotonous roll call and drill. Occasionally some of the boys would show their weakness for the fat pigs, turkeys, chickens, &c., in the town and vicinity, which would create sometimes, considerable excitement, and not frequently the perpetrators of these hog-ish and fowl deeds, would be sent up to the county jail, which they denominated as the "Old Blue Bird," to pay the penalty of their crimes. Among the many who were sent up to the Old Blue Bird were some men of no ordinary ability, and rather literary turn of mind, one of whom occasionally attracted attention by an exhibition of his genius as an impromptu poet. His efforts in that line were commendable, and showed a mind, if properly cultivated, with application, which would give him a respectable position as one of the rhyming race. Below I subjoin one of his productions which appeared in the *Sioux City Register*, soon after it was penned.



## PIGOLOGY.

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*By a Soldier.*

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COME all you gallant soldiers  
And a story I'll relate,  
Concerning of a spotted hog  
And his untimely fate;  
A pretty little creature  
As ever you did see,  
Who lost his life by keeping  
The soldiers company.

Now, to begin my story,  
So that all can understand,  
We're part of Gen. Sully's force,  
And are here by his command.  
With him we rode Dakota through—  
Whole pages you might fill  
With the gallant deeds of those brave boys  
Who fought at White Stone Hill.

The Indians were discovered  
By Sully and his men,  
They were thrashed, at least he says so,  
Then he marched us back again,  
And took us to Fort Randall  
Where he told us to remain  
Till the Indians should grow saucy,  
Then he'd call on us again.

We staid three weeks at Randall,  
And then were sent away,  
And ordered to Sioux City,  
And here we are to stay  
Till the winter months are over—  
Then again go on the scout,  
And scour the country over  
Till we find the Indians out.

Well, the winter is not ended,  
I suppose you all do know,  
So as yet, against the red skins,  
We've not had a chance to go;  
When we do—if we should find them—  
I sincerely hope we will  
Not make such another——  
As we made at White Stone Hill.





But I wander from my story,  
For at first I did intend  
To tell you of this lively pig  
And his untimely end;  
How John Bull did pet and feed him,  
His confidence to win,  
Though he had the water ready  
For to scald the devil in.

Oh sure and sudden was the blow  
By which this hog did die,  
For tho' close to where they murdered him  
I never heard him cry.  
There was blood upon the sidewalk,  
There was blood upon the floor,  
And poor piggy's headless body  
Hung beside the kitchen door.

Now heaven help the red skins,  
Pity for their case I feel,  
If the Iowa Sixth can only fight  
As well as they can steal,  
If in slicing Indian top knots  
They display one-half the skill  
With which they clean a hen-roost  
Or a frisky porker kill.

There's a moral to my story  
Which all pigs may well believe:  
Don't associate with soldiers,  
For they flatter to deceive.  
Though they may pet and feed you,  
'Twill not save your precious life,  
For with all their fond caresses,  
You are destined for the knife.

But my story now is ended—  
Next year we will return,  
And leave the pigs and chickens,  
Our absence for to mourn.  
And should we meet the Indians,  
They'll of fighting get their fill,  
For we'll carve a brighter record  
Than we did at White Stone Hill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF POTTAWATTAMIE COUNTY.

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BY D. C. BLOOMER.

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No 6.

(Continued from page 194.)

GROVE township was organized September 25, 1858. It is six miles square, and is contained in government township 74 N., of range 39 W. A number of fine groves are scattered over its surface, and no portion of our county offers greater inducements to settlers. The streams are numerous, and the soil reasonably fertile. The old Mormon trail across the county, passed through the northern part of the township, and the stages took this route until the summer of 1858. The first settlers in the township were James S. Watson, A. J. Field, Jacob Anderson, William Ellswick, John Smith, James Otto, A. F. Wheeler, and S. M. B. Wheeler. The two latter resided in the northern part of the township, and kept the old stage station in a grove that still bears their name. Thomas Connor and John C. Traver, settled in the township at an early day. The first school election was held in September, 1855, and in January, 1856, the first school was opened in a log house, which together with the lot, was donated to the district by S. M. B. Wheeler. This was the only school house until 1864, when a new frame one was built near the center of the township. This answered the purposes of the people until 1868, when the township was divided into three sub-districts, and in 1870, into four, in each of which a good frame school house has been erected. Wheeler's Grove post office is located near the center of the township, which is now settling up with an industrious farming population. The census of 1860 gave the number of persons in this township at 169, and of 1870, at 356.





James township, situated near the center of the county, was organized September 25th, 1858. It originally comprised three government townships. Two of these were skirted on the east by the Nishnabottana river, and comprised a large proportion of excellent bottom land. Samuel Fleshor, S. A. Slocum, Belknap, and Anderson, were the first settlers in this part of the township. William Lyman and J. L. Fetter settled here in 1856, with their families, and began to open farms. Silver Creek passes across the western part of the township, and here Pleasant Taylor was the first resident, and he built a small mill on his farm at the point where the road crosses the creek, in township 75, range 41. Jerome and Charles Turner entered lands and commenced farming in the same vicinity in 1857, also Finley A. Burke, a former resident of Wheeling, Virginia. The first school was taught in the township in 1857, by William Lyman. Stephen James was an early settler, and his brother, William C. James, early acquired title to a tract of fine land in the eastern part of the township, on which in subsequent years, he has opened and cultivated one of the finest farms in the county. J. L. Fetter was the first justice of the peace, and William Lyman was the first township clerk. James township, until within a year or two, settled up very slowly. Its population in 1860 was 111, and in 1870, had increased only to 309. In politics the township had been very equally divided, but has generally given a small democratic majority.

York township, situated in the northern part of the county, was organized on the 14th of July, 1859. Musqueto creek skirts the township on the west, and Keg creek runs through the whole length of it, twelve miles, from north to south. On both of these creeks are several small groves of timber, but the township is principally composed of handsomely rolling prairie. Joseph Holman, Isaac Atkins, Elam Mechim, and Alexander and David G. Clough, were the first settlers in the township. After these, came Lewis Beard, Charles Allen, L. J. Child, Henry Rishton, Reuben



Thomas, Harvey Dunn, and others. The township settled up very slowly, and when organized, only contained fourteen voters. David G. Clough was the first clerk of the township, L. J. Child the first justice, and Lewis Beard was one of the first trustees. The latter settled in the largest grove in the township in 1856, and his house furnished for a number of years, a convenient stopping place for travelers and land hunters visiting this somewhat secluded portion of the county. It was situated on what was commonly known as the "Ballard road," which, starting from Council Bluffs, extended northeastwardly through Pottawattamie, Shelby, and Audubon counties. The first school in York township was opened in 1857, by Miss Ada Clough. The school house was very small. The floor was of rough boards, and the roof was covered with earth, and afforded but a poor protection from the rains. The other early teachers who followed her were Miss Harriet Thomas, and Miss H. Perry. In 1860, the old log school house was torn down and a brick one erected in its place. Log school houses, however, did not entirely go out of fashion in this township for several years, but it is now supplied with several good school buildings. The population of York township was 97 in 1860, and 227 in 1870. The Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad passes through its northwestern corner.

On the 18th of February, 1859, the city of Council Bluffs, by the unanimous vote of the electors, at a special election held for that purpose, was organized into an independent school district. On the 14th of March, at the first election for school officers, the following were chosen: President, D. C. Bloomer; Vice President, L. W. Babbitt; Secretary, H. C. Nutt; Treasurer, Samuel Knepper; Directors, J. B. Stutsman, Thomas Officer, Edward McBride. At this time the city contained five hundred persons of legal school age, and three public schools were taught this season by teachers employed by the school board. No school houses had been as yet, erected within the city, and the schools were kept in the Odd Fellows Hall and other buildings leased for the pur-





pose. During the previous year (1858), a tract of ground containing about six acres had been purchased for two thousand dollars by the school board, with a view of erecting a school house thereon, but upwards of ten years passed away, before the people were prepared for this undertaking. Schools had been established in the town at an early day by the Mormons. George Green is believed to have been the first teacher who had charge of a school within the present limits of the city. He had previously taught a school at Council Point, which was probably the first in the county. He came to Kaneshville and opened a school in 1849. Other teachers who followed him were named Clark, Files, Goddard, Peck, and Francis A. Brown. The latter placed a large guilt sign over the door of his school room in the old court house on Madison Street containing the words "Mormon Academy." Among the other early teachers were Peck, Hutton, Frank, Axtel, Kinsman, Baker, and Goodrich. The two latter were in charge of the schools in 1859. Up to 1854, nearly all the teachers were Mormons. This year, two young women, Sarah and Lucy Rockwell, both former residents of the state of Maine, were induced through the exertions of Rev. G. G. Rice, to open a school in the city. They proved to be excellent teachers, and their names and gentle and winning manners, are kindly remembered by our old residents. Mr. Rice and wife had also for brief periods taught a private school, and Miss Mary Hatch, now the wife of S. N. Porterfield, came here in 1854, and taught as an assistant to Mr. Peck, in the old Methodist church. In 1856 Mr. James B. Rue and Mr. A. R. Wright each established private schools in the city. The latter was soon discontinued, but Mr. Rue continued in the work for seven or eight years. He was an excellent teacher, a good scholar, and during his long residence in the city has proved himself a most worthy and exemplary citizen. The first school commissioner, so far as I can find, was Mr. N. T. Spoor. The next was Marshall Turley, who traveled over the county delivering lectures on education, and organizing



school districts. The next was Mr. S. M. Smith who entered upon his duties in the spring of 1854. His records as a school officer are the first of which I can find any trace. From his school report made October, 1854, there appears then to have been six school districts in the county, namely: Kane, containing 324 pupils; Carterville, 85 pupils; Wicks Mills, 91 pupils; Rockford, two districts, with 56 pupils, and Traders Point, 32 pupils. At this time the county contained one school house built of logs, and situated in Rockford township. In 1855, the first frame school house was erected, situated in Highland Grove district. The progress of the public schools in the county was very slow until after the passage of the new school law in 1858, they then began equally to increase in number and efficiency. In the year ending October 4th, 1860, the number of school districts in the county was reported at 34; number of school houses, 11; number of schools, 33; number of pupils in attendance, 1,006; and number of teachers employed, 35. The first teachers institute was held in November, 1859, under charge of County Superintendent Rue.

On the 14th of March, 1859, the annual charter election in the city of Council Bluffs resulted in the choice of the following officers: Mayor, George Doughty; City Recorder, Cornelius Voorhis; Treasurer, C. W. Boyers; Marshal, J. C. Fargo; Assessor, J. W. Damon; Aldermen, first ward, J. B. Lewis and G. M. Dodge; second ward, S. N. Porterfield; third ward, T. P. Treynor; fourth ward, H. H. Oberholtzer; fifth ward, John Hammer and D. W. Carpenter. The city officers appointed by the council this year were Frank Sheet, City Attorney; Sam Perin, City Engineer; and J. P. Wagstaff, Supervisor. The total amount of city tax for all purposes levied this year, was \$9,970. From a report made to the council in September, the total liabilities of the city were shown to be \$24,283.91. This included a bonded debt of \$10,000. Considerable progress was made during this year in the construction of side walks. A large number of old log buildings situated along Broadway, which





had become nuisances, were torn down by order of the council. During the summer, Mr. Voorhis resigned the recordership, and T. P. Treynor was appointed in his place. The summer of 1859 was noted for the remarkably high water in the Missouri river. Its banks were fuller than they have been known to be for many years before or since. The high grade across the low grounds adjacent to the river was entirely covered with water, and the operations of the ferry were suspended for several days. The bottom lands adjacent to the city were left untouched by the flood, and business at the lower landing went forward as usual.

Early in the year 1859 the official action of John H. Sherman, county judge of Pottawattamie county, began to excite a great deal of discussion both among the people and through the press of the county. On the 18th of February in that year the grand jury made a presentment to the district court, in which Sherman was charged with grossly mismanaging the fiscal affairs of the county, with illegally issuing great numbers of county orders, and with issuing others payable to himself, and that they found the books and papers in his office in a very deranged and disordered condition, and asking that he be suspended from office until a full and impartial investigation could be made. A summons was issued to Sherman to appear and answer to the presentment, but this he declined to do until the next term of the court, as the law required that a notice of ten days before the commencement of the term, should be served upon him. The case therefore went over to the August term. But the great mass of the people were far from being pleased with the postponement, and a large public meeting was held in Council Bluffs on the 26th of February, to which a variety of reports were made, and sundry resolutions adopted looking to an investigation of the affairs of the county judge's office. Such an investigation was made during the month following, and the reports of the committee were published at length in the county papers. They showed clearly enough that the charges against Sherman were fully sustained by



his own books and papers, and were in fact in most cases admitted to be so by him. The county orders issued during the brief term of nine months had amounted to over \$33,000. The swamp land and school funds were also found to be in a most unfortunate condition. The subject continued to excite a great deal of interest, but was finally set at rest by the trial of Sherman before the district court in August, when he was found guilty of the charges presented against him, and he was thereupon removed from office. This trial excited a great deal of interest in the county, and the verdict was generally approved by the people. Upon the removal of Sherman, the duties of the office devolved upon Mr. C. P. Kellogg, the capable clerk of the district court, by whom its duties were discharged until October, when the vacancy was filled by the election of J. P. Casidy. It was during the incumbency of Sherman in the county judge's office, that the financial affairs of the county reached their lowest point of depression. County orders were sold as low as thirty-five, thirty, and even twenty-five cents on the dollar, for cash. The interest on the school fund and swamp land fund loan was unpaid, and many of the securities for these loans were found to be utterly worthless. Judge Casidy, upon assuming the duties of the office, endeavored to introduce a better and more economical system in the management of county affairs, but it was many years before the county was enabled to emerge from the waste and extravagance which marked this part of its history.

The Congregational Church, during the principal part of this year, was under the charge of J. S. Haskell, who, a short time previous, had prefixed the title Reverend to his name. He had formerly been a noted slight-hand performer, but for a year or two had been in charge of churches in Indiana and the eastern part of the state. His movements, while pastor in this city, were somewhat startling to the staid and sober classes in the community. He possessed wonderful powers of mimicry, and his sermons were sometimes almost as entertaining in that respect, as his old-time





performances as Fakir of Sivah, in which character he had traveled over the country. Besides attending to his ordinary pastoral duties, he soon became the owner of a large number of horses and wagons, and busied himself and them and a number of hired men in transferring freight to and from the river landing, frequently involving himself and employes in brawls and quarrels with others engaged in the same business. Nothing delighted him more than to drive a four-in-hand team, and during the state canvass, in the fall of the year, the good members of the congregation were astonished to see their pastor mounted on a band wagon, at the head of a political procession, as it filed through the streets. His pastoral connection with the church continued for nine or ten months; he then left for Nebraska, but a few years after returned to Council Bluffs as chief manager of a circus, and from the ring delivered an address, in which he made humorous allusions to his former residence in the city. Haskell was succeeded early in 1860 by the Rev. Harvey Adams, who proved himself to be a most faithful and conscientious minister of the gospel.

In August, Abraham Lincoln visited the county, and spent several days with old acquaintances and friends in Council Bluffs. He was accompanied by Mr. Hatch, at that time secretary of the state of Illinois. At the earnest request of a great many citizens, Mr. Lincoln delivered an address in concert hall, which was characterized by all those remarkable traits of clear, close and terse reasoning for which he was so greatly distinguished. Judge Test, of Indiana, who was at that time visiting his son, J. D. Test, also spoke at the same meeting.

Up to August 11th, of this year, one hundred and twenty-eight steamboats had arrived during the season. Of these thirteen went above to Sioux City, Fort Randall, etc. The *Nonpareil*, in giving these figures, remarked, on the 27th of August, that considering the almost universal stagnation in all kinds of business, these arrivals at this place did not make so very bad showing for this upper country.



October 13th and 14th, the annual county fair came off in Council Bluffs. Concert Hall was devoted to the display of agricultural products, and other articles usually on exhibition on such occasions, while the stock was arranged on a tract of ground a short distance west of the hall. The whole number of entries was 324, and \$393 were distributed in premiums. Col. Babbitt's "Cherokee" again carried off the first premium on horses. As usual, the riding by the ladies attracted a great crowd, and formed the principal attraction on the fair grounds. Sorghum syrup made its appearance this year for the first time, among the articles on exhibition.

The state census in 1859 gave the population of the county at 5,012. Number of dwelling houses, 833. Acres of land in cultivation, 11,818. Total assessed value of real and personal property, \$3,086,000. Total county and state tax, \$43,623.

The election this year was contested with a good deal of spirit. Addresses were made to the people by A. C. Dodge and S. J. Kirkwood, the opposing candidates for governor, Col. S. R. Curtis, and others. September 13th, the democrats held a barbecue, which was attended by a large delegation from Omaha, at which addresses were made by Henry Clay Dean and C. C. Cole. For county officers three full tickets were in the field—democratic, republican, and independent. For county judge, these candidates were, respectively, Wm. A. Reel, J. W. Damon, and J. P. Casidy. Col. Babbitt was on the democratic ticket for lieutenant governor, and Caleb Baldwin for supreme judge. The election resulted in favor of the independent county ticket, and about 300 majority for the democratic state officers, with the exception of Judge Baldwin, who ran 138 ahead. For governor the vote stood, for Dodge, 600, for Kirkwood, 295. For county judge, Casidy, 356, Reel, 290, Damon, 197. For representative there were four candidates, who were voted for as follows: S. H. Riddle, 415, J. L. Fetter, 98, D. C. Bloomer, 259, S. M. Ballard, 82. The other county officers elected were S. H. Craig, sheriff, W. D. Turner, treasurer and re-





corder, P. A. Wheeler, county surveyor, J. B. Rue, county superintendent.

On the 7th of November (1859), ground was first broken within the county, on the Council Bluffs & St. Joseph Railroad. Although the day was very unpleasant, quite a large concourse of citizens assembled on the bottom about a mile south of town, and with plows and shovels, made a veritable commencement of the work. On the following evening a large meeting was held in concert hall, which was addressed by Col. Peabody, the engineer of the road, and Governor Black, of Nebraska. Their arguments and illustrations met with the general approval of the people, and the conviction now became general that the surest and most expeditious mode of securing a railroad connection to the county would be to expedite, by all means within their power, the early construction of a railroad down the Missouri Valley to St. Joseph. Accordingly, on the 8th day of December the city of Council Bluffs, by a nearly unanimous vote, decided to issue its bonds to the amount of \$25,000, to aid in its construction, the company to issue stock to the city in exchange for its bonds, which were to run ten years and draw ten per cent interest. These bonds were issued in the course of the next two years. And on the 15th of February, 1860, the county voted to ratify a contract which had been entered into by the county judge, providing for the transfer to the same company of swamp lands, or the proceeds of the sale of swamp lands, to the amount of \$40,000, in exchange for stock of the company, to be expended in the construction of that portion of the Council Bluffs & St. Joseph Railroad lying within the limits of the county. The transfer was accordingly made, and for a few years the county held and voted upon its stock; but finally, and before the road was completed and in order to insure such completion, it, together with the city, transferred the same to Willis Phelps, of Massachusetts, and his associates, by whom the work was actually finished and brought into operation.



Up to the date of the last mentioned vote of the county, the management of the swamp land fund had been a constant source of contention, if not corruption. Consisting originally of about 60,000 acres of land, it had, in one way and another, been frittered away, without proving of hardly any real benefit to the county. A small part of the proceeds of sales of the lands had been expended in digging ditches, which, in a few years were filled up. Other portions of it had been loaned out to irresponsible parties, and a considerable amount expended in making a highway across the bottom to the Missouri river, west of the city of Council Bluffs. The people were therefore very willing, in view of these facts, to give all that was left to the railroad company that then seemed most likely to accomplish the professed objects of its organization. The amount realized from the sale of swamp lands by Judge James was \$17,355.42, and by Judge Sherman \$7,054.31. April 12, 1860, the final transfer was made to the Council Bluffs & St. Joseph Railroad, by Judge Casidy. The company then received in cash, due from the United States for swamp land sold, \$16,380, and 8,884 acres of land, equal to \$11,513.86, and leaving a balance still due the company of \$12,513, for which it received a certificate from the county judge to be paid out of any subsequent proceeds of swamp lands that might come into the county treasury.

March 12th, 1860, the following city officers were elected: mayor, L. W. Babbitt; recorder, T. P. Treynor; treasurer, C. W. Boyers; marshal, C. P. Smith; assessor, David DeVol; aldermen, J. B. Lewis, John Jones, Milton Rogers, W. L. Biggs, Addison Cochran, and D. W. Carpenter. On the same day the school board was elected as follows: president, R. L. Douglass; vice president, James A. Jackson; treasurer, C. W. Boyers; secretary, T. P. Treynor; director, Addison Cochran.

John B. Beers, an old, and much respected citizen of Council Bluffs, died on the 3d of March, 1860, aged fifty-nine years. He had been for a number of years identified





with its interests, and his memory is perpetuated by a handsome marble monument, now standing in Fairview cemetery. In his business transactions he was upright and honorable, and he left a handsome fortune to his widow and only daughter.

On the 29th of September, John Williamson and two other persons, one of them a woman, and all of them negroes, were kidnapped while traveling in the southwestern part of the county, and hurried off to Missouri. As soon as information of this high-handed outrage was received, Sheriff Craig and City Marshal Smith started for the south, and succeeded in recovering Williamson and bringing him back. The other two parties captured were afterward also found in Missouri, and returned to their homes, through the efforts of Messrs. Blanchard and Gaston, of Fremont county. Their researches developed the fact that the outrage was committed by three noted desperadoes, with a view of selling the negroes into slavery in Missouri. All three of the gang were arrested, but two of them made their escape. One of the number, however, a fellow named Hurd, was, on the requisition of the governor of Iowa, brought back to Council Bluffs, and held over, on default of bail, for trial, but he succeeded a few days afterwards in making his escape.

On the morning of the 16th of October, the lifeless body of a notorious character, named Philip McGuire, was found suspended from a tree on Cemetery Hill, with a card attached on which was inscribed the words, "Hung for all kinds of rascality." He had a day or two previous been arrested for larceny, and placed in the old cottonwood jail, from which he had been taken by the vigilance committee, and summarily executed. About the same time another case of lynch law occurred in Council Bluffs. One Miller, a resident of Harrison county, had been arrested for horse-stealing—the crime was pretty clearly traced home to him, and he was, on a preliminary examination, committed to the old jail, to answer for the crime at the next term of the



district court. During the night that followed his committal, he was in some way taken out of his place of confinement, and hung on a tree in the eastern part of the city. The existence of a vigilance committee in the county at that time, was well understood by the citizens generally, and recognized to be a necessity for the protection of the community from the lawless acts of desperate men.

During the summer of 1860, a young person by the name of Frank Bates resided in Council Bluffs, and made himself (?) quite conspicuous in a variety of ways. He was small of stature, had a round face and rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and auburn hair, dressed neatly, and was noted for his pleasant manners and general good conduct. He was always very welcome among Sunday school teachers, and sure to be on hand at bible classes, concerts, pic-nics, and all sorts of pleasant gatherings, where he made himself very agreeable, especially to the ladies, among whom he was a decided favorite. Suddenly, about the first of October, Frank disappeared from society, and then the report ran round that Frank, the dear young man, was in reality a woman! Indeed, this fact was soon after admitted by all, and great was the surprise expressed by her many admirers! She, however, never returned to Council Bluffs, either to console the ladies or apologize to the gentlemen whose acquaintance she had so rudely sundered.

The summer of 1860 was noted for the remarkable drouth which prevailed all over the western part of the state. Very little rain fell during the entire season, and the yield of vegetables and all kinds of small grain was unusually light. The county fair, held in October, showed this plainly enough, and the exhibition fell far below that of the previous year. The display of vegetables was quite small, as were also the entries of stock, and there was but little competition in fruits. Perhaps this result of the fair was also partially owing to the absorbing political canvass in which the people were engaged, and which left but little time for a great many of them to think of anything else. Col. Bab-





bitt's "Cherokee" again carried off the first prize—at the fair we mean—not at the polls.

A branch of the State Bank of Iowa was established in the fall of 1860, and at the first annual election of officers, held in January, 1861, James A. Jackson was elected president, and John D. Lockwood cashier; the other directors being S. S. Bayless, Samuel Knepper, and J. P. Casady. The capital of the bank was \$50,000. Mr. Lockwood had been a resident of the city for about a year and a half previous, during which time he had been at the head of a private banking house. Mr. Jackson was an old merchant, who about this time retired from active business.

November 17, 1860, William S. Burke was announced as local editor of the *Nonpareil*. He was a racy and vigorous writer, and during the political canvass of that year, had become noted for a series of burlesque reports of the "Little Giant Club," which appeared from time to time in the *Nonpareil*, and which excited a good deal of amusement on all sides, even those who were the victims of his keen wit enjoying his palpable hits and absurd comparisons as hugely as any. Mr. Burke's connection with the *Nonpareil* continued for six or seven years, either as editor or publisher, and sometimes as both.

The packing of pork was first commenced in Council Bluffs in the winter of 1859-60, but the erection of a building for that purpose was first commenced in the fall of 1860, by John W. Ross. His "Pork House," as it has been commonly called, situated in the western part of the city, was owned and mainly conducted by him for a number of years. It was furnished with all the necessary appliances for the successful prosecution of the business, and has been in successful operation each year since its first erection. Messrs. Stewart & Haas, wholesale grocers, early become associated with Mr. Ross in the prosecution of the business, and their purchasing of stock extended, not only over Pottawattamie, but also over a large portion of western Iowa. The number of hogs slaughtered in the winter of 1860-61, reached several thousands, and was largely increased in subsequent years.



In the fall of the year, Mr. Charles Hendrie, of Burlington, commenced the erection of the Council Bluffs foundry and machine shop. This has, in subsequent years, been greatly enlarged, and its business has proved a successful one for its enterprising founder, and contributed largely to promote the growth of the city. It was the first manufactory of any importance established within its limits.

The political canvass of 1860 was interesting, and sometimes exciting. In Council Bluffs political clubs were formed and rooms rented and occupied during the four or five months preceding the election, known respectively as the "Douglass" and "Lincoln" halls. The organization devoted to the election of Douglass was called the "Little Giant Club," and its officers were: L. W. Babbitt, president, Samuel Clinton, vice president, E. F. Burdick and D. W. Carpenter, secretaries. The officers of the Lincoln club were: Thomas Tostevin, president, S. H. Kelly, vice president, William H. Kinsman, secretary, and J. D. Horn, treasurer. The principal local speakers on the side of the republicans were Frank Sheet, C. E. Stone, W. H. Kinsman, J. D. Horn, D. C. Bloomer. On the other side were W. G. Crawford, D. W. Price, L. W. Babbitt, R. H. Williams. Political discussions were held during the canvass between Cole and Curtis, the opposing candidates for congress, and between Bennett and McPherson, the Douglass and Lincoln electors. Speeches were also made in the county during the canvass, by the leading orators of each party in the state. A small party of "Old Line Whigs," as they called themselves, refused to support the republican candidates, and stood firmly for Bell and Everett; and about the same number of democrats gave there adhesion to John C. Breckenridge for president. Among the latter were J. D. Test and Joel Tuttle, both of whom made several speeches in this and other counties, in support of their favorite candidates. The election in the county resulted as follows: For president, Douglass, 412; Lincoln, 410; Everett, 28; Brecken-





ridge, 29. For congress, Cole, 459; Curtis, 419. For judge of the supreme court, Miller, 415; Wright, 425. For clerk of the district court, Burdick, 586; Eubank, 268. For member of board of education, Bloomer, 475; Kreidlebaugh, 383. For county surveyor, Tostevin, 505.

After the result of the election was known, the successful party celebrated the event by bonfires, and a procession through the streets, during the progress of which several transparencies were smashed by brick-bats, and there were some good-natured attempts at rowdyism during the evening.

December 24, 1860, the second session of the teachers institute commenced at Council Bluffs, and continued five days. About twenty-five teachers were present, and public lectures were delivered before it by Col. Thomas H. Benton and W. E. Harvey, superintendents of public instruction in Iowa and Nebraska, and by D. C. Bloomer.

The election of Judge Casady, in the fall of 1859, began a new era in the management of county affairs. A careful economy marked his administration. The expenses of the county were rapidly reduced; waste and extravagance were carefully avoided; the resources of the county were closely husbanded, and every possible effort made to place its finances in a better condition. The charges of corruption and personal favoritism in the county judge's office now wholly ceased, and the people generally were well satisfied that their interests would be safe while in the hands of the incumbent. Nevertheless, so unfortunate had been the experience of the people with the county judge system, that they were almost unanimously in favor of a change in the management of county affairs. The *Nonpariel*, the republican organ, earnestly advocated a change, and its editor, Mr. Maynard, during his official attendance upon the legislature, was largely instrumental in securing the adoption of the supervisor system. At the first election, a very competent board of supervisors was elected, and thus passed away, on



its assemblage in January, 1861, all cause for the series of complaints against the management of county affairs by the county judge, that had existed almost continually from the first organization of the county.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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I-O-W-A.

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WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,  
Nov. 8th, 1872.

*Editor of the Annals—Sir:—*

AN article in the ANNALS of July, 1872, gives currency to a tale heretofore in circulation, and attributing the origin of the word "Iowa" to the exclamation of a wandering Indian chief. Pleased with the country, we are told he said "Iowa!" meaning "This is the place," &c.

Will any good scholar, familiar with the meaning of Indian words, vouch for the correctness of this interpretation? Does not the so-called legend bear a suspicious resemblance to a story long current in newspapers, and substantially to the following effect:

A wandering tribe of Indians, searching for new hunting grounds, came at length to the banks of a beautiful river, and, pleased with the general aspect of nature, exclaimed "Alabama! Alabama!" or, "Here we rest! Here we rest!"

By a reference to the latest edition of Webster's Unabridged, in the vocabulary of Modern Geographical Names, I find the following definition: "Iowa. The French form of an Indian word, signifying the 'drowsy' or 'the sleepy ones,' a Sioux name of the Pahoja or 'Gray Snow' tribe."

They must have grown more wakeful, as I find in the same volume this additional definition: "Hawkeye State. The State of Iowa; said to be named after an Indian chief, who was once a terror to *voyageurs* to its borders."





I find no definition of Alabama. In the interest of historical truth, I call attention to the subject, and hope that some one, properly qualified, will explain the real meaning of the word "Iowa."

SAMUEL PRENTIS CURTIS.

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THE WEST:

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM OF THE BEAUTIFUL, GRAND, AND SUBLIME IN AMERICAN SCENERY, ESPECIALLY THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

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BY R. B. GROFF.

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To BAYARD TAYLOR,

MY AFFECTIONATE FRIEND AND SCHOOLMATE, AS A TOKEN OF RESPECT FOR HIS TALENTS, SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES, NOBLE EFFORTS TO DEVELOPE A PURE NATIONAL LITERATURE, AND ALL LOVERS OF THE BEAUTIFUL, GRAND, AND SUBLIME IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST, THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED, BY THE AUTHOR.

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COPY OF A LETTER FROM BAYARD TAYLOR, ACCEPTING  
THE DEDICATION.

NEW YORK, September 10.

MY DEAR SIR:—I find your letter awaiting my return from the banks of Newfoundland, and hasten to reply.

I cannot refuse the flattering request you have made of me, and beg you to accept my thanks for the implied compliment. I remember your performance in the poetic line at Unionville, Pennsylvania, but had supposed that your practical western life had led you to abandon the Muse. I shall be curious to see in what manner the inspiration of the West has acted upon your mind.

Trusting that you have been successful in life, and that the world goes well with you, I remain

Very truly yours,  
BAYARD TAYLOR.



*J'aime mon patrie.*—FENELON.

*Huc undique gaza.*—VIRGIL.

Westward the Star of Empire takes its way :  
The four first acts already past,  
The fifth shall close the drama of the day :  
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

—BISHOP BERKLEY.

I SEE Niagara's waters headlong roll,  
Her lovely brow successive wreathed with foam ;  
I hear the thunder of the mighty whole,  
The world of mighty waters hiss and roar !  
And find in the abyss no resting home !  
Receiving ceaseless floods into its breast,  
'Mid rainbow wreaths of glowing, fiery foam ;  
Convolving clouds continuous o'er it pressed,  
The foaming outlet of the mighty West.

The blossom-breasted billow, downwards hurl'd  
Into the yawning gulf, with thundering sound,  
In hollow grandeur, seems to shake the world,  
And, conscious, shakes the solid ground ;  
The wrathful billows, with prodigious bound,  
Leap, vast, but sluggish, from their giddy poise,  
Then rush like lightning through the dark profound ;  
Lashed into foam, the seething vapors rise,  
And vivid rainbows paint the glistening skies.

Almighty Author! here Thy boundless power  
Wakes into grandeur, majesty and awe ;  
Man feels that he, the creature of an hour,  
Knows nothing of Thy might or nature's law,  
Till stationed here, amid this awful scene,  
He views the wonders of Thy mighty arm—  
Gigantic wonder of this fair terrene ;  
The God-like here with holy rapture warm,  
The skeptic shakes with horror and alarm.





Next view our spacious lakes, those inland seas,  
Whose glossy grandeur stretches far and wide;  
Where floating palaces, with grace and ease,  
In kingly glory breast the heaving tide,  
Tho' nations different lay on either side—  
With joy we view the silver-breasted lake.

No longer wars our interests divide;  
But meek-ey'd peace, with blessings in her wake,  
Propitious smiles, and points the path we take.

The Mississippi rolls her purple floods;  
Missouri's yellow laves her shifting shore;  
Ohio's green comes from exhaustless woods,  
Commingling thence, in one huge sheet they pour,  
Binding our western nations more and more  
By this broad band of sparkling waters gay,  
Which makes adjoining freemen gladly pour  
Their commerce, wealth and beautiful array,  
In floating palaces that deck its way!

Their flowing currents are distinctly seen,  
While side by side their abstract currents run,  
And then with glowing, glossy, silvery sheen,  
They arm in arm commingling flow in one!  
Their countless drops are carried ceaseless on,  
Into the clear, blue, boundless, foaming sea,  
Upon whose pathless brow no furrows run—  
The waveless, shoreless, trackless, boundles free!  
Th' untrodden footprints of immensity!

Gigantic pathway! most imperial thou,  
Emporium of freedom, wealth and power,  
Exhaustless commerce floats upon thy brow,  
Millions, dependent, labor every hour,  
And many a gay, sweet, fair, enameled flower  
Stands sportive on thy many beauteous isles,  
And rocky bluffs upon thy margin tow'r,  
And draining areas of unknown miles,  
Where nature's fadeless glory ceaseless smiles.



Empires lay studded all along thy coast,  
Each embryo one still anxiously awaits  
Permission, 'mid our galaxy to boast,  
A union in the sisterhood of States;  
Joy, pleasure, friendship then shall watch their gates,  
When legislation's great and sovereign power  
Joins them with us, impelling thus the fates  
To watch their infant footsteps every hour,  
And clear their sky when dark'ning shadows lower.

Pleiads of nation's liberty and men,  
What a bright and glorious heritage is yours—  
What matchless symmetry—here stalwart men  
May feed and fatten, still the soil endures;  
Your mighty waters, mellow, sweet, and pure,  
From veins and arteries profusely pour'd  
Throughout the land, unconscious shall allure  
A multitude immense to come and hoard,  
The wealth exhaustless in thy bosom stor'd!

To have a home, a heritage, a name  
Within the vale, on Mississippi's breast,  
Is honor that I love, for one, to claim.  
Thou fruitful garden of the mighty West!  
Soon will thy soil by noble freemen press'd,  
Improv'd and cultivated, dazzling glow,  
Like Eden's garden, beautifully dress'd;  
Thy citizens true art and science know,  
And cities great and famous daily grow!  
Still in the West, the Sacramento pours  
Her rushing waters to the restless sea.

There giant, snow cap'd mountains heav'nward tow'r,  
O'er which bright Phœbus' rays dance joyously!  
And sportive streams dash down their sides in glee,  
Whose rugged channels, shelving deep and bold,  
Expose the glittering sands, and give the key  
To mines exhaustless, mixed with yellow mould,  
New Eldorado, that is land of gold!





Ye Cis-Atlantic Saxons! yours the gain,  
When forests now unopen'd wake to life,  
And spread the limits of your vast domain,  
Without one cruel war or civil strife,  
Save with the bears, the monarchs of the plain,  
While lowing herds and fields of waving grain  
Rise tier on tier along the mountain side,  
And sportive lambkins frisk in gambols wide,  
Where limpid rills in rippling murmurs glide.

And up and down, athwart the fertile vale,  
The yellow fields beneath the reaper lie,  
Where snug like cabins court the flutt'ring gale,  
As thick as stars that gem the evening sky!  
These are real beauties, now in prospect nigh,  
For who can stay the fiat of our God!  
When gloomy wilds and trackless mountains high  
Yield daily to the plow, and mark the abode  
Of pioneers who brave the frontier mode!

Next, see those massive rocks give way to steel,  
And form a breastwork for the shining bar,  
A pathway for the glorious iron wheel  
That bears away the lightning winged car!  
While rolling tempests, in the distance far,  
Lag far behind; thus forward, like a dream,  
Through tunnel'd mountains that would ever mar  
The strides of progress, gloriously supreme,  
Behold the advent of unconquered steam.

By steam, we sail and navigate the sea;  
By steam, we hammer, pound and saw and lift;  
Steam makes us independant, sov'reign, free;  
By steam, we drive the pump and grind and sift;  
By steam, the pow'rful locomotive swift  
Speeds on resistless o'er his iron way,  
The mightiest, best and choicest, greatest gift  
Bestow'd on mortals subject to their sway,  
A horse of fire, a charioteer of clay!



This land by iron railroads checker'd o'er,  
By measureless canals deep furrow'd wide,  
Is filled with luxuries from shore to shore,  
Borne by the iron horse or heaving tide!  
In endless currents, all our wants supplied.  
See tossing navies float at our command—

What nation yet so young can boast such pride,  
Such mighty progress, such distinction grand?  
Her stars and stripes o'er every sea expand!

Look back on history, have not nations fame,  
Which, Phoenix-like, may from their ashes rise?  
What gave to Egypt, Greece, or Rome a name,  
Save art and science, lo! the glorious prize  
Which blows and blossoms, grows, but never dies,  
Immortal fame! then up the steeps of time,  
With ceaseless struggles let us ever climb,  
And shine above with brilliancy sublime!

My native country, dear, devoted thou,  
Born, reared and nurtur'd on thy glowing breast.  
Time but expands thy fair and beauteous brow,  
While I, unmourned, must shortly sink to rest;  
Soon shall the clods, upon my bosom press'd,  
On all my cares and all my sorrows weigh.  
Oh! may thy sons be number'd with the blest,  
Nor in the paths of sin or sorrow stray,  
But charity and love point out the way.





EARLY HISTORICAL SKETCH OF IOWA.

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TO say nothing of the title to the soil of Iowa that may once have vested in the natives who claimed and occupied it, it is a matter of some interest to glance at the various changes of ownership and jurisdiction through which it has passed within the time of our historical period:

1. It belonged to France, with other territory belonging to our national domain.
2. In 1763, with other territory, it was ceded to Spain.
3. October 1, 1800, it was ceded, with other territory, from Spain back to France.
4. April 30, 1803, it was ceded, with other territory, by France to the United States.
5. October 31, 1803, a temporary government was authorized by Congress for the newly acquired territory.
6. October 1, 1804, it was included in the "District of Louisiana," and placed under the jurisdiction of the territorial government of Indiana.
7. July 4, 1805, it was included as a part of the "Territory of Louisiana," then organized with a separate territorial government.
8. June 4, 1812, it was embraced in what was then made the "Territory of Missouri."
9. June 28, 1834, it became part of the "Territory of Michigan."
10. July 3, 1836, it was included as a part of the newly organized "Territory of Wisconsin."
12. July 12, 1838, it was included in, and constituted a part of, the newly organized "Territory of Iowa."
12. December 28, 1846, it was admitted into the Union as a State.

The greater portion of the country embraced within the limits of Iowa was once occupied by a tribe, or nation, of Indians, known in history as the Iowas (or Ioways), who



for many years maintained almost a constant warfare with the Sioux, a powerful rival, who lived to the north of them. The Iowas were originally the Pau-hoo-chee tribe, and lived in the region of the lakes to the north-east, but nearly one hundred and eighty years ago they followed their chief, Mou-hau-gaw, to the banks of the Mississippi river, and crossing over, settled on the west bank of Iowa river, near its mouth, and there built a village. They called the river on which they established their seat of empire, Ne-o-ho-nee, or the "Master of Rivers." For some years they prospered and multiplied, but the Sioux began to envy them the prosperity which they enjoyed, and with no good intentions came down to visit them. Sending to Mau-haw-gaw the pipe of peace, with an invitation to join them in a dog feast, they made great profession of friendship. The Iowa chief, having confidence in their protestations of good feeling, accepted the invitation. In the midst of the feast the perfidious Sioux suddenly attacked and killed him. This outrage was never forgiven by the Iowas.

One of the most noted chiefs of the Iowas was Mahaskah (White Cloud), a descendent of Mau-haw-gaw. He led his warriors in eighteen battles against the Sioux on the north, and the Osages on the south, and never failed to achieve a victory. He made his home on the Des Moines river, about one hundred miles above the mouth, and must have been something of a Mormon, for it is said he had seven wives. In 1824, he was one of a party of chiefs who visited Washington. He left his home on the Des Moines to go down the river to join his party, and when near where the city of Keokuk is now located, he stopped to prepare and eat his venison. He had just commenced his meal when some one struck him on the back. Turning round, he was surprised to see one of his wives, Rant-che-wai-me (Female Flying Pigeon), standing with an uplifted tomahawk in her hand. She accosted him with—"Am I your wife? Are you my husband? If so, I will go with you to Maw-he-hum-ne-che (the American big house) and see and





shake the hand of In-co-ho-nee," meaning the Great Father, as they called the President. Mahaskah answered—"Yes, you are my wife; I am your husband; I have been a long time from you; I am glad to see you; you are my pretty wife, and a brave man always loves to see a pretty woman." Mahaskah went on to Washington, accompanied by his "pretty wife," Rant-che-wai-me, who received many presents, but saw many things of which she disapproved. When she returned she assembled the matrons and maidens of the tribe, and warned them against the vices and follies of their white sisters. This good Indian woman was killed by being accidentally thrown from her horse some time after her return from Washington. In 1834, Mahaskah was also killed, about sixty miles from his home, on the Nodaway, by an enemy who took a cowardly advantage of him. At the time of his death he was about fifty years of age. After his death all his surviving wives went into mourning and poverty, according to the custom of the tribe, except one named Mis-so-rah-tar-ra-haw (Female deer that bounds over the prairie), who refused to the end of her life to be comforted, saying that her husband "was a great brave, and was killed by dogs," meaning low, vulgar fellows.

Soon after the death of Mahaskah, his son, of the same name, at the age of twenty-four years, became the chief of the Iowas. His mother was Rant-che-wai-me, whose tragic death is mentioned above. He also visited Washington in the winter of 1836-7, for the purpose of obtaining redress for injustice which he claimed had been done to his people by the government, in failing to keep intruders from their lands, and in disregarding other stipulations of the treaty made with his father in 1825.

The Iowas, next to the Sioux, were once the most numerous and powerful of all the tribes between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. But before leaving the "Beautiful Land" to join their fortunes with other remnants of their race beyond the Missouri, they were reduced by wars,



whisky, and small-pox, to about one thousand three hundred souls.

It must have been about the year 1824 when the Sacs and Foxes, who had previously inhabited the country on Rock river, in the present state of Illinois, began to make encroachments upon the Iowas, under the renowned chief, Black Hawk. In a great battle fought on the east bank of the Des Moines river, near the present village of Iowaville, in Davis county, the Iowas were vanquished, and the Sacs and Foxes took possession of their hunting grounds. Then the Iowas sullenly moved towards the west, and finally passed beyond the Missouri. When civilization began to dawn along our eastern border, the Sacs and Foxes were the occupants of the soil in all the eastern and southern portions of the territory, while the warlike Sioux held undisputed possession of the northern portion, about the head waters of the Des Moines and the lakes. After the close of the "Black Hawk war," in 1833, the power of Black Hawk waned, and his rival, Keokuk, who had favored peace with the whites, was recognized as chief of his nation. Many of the pioneer settlers of Iowa still remember him and his subordinates, Wapello, Appanoose, Kishkekosh, Pashepahaw, and Hard Fish. Black Hawk died in October, 1838, on the Des Moines river, near the scene of his conquest over the Iowas.

Perhaps the first white man who ever had the pleasure of beholding this "Beautiful Land," was Father Louis Hennepin, a Franciscan priest, who, as early as 1680, with two fur traders, ascended the Mississippi as far as the Falls of St. Anthony, which he so named. We have, however, less authentic accounts of one or two other *royageurs* prior to this date. Soon after this the French government took formal possession of all this undefined and unknown region, and established trading posts at several points. But for one hundred and fifty years after this, the country remained in the hands of the natives, and almost unknown to our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, who were laying the foundations of an





empire along the Atlantic sea-board. On the 22d of September, 1788, a Frenchman named Julien Dubuque, who had an Indian wife, made a purchase from the Indians, and engaged in mining and trading at the place where the important city that bears his name is now located. Others afterward engaged in mining lead at the same place, forming the nucleus of the first white settlement within the limits of Iowa. On the 30th of March, 1799, Louis Honori obtained permission from the Spanish government to establish himself at the head of the "rapids of the river Des Moines," for the purpose of trading with the Indians. This place was subsequently known as Montrose, and is situated a short distance above Keokuk. Honori built houses, planted an orchard, and cultivated a tract of land. This was the next white settlement in Iowa, if indeed that can be called a settlement, which was only a grant for the purpose of trading with the Indians.

In 1832, immediately after what is known as the "Black Hawk purchase," being the first purchase of lands from Indians in Iowa, a few white persons began to settle on the west side of the Mississippi. A military post was established at Montrose, and the place was called "Fort Des Moines." It remained a military post until 1837, when the troops were removed to Fort Leavenworth. Traces of the primitive occupancy of Iowa soil at this point by the white man are still visible, and there are those who remember the old apple trees at Montrose, planted by Honori seventy years ago.

Iowa remained from 1836 to 1846 a separate territory, during which time the office of governor was held by Robert Lucas, John Chambers, and James Clarke. Congress made provision, by an act approved March 3d, 1845, for its admission into the Union as a state, with boundaries quite at variance with those finally established. By this law the state was to extend north to the parallel of latitude passing through the Mankato, or Blue Earth river, in the present state of Minnesota, and west to the meridian of 17° 30'



west from Washington. This western boundary would very nearly correspond to the line between the present counties of Ringgold and Taylor, and its adoption would have deprived our state of all that fertile portion denominated the "Missouri Slope." In October, 1844, a constitutional convention had been held at Iowa City, and a constitution framed which embraced boundaries far more extensive than those of the present state, taking in much of the southern portion of the present state of Minnesota. The people of the territory disapproved of the reduction of these boundaries by Congress, and at the election held August 4, 1845, rejected the constitution—the vote being seven thousand two hundred and thirty-five for, and seven thousand six hundred and fifty-six against it. In 1846, Congress proposed the present boundary lines, and another constitutional convention convened at Iowa City, on the 4th of May of this year. A session of fifteen days resulted in the framing of the constitution, which was sanctioned by the people at an election held August 3, 1846—the popular vote this time being nine thousand four hundred and ninety-two for, and nine thousand and thirty-six against the constitution. This constitution was agreed to by Congress, and on the 28th of December of the same year, Iowa was admitted into the Union as a sovereign state.

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#### GILMAN FOLSOM.

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FROM the Iowa City *State Press* we copy the following sketch of the life of the late Gilman Folsom, who died at his residence, near Iowa City, July 15, 1872:—

"At three o'clock on last Monday occurred the death of one of the first of our pioneer settlers, and one who, in ability and acquirements, was foremost of our citizens,—Hon. Gilman Folsom. He was born at Dorchester, New





Hampshire, April 7, 1818, and at his death had reached the age of fifty-four years, three months, and eight days. In his early youth he gave such indications of precocious natural gifts that his education was carefully attended to, and he improved each advantage with an industry that encouraged every effort to give him the best culture possible. His course in the schools terminated at an age when the young men of to-day are mostly commencing their college courses, in the noted school founded at Norwich, Vermont, by Capt. Alden Partridge, former superintendent of West Point military academy. This school subsequently grew into Norwich University, and its founder, whose death occurred in 1854, laid the foundations of the noted military institutions of Virginia and Mississippi.

"Leaving his *Alma Mater*, Mr. Folsom prosecuted the study of law in the office of the Hon. Josiah Quincy, a noted jurist of New Hampshire, and at the age of twenty-three was admitted to the bar at Haverhill. At that time the west, though far less accessible than now, was the Mecca of every young man's hope, and the new territory of Iowa was just beginning to draw from New England that immigration which gave to our early councils, to our bench, bar, and pulpit so many cultured men, to the subduing of our wild acres so many strong arms, and to the rude homes of that day so many noble women, that by their firesides laid the deep foundation of our state's best good, in the characters of their children.

"To the west the young lawyer turned his face, and became a citizen of Iowa City early in 1841. Here he was soon selected as a man of mark and promise. Cheerfully sharing all the privations of the times with the rudest pioneer, his great acquirements and transcendent talent placed him foremost in a galaxy of able men, all of whom he survived. Of these, Judge James P. Carleton, the late Senator Grimes, and Judge Joseph Williams, members of his own profession, were in turn his colleagues and competitors, or



from the bench participated with him in the trial of most of the noted cases in our early history. They are all gone.

"Entering politics, Mr. Folsom, from the stump, and for some time by his pen, in the editorial columns of the old *Iowa Capitol Reporter*, fought an able battle against the Whig party of that day, and was for two successive terms made a member of the house of representatives from this county. In the councils of the young state his great abilities were brought to bear upon the creation of our early statutes, and the formation of our system of jurisprudence. The code of 1851, which as a system of laws was far in advance of that of many an older state, was the joint product of the labors of himself and James W. Grimes, and in our later codes many of the legal landmarks reared by their hands stand as fixed boundaries in the midst of change which surges in vain against them.

"On the election of Pierce, in 1852, Mr. Folsom was appointed receiver of the federal land office in this city, which place he held until the removal of the office. His colleague, as register, was the Hon. John Clark, whose death occurred last summer, and the two were, respectively, the successors of Hugh D. Downey and Easton Morris, who had held the land office under Fillmore, and who are both long since dead.

"This service terminated Mr. Folsom's public career, and he devoted himself assiduously thenceforth to the large estate accumulated in the successful practice of his profession, and by the eligible investments which a man of such prudent foresight found on every hand in the early days. Throughout his professional career he had been peerless in its practice. As a writer, the state furnished no opponent bold enough to brave his pen. As a legislator, he rose to the full height of a statesman. In his later life, long after he had abandoned the active practice of law, and was beset by physical infirmities, he returned occasionally to the management of important cases, and at such times his efforts, before bench or jury, were characterized by a depth of le-





gal acumen and a wealth of classical illustration that recalled the vigor of his youth, and were worthy to rank beside the efforts of the greatest of American lawyers.

"Mr. Folsom was married in 1843, to Miss Arthur, who, with three sons and one daughter, survives him.

"To mourn the dead, there came to-day, others beside those whose consanguinity gave license to their tears, for he was a man of tender heart and free hand, and his charity was broad as his culture.

"So has slept from his activity a man great in genius and culture, adorned by mental gifts of peerless brilliancy, author of deeds all worthy of ability so exalted, and the places in public station and private life he was so qualified to fill, are vacant, and await the coming of occupants who can walk upon that higher plane, pressed by his feet as their native path."

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#### DAVENPORT.

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THE *Davenport Democrat*, some months ago, contained the following allusions to the rise and development of that city:—

"Three-and-thirty years ago, just a generation back, there were but few people on this handsome town site. Only a few months before Judge Cook had been ferried across the river by Indians, and Harvey Leonard had not yet taken forcible possession of a cabin to shelter himself and family, after wheeling all his earthly possessions to its door on a borrowed wheelbarrow. Our hill-sides were beautifully graded slopes, noble trees dotted their surface, and the river's edge touched the bank without any intervening miasmatic marsh. A handsome place for a town was recognized.



"For a long time Davenport was only thought of as a remarkably fine situation for a summer resort. Visitors from St. Louis came here to enjoy the beautiful scenery about Rock Island and Fort Armstrong. Angling and shooting brought marvellous results, so abundant were fish and game. A chosen few understood the capacity of the spot to afford quiet enjoyment, and year after year it was improved. The country round began to settle. Davenport also began to grow, but as yet was surpassed by her elder sister, on the opposite side of the river, Stephenson, or Rock Island. Directly, that eastern enterprise which has recently spanned the continent, and which then was just commencing to demonstrate its energy and strength, showed its penetrating head-light to Black Hawk's tower, and the old fort at the foot of the Island. Awakening from a kind of dreamy existence, all became life and bustle, and soon the locality comprising the cities of Davenport, Rock Island, and Moline became the most populous of any on the Mississippi river, above St. Louis, and still remains so.

"Davenport this day is a city of about twenty-one thousand souls, and is now the largest in Iowa. The half of the generation we have alluded to has not passed since the great steam horse has snorted in our midst. What she will be, how large and how strong, when the other half is added, will depend upon the wisdom and energy of our people. Rock Island city is nearly two-thirds as large as our city, and Moline probably nearly one-third. In the Island locality, of which Fort Armstrong was originally the center, we now embrace a population of more than forty thousand inhabitants."





SLAVERY IN IOWA.

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THE *Des Moines Register*, of October 11, 1872, contained the following revelation with regard to the former existence of slavery in Iowa, which will most likely be new to many:—

“Some time since one of the editors of this journal interviewed Mr. Gray, an old pioneer, and gained the following information with reference to slavery as it once existed in Des Moines:—

“Joe Smart, who was the interpreter of the agency, and who had married a Fox squaw, went to Missouri and purchased two negro women, brought them here, and held them as slaves, and when he got through with and no longer needed them, he took them south and sold them as slaves. ‘Free Iowa!’ Gloriously free now,—but the moan of the slave and the prayer of the oppressed *have* gone up to heaven on the wings of its air.

“Mr. Gray relates that this Smart was a great favorite with the Indians, and was allowed every liberty by them. His two half-breed children, when they arrived at a proper age, were sent to St. Louis to attend school, and the fact developed in the following incident shows that the whole Indian nation took a deep interest in these children: On the arrival of the day when the Indians were to receive their dues from the government (through Mr. Beech, who was then the Indian agent at this point), they all gathered in from every direction. The tribe of Sacs, numbering about four thousand men, with Keokuk as their chief,—and who had their village some four miles below town,—were on hand, clamorous for money, as well as Poweshiek, with his three thousand people, whose main town was, at that time, on the Skunk, some eighteen miles distant. Some eighty thousand dollars had arrived to meet this payment, but by some ‘hook or crook’ the two traders named Ewing



and Phelps received sixty thousand dollars of this sum. While the Indians were congregated, all 'waiting their turn at the pack,' Keokuk arose and made a speech, saying that 'Smart was one of them—he had married one of their squaws—he lived happily with her—had raised children by her—these children had the blood of the Indian in their veins—they were the idols of the tribe—and now that their father had sent them away to white men's schools, the Indians should take a pride in them more than ever.' In closing his speech he said that Smart must be given one of the boxes of money—containing one thousand dollars. The whole tribe assented without a grunt. Old Poweshiek sat by, demurely smoking his pipe, and like the rest, acquiesced in the gift; but as Keokuk sat down he arose and said: 'The Fox Indian was as generous as the Sac—and although Smart had taken his squaw from the Sacs, still the half-breed children's Indian blood called for a box of the Foxes' silver, as well as the Sacs'—and they should have it.' Keokuk tried to dissuade them from their purpose, but old Poweshiek gained his point, and Smart the silver."

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JOHN M. PERRY.

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BY P. M. CASSADY, DES MOINES, IOWA.

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JOHN M. PERRY, an attorney at law, came to this state in the year 1846 or 1847, from Ohio. With what success as a practitioner in the Buckeye State, how he conducted himself as a member of the bar, while practicing there, what opportunities for improving himself, or the trials and difficulties under which he labored prior to his immigration here, I am unable to state. My object is to com-





mence with his career as a citizen of Iowa, thinking that a short statement of his course, the offices he held, his conduct and habits, might be of interest to the early pioneers, and a lesson to the young members of the bar of Iowa.

He settled first at Bloomfield, Davis county, then called the capital of "Harry Nation," and commenced the practice of law. He very rapidly made the acquaintance of the people, and became known by the name of Santa Anna, and was making a good reputation; but prosperity seemed to be a disadvantage to him, for he became dissipated whenever success seemed to await him,—a failing he no doubt brought with him. His clients became dissatisfied, and he, disgusted with his conduct, resolved to quit drinking, make a new start, and be a better man. He selected as his new field in which to carry out his late resolutions, the enterprising and live town of Oskaloosa, the seat of justice of proud Mashaska. He seemed no better in his new position, and after pursuing a similar course to that while in Davis county, he decided to pull up stakes and try again in another location. In the spring of 1848, he came to Des Moines, then known as Fort Des Moines. He was quite successful in getting a start, but not so much so in living up to his resolutions. On his arrival at Des Moines, he was without money and had but very little to wear, and in these circumstances he remained, for he spent what money he could obtain for "drink." While at Oskaloosa, he made a good reputation as a new country lawyer, and because of this he was invited by some of the leading attorneys of that town to assist them in their cases during the fall term of court of the year 1848, which he accepted, and I understand gave general satisfaction. He also remained sober while employed by them. On his return to Des Moines, he soon spent what money he had accumulated by his dissipation and extravagant ways.

One day, about the middle of November, 1848, Perry stepped into my office and stated that Senators Harbour, of Mahaska, and Selman, of Davis, were his friends and would



support him for the office of secretary of the senate, and desired to know if I would also give him my support. I tried to discourage him in every way, but he replied that all he wanted me to do was to vote for him on the caucus, as the Senators before named would electioneer for him. I had never been at Iowa City, the capital, and was entirely unacquainted with the members of the senate, and did not want Perry, as a representative from Polk county, to be a candidate for that office or any other. The interview only lasted a few minutes, but I thought I had said sufficient to discourage and keep him from going to the capital for that purpose. I also thought that he would not have funds enough to pay expenses there, nor clothes suitable to wear, but in these matters I was disappointed, for when the time arrived for starting, the latter part of November, Perry made his appearance and took a seat in the hack, the only public conveyance we had at that time, and said he would go as far as Oskaloosa at any rate. The usually travelled route at that time from Des Moines to Iowa City, was via Oskaloosa, Sigourney, and Washington.

His personal appearance was by no means prepossessing, as he appeared always very slovenly and dirty. However, on the morning of our departure he appeared unusually so, and I will try to describe him: He was six feet and three inches in height, a dark complexion, coal black eyes, and black hair. He had lost one of his legs before he came to the state, and used a crutch, from whence he got his name, "Santa Anna." The shirt he had on was very dirty, and looked as if he had worn it for five or six weeks without having it washed, his coat was ragged, on his head an old slouchy hat, no overcoat. The day was not very cold, and by wrapping the robes about him he got along without suffering much. I made the acquaintance of Senator Harbour soon after our arrival in Oskaloosa, and told him the situation of Perry, also said we must prevent him from going to the city. He supposed we could easily do so. The next morning an open wagon with three seats and four horses at-





tached, was ready to convey the passengers to Iowa City, a two days trip. Perry made his appearance and actually got in the wagon, remarking "that he was determined to go to the City, that he had some friends there who would assist him to funds, and perhaps he would locate there."

The morning was colder than the day before, with an outlook that we would have some rough weather before reaching the city. The party was not well satisfied with the arrangements, but as there was no other way to get to the City, had to take things as they presented themselves. However, Perry knowing the feelings of the party, concluded to make himself agreeable if possible. Being familiar with the works of Shakspeare, Byron, and Burns, he commenced quoting from these authors, and in addition, telling anecdotes, succeeded in amusing and interesting the party to some extent. On our arrival at Iowa City, we stopped at the old Swan House, kept by Mr. Saunders. Perry was not permitted to eat at the "first table," and at night was compelled to sleep on some old rags in a closet, in an out-of-the-way place, the landlord saying, "that he was too dirty and ragged to sleep in one of his beds." The trip had not improved his personal appearance, and his wardrobe remained the same, wear and tear excepted, as when he started.

On Saturday before the meeting of the general assembly, as Perry had not succeeded in getting any money, Senator Harbour and myself went to a clothing store on the east of the capital square, now the *campus* of the university, and introduced ourselves. We said we wanted to get a suit of clothes, on time, for a one-legged man, and then described Perry as near as possible. He consented to let us have them. Money was nearly as scarce with us as with Perry, and as we did not expect any from the state until after the adjournment of the general assembly, and then only a warrant which would sell for about ninety cents on the dollar, we were inclined to hold what we had for current expenses. However, we gave him (Perry) enough to pay the barber for trimming his hair and shaving him, and directed him



where to get the clothes. I gave him one of my shirts. After he had made the change, his personal appearance was very much improved. The same day he made a pledge to Senators Harbour, Selman, and myself, that from this time he would refrain from using intoxicating liquors, and requested us to support him for the secretaryship. We told him we were fearful he would not stick to his pledge. He affirmed that he would, and begged us to do something for him. I offered to pay his expenses to Oskaloosa or Des Moines if he would go, but he would not.

There were two or three other candidates for the office of secretary, all of whom laughed at Perry and said *he would get but one vote*. C. C. Rockwell was the only formidable candidate. The caucus came off; Senator Selman was nominated for president of the senate, and as Perry had received six of the eleven democratic votes cast, was declared nominated on the first ballot. C. C. Rockwell was unanimously nominated for the office of assistant secretary. The night following the caucus, Saunders, the landlord, gave Perry a bed and permitted him to eat at the first table. On the following day, December 5, 1848, he was elected, receiving the entire democratic vote, eleven in all. The whig senators voted for John B. Russell. Rockwell received all the votes cast for assistant secretary. Perry acted as secretary until Thursday noon. So far he did not give satisfaction, neither was Rockwell pleased, for he was disappointed in not getting the place. The senators also who supported Rockwell were dissatisfied, and there seemed to be a feeling to get clear of him. There was trouble likely to arise, and finally to put an end to the matter, Senator Espy, a democrat from Lee county, moved that C. C. Rockwell be appointed secretary and John M. Perry assistant secretary of the senate, which was adopted. The secretaries changed places, were sworn in, and entered upon the duties of their respective places. Perry served during the session, and was able at the close to pay his board, but wanted a reduction for the time he slept on the rugs and had to eat at the second table; he also paid for the clothes.





The motives that prompted the six senators who nominated Perry in the caucus, were good. They believed that by giving him the place, it might be the means of restoring him in the community, and keep him from the unfortunate habit which had so nearly ruined him. Several newspapers not appreciating or knowing the motives of those who had supported Perry, contained articles censuring the democratic senators for electing him, and were particularly severe on me.

At the close of the session Perry returned to Des Moines to continue the practice of law. He was soon married and joined the Methodist church. Shortly after was elected and served as prosecuting attorney for Polk county. He formed a co-partnership with Hon. C. Bates, and with this new firm business steadily increased, and his whole course indicated that he would make a success. At the ——— term of the Polk county district court, 1852, while in partnership as stated above, Hon. Lewis Todhunter, an attorney at law, filed in court an accusation against Perry, charging that he destroyed, so far as he could, the respect due the court, by insulting language to the judge while officially occupied; that he disobeyed an official order of the court; that for the purpose of sustaining a certain cause confided to him, he employed other means than those which were consistent with truth, and voluntarily became a witness, and as such, swore to statements that were not true; that he had tried to mislead the court by a false statement of facts, and that he had been guilty of using offensive personalities to a member of the bar of said court, by calling said Todhunter a liar, during the sitting and within the bar of the court. The defendant filed a demurrer, specifying that the charges were too general, which was overruled and judgment rendered, finding the said Perry guilty of the charges in said accusation. The case was taken to the supreme court and reversed at the November term of said court, in 1852, held at Des Moines. As soon as the decision of the district court was announced, finding Perry guilty of the charges, he imme-



diately became intoxicated and returned to his old habits of dissipation. His wife did not seem to have any more influence over him; the efforts of the Christian men and women were unavailing. Nothing could be done to induce him to return to his duty and stop drinking. He soon disposed of the property he had accumulated, and buying a California outfit, started with his wife for the Golden State.

When they arrived at Salt Lake City, his wife found some relatives who prevailed upon her to remain and not continue the journey, as his habits were so bad he would be unable to do anything in California, and she would be left destitute if she continued with him. Perry managed by some means to get to California, and soon settled in some new town, but did not succeed in his profession, being too nearly used up. He was found dead one morning in an alley where he had fallen sometime during the night. Strangers buried him not knowing him only as a straggler and an outcast. This is the unfortunate end of one who could have been a useful member of society if it had not been for his dissipations. His is not the only case of the early pioneers of Iowa. A great many became addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks. Among them are to be found lawyers, politicians, and business men of every class, and nearly every town has its examples.

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#### THE PIONEERS OF CEDAR COUNTY.

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WE find the following account of a recent pleasant gathering of the Old Settlers of Cedar county, published in the *Cedar Post* and *Tipton Advertiser*—two excellent weekly journals, which, though constantly warring with each other, agree in the importance of filing for binding in the Historical Rooms, copies of their respective issues—an example which we wish were more generally followed by their contemporaries in Iowa:—





At a meeting of the old settlers of Cedar county, held pursuant to notice, on Wednesday, September 4th, 1872, at the court house in Tipton, William Baker, Esq., was called to the chair, and William H. Tuthill designated as secretary. The committee appointed at a previous meeting to prepare a Constitution for the Association, reported the following:

WHEREAS, By the blessings of a kind Providence, we, the surviving pioneers in the settlement of Cedar county, whose lives have been graciously prolonged through the privations and toils of the past, to enjoy the prosperity and peace of the present; being admonished by the onward course of time that our number is gradually diminishing, and that in a few short years we will also be called away from the scenes of our struggles and triumphs; believing that it would be instructive and beneficial to the rising generation to preserve the historic incidents of that early settlement of our county, that has so steadily and vigorously grown and culminated in such wide-spread and universal prosperity; and feeling that the cherished memories of the past are links that bind us together in fraternal communion,—do now organize ourselves as a Pioneer Association, and make, ordain, and establish the following Constitution:—

#### ARTICLE I.—NAME.

This organization shall be known by the name and style of the OLD SETTLERS ASSOCIATION OF CEDAR COUNTY.

#### ARTICLE II.—OFFICERS.

The officers shall consist of a President, six Vice Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer.

#### ARTICLE III.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

SECTION 1. The President shall preside at the meetings of the Association, and shall have power to call special meetings whenever necessary, or when requested to do so by the Executive Committee.

SEC. 2. In case of the absence or inability of the President, the senior Vice President shall perform his duties.



SEC. 3. The Secretary shall make a faithful record of all the proceedings of the Association, and keep a register called the "Pioneer Record," in which shall be entered the names, date of birth, place of nativity, time of settlement in the county, and date and place of death of each member, when such death shall occur.

SEC. 4. The Treasurer shall have charge of the finances and render an account thereof at the expiration of his term of office.

SEC. 5. The officers shall be elected annually, and shall hold their respective offices for the term of one year, or until the next ensuing annual meeting. The election shall be by ballot, unless otherwise agreed upon.

#### ARTICLE IV.—COMMITTEES.

SEC. 1. At each annual meeting the President-elect shall appoint an Executive Committee, to consist of five members, whose duty it shall be to make all the necessary arrangements for the next ensuing Annual Festival.

SEC. 2. The President, at the same time, shall appoint a committee of three members, to select a suitable person to deliver an address at the next succeeding annual meeting.

#### ARTICLE V.—MEMBERS.

SEC. 1. All persons of good moral character, who were residents of Cedar county on or before the 31st day of December, 1841, and the wives or husbands of such persons, are eligible to membership.

SEC. 2. The names of persons proposed for membership shall be handed in, in writing, and referred to a committee for examination, who shall report at the same meeting, and if such report be favorable, the application shall be voted upon by the Association, and the applicant shall be declared elected if two-thirds of the members present shall vote in the affirmative.

SEC. 3. Pioneer settlers in other parts of the state, and persons whose names may be connected with the early history of the county, may be elected honorary members of this Association.





SEC. 4. Any member may be expelled for such cause as two-thirds of the members present at a regular meeting may deem sufficient.

#### ARTICLE VI.—FESTIVAL.

There shall be an Annual Meeting and Festival of the Association held at Tipton, on the first Wednesday in September of each year, at which every member, and honorary member, with their wives or husbands, are entitled to attend, with such other persons who may be invited by a vote of the Association, and any member may bring a delegate or other female relative in lieu of his wife.

#### ARTICLE VII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

SEC. 1. It shall be the duty of each member to furnish the Secretary, within six months from the time of his admission, a brief sketch of his life, embracing date and place of birth, and such incidents of personal experience in the early settlement of the county as may be pertinent to the objects of this Association, and may be deemed proper to communicate, which shall be carefully preserved by the Secretary.

SEC. 2. Whenever practicable, the members of this Association shall attend in a body, the funeral of any deceased member, and as a token of respect shall wear the badge of mourning designated by the Association.

SEC. 3. This Constitution may be amended at any annual meeting, by the affirmative vote of two-thirds of the members present at such meeting.

#### RULES OF ORDER.

1. Reading the minutes.
2. Communications and reports from officers.
3. Reports from committees.
4. Unfinished business.
5. Election.
6. Proposals for membership, and action thereon.
7. Miscellaneous business.



After discussion of the same, section by section, on motion, the report of the committee was approved, and the Constitution and rules of Order unanimously adopted.

An election for officers of the Association was then held, and resulted in the unanimous choice of Henry Hardman, President; Washington A. Rigby, John Ferguson, James Poston, John Safley, Abner Stebbens, Samuel P. Higginson, Vice Presidents; William H. Tuthill, Secretary; William Baker, Treasurer.

Upon the President-elect taking his seat, a beautiful silver mounted cedar cane was presented to him by William H. Tuthill, with the following address:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—Permit me to congratulate you in being the unanimous choice of the Old Settlers of Cedar county, as their presiding officer, at this, their first associated gathering. You were among the first of that hardy band who pioneered their way to this beautiful and fertile portion of our western inheritance, at a time when it was a lone and uninhabited wilderness. The changes since then have been truly wonderful, and seem more like the fanciful dreams of an enthusiast, than the sober realities of the historian. The progress of improvement, the constant developement of resources, and the unceasing march of civilization, have been so steadily and untiringly onward, that we can scarcely realize the fact, that our county, which in the spring of 1836 did not contain a single civilized inhabitant, has now a population of over twenty thousand souls, and ranks in wealth and standing as one of the first in the state of Iowa. How pleasant to recall the memories of the past, the incidents of that early pioneer life, which has resulted so gloriously, and to come together, as we do at this time, in the spirit of friendship and good will, to interchange congratulations and perpetuate those memories.

I now present you with the insignia of your official station, to which may properly be applied the well known remark made by our first representative to the territorial Legislature, which if not grammatical or euphonious, was, to say





the least, very expressive and to the point, that "Cedar is in that ar thing"—a cane, manufactured from a native cedar, cut from the banks of the river that gave name to the county, and skillfully fashioned and mounted, with its appropriate inscription, is intended to be the badge of your office, to be preserved with jealous care, and transmitted from President to President, successively, as long as our Association continues to exist.

The President then responded in a very happy and feeling manner, expressive of his acknowledgment of the honor conferred upon him, and the fraternal relations each member of the Association must naturally feel to each other, and its gratifying results.

The following persons were then announced as the Executive Committee for the ensuing year: John Culbertson, Washington A. Rigby, William M. Knott, Henry D. Brown, John S. Tuthill. And as the committee to provide a speaker for the next Festival: Samuel Yule, Jno. Safley, William Baker.

On motion, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That the hearty thanks of this Association be tendered to Hon. William H. Tuthill, for the beautiful cane, so appropriately presented by him to the President, in behalf of the society, as the Presidential badge of office.

The committee appointed to make the necessary arrangements for refreshments, reported that a dinner had been provided by them at the Fleming House, for all the members of the Association, at one o'clock P. M., and that time having arrived, a recess of one hour was ordered, to partake of the refreshments thus provided.

After enjoying a pleasant dinner at the Fleming House, the members re-assembled, at the Court House, for social converse and narration of the early incidents of pioneer life, which was participated in by most of the oldest settlers, to the evident satisfaction and enjoyment of all present,



until late in the afternoon, when a final adjournment was made by singing "Auld Lang Syne," in which the whole company heartily joined.

HENRY HARDMAN, President.

WM. H. TUTHILL, Secretary.

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### THE VANISHED STAGE-COACH.

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THE first vehicle of the Western Stage Company that ever left Des Moines rolled away from before the City Hotel in the early gray of the morning of July 1, 1854. The company had just succeeded to the franchise of Frink & Walker's stage line, a corporation that ran the first public wagons to Des Moines. Wagons—wagons without springs and with white muslin tops, drawn by two horses, arriving with great regularity semi-occasionally. Their route was to Oskaloosa the first day, to Fairfield the second day, and the third to Keokuk, where they made close connections with America. The fare was ten dollars a passenger, and the programme provided for a tri-weekly line. In bad weather the programme was frequently "more honored in the breach than in the observance." When the Western Stage Company became proprietors of the route, they put on two-horse "jerkeys," and operated two lines from Des Moines—one to Keokuk, the other to Davenport. It was a mammoth corporation. One of the founders was Mr. E. S. Alvord, well-known to many of our citizens. Commencing with a few two-horse vehicles, running out from Indianapolis, it spread throughout eight great states, numbering its employes by thousands, its property by millions, and making its influence felt in all the important political and business projects of the territory wherein it operated.





The old corporation was organized in 1840, and ceased to exist on the 1st day of July, 1870, when the last stage was dispatched from Des Moines to Indianola. Some time in 1855 Concord coaches were substituted for jerkeys, and henceforth, till the rushing railroad trains caused the banishment of the stage variety of travel, the four-horse coach was an important item in Des Moines life. Daily lines were established to Keokuk and Davenport, and it was not an infrequent occurrence for trains of from six to twelve coaches to arrive and depart between sun and sun. The busiest time was from 1861 to 1865, when the boys were marching to the front. The twenty-third Iowa infantry, numbering one thousand men, with all their accoutrements and camp equipage, were furnished transportation from here to Iowa City in three days, without delaying the regular travel. During state convention times, stages were started every two hours, and three or four hundred men were frequently shipped in a single night by these bi-hourly trains. The coaches cost, on an average, one thousand dollars each; since the dissolution of the company, they have been sold as low as ten dollars, and for the worth of the old irons. Skunk bottom was the great bane of the Des Moines traveler. It was a bottom without a bottom, and the bottom of that had fallen out. The company kept yokes of cattle, with broad tire wagons, stationed there during the wet season, and even then the gentle exercise of carrying rails to pry up the coach was not an unusual experience. But, notwithstanding the bad roads, break-downs, and all the varied drawbacks that awaited the operations of the Western Stage Company, their stock advanced from one hundred dollars a share to two thousand, and at that price it was never put on the market. Of the men who were once employed by the company, one old driver is now a prominent member of the Iowa senate; another, whom tradition cites as the Jehu on the first stage that came to Des Moines, held for many years an important office under the general government,



and is now noted as a railroad builder on a gigantic scale. One, who handled the reins in Ohio, has since been governor of Iowa, and still another is a member of congress from Indiana.—*Des Moines Register*.

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### AN IOWA NEWSPAPER RELIC.

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THE *Dubuque Herald* says: "There is hanging, under glass, in the room of the early settlers' association, in charge of Mr. Childs, secretary, the original of the first contract referring to the first newspaper in our state. In addition to the matter stated in the contract, it is known that the late Andrew Keesecker was the compositor and printer of the first Iowa paper issued, May 11, 1836, and that he was one of the few men who could "set up" an editorial from his own brain without reducing it to manuscript, though in the last fifteen years of his work at the "case," continued for fifty years, and to the last hour of his life, he worked at nothing but setting type. Mr. Jones became a ready writer and a successful editor and publisher in New Orleans, and died several years since, in San Francisco. Judge King survived these associates, and one of them only a year. The following is a copy of the contract alluded to: 'Articles of agreement, made this 31st day of March, A. D. 1836, between John King, of Dubuque, Michigan Territory, and Wm. C. Jones, of Chillicothe, Ohio, witnesseth: that the said John King hereby binds himself to pay to the said Wm. C. Jones the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars, fifty dollars of which to be in hand paid, and the balance in sums as they become due, on demand, and further to provide the said Wm. C. Jones with suitable boarding and lodging during one year, from and after the 20th day of April proximo—in consideration that the said Wm. C.





Jones do go to the town of Dubuque, in Michigan Territory, with the said John King, and there, for the term of one year as aforesaid, do faithfully perform the duties of foreman in the printing office of the said John King, and likewise such other duties in superintending the publication of the newspaper as may be required.

“‘[Signed.]

JOHN KING.

WM. CARY JONES.’”

The *Dubuque Herald* is the successor, through the *Iowa News* and the *Miners' Express*, of the *Dubuque Visitor* of 1836.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

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—THE verses entitled “The West,” written by Mr. R. B. Groff, of Marengo, though not historical in character, appear in our pages, in respectful response to urgent requests to this effect, made by several gentlemen of literary taste in different parts of the state.

—THE old settlers of Tama county perfected an organization to perpetuate pioneer memories, at Toledo, on October 17th. All persons who were actual settlers of Tama county September 28th, 1856, are eligible to membership. The second Wednesday in June was fixed as the time, and Toledo the place, for their annual meetings. Anthony Wilkinson was elected chairman, Frank Davis treasurer, and D. D. Applegate secretary for the present year.

—IT is from the October number of the *Iowa Progress* that we copy the article entitled “Early Historical Sketch of Iowa,” though it does not seem to have had its origin in that monthly.

—THIS number, like several that have preceded it, is late in making its appearance, but it is not so far behind time as some of its contemporaries. For instance, the February (1872) number of the *New York Historical Magazine* is just out.



— THE *Louisa County Safeguard* has recently been publishing sketches of the early settlement of portions of Louisa county. They are written by the editor, Mr. Moore.

— WE are indebted to the press of the state generally for kindly notices of THE ANNALS, but the *Adair County Reporter* and the *Tama County Republican* always place us under special obligations to them in this direction.

— MR. DANIEL CONNEL, an old settler of Tama county, writing from Buckingham to the *Toledo Republican*, suggests a plan for procuring a history of that county. Let the history be written, and sent to THE ANNALS for publication.

— THE *Burlington Hawkeye* says that John A. Latty, of that place, claims to be the first born white citizen of Iowa who is now living within her boundary, he having been born in Des Moines county, June 11th, 1835. This "tolls" out Mrs. Ann Byrns, of Whitewater township, Dubuque county, who, by her "next friend," Mr. O. McCraney, avers she was born where Dubuque now stands, January 10th, 1833, making her more than two years older than Latty, or "Talty," as McCraney calls him. This is perhaps the first authentic instance of a woman claiming precedence, even by proxy, on account of seniority. And, by the way, which is the right name of the Des Moines county pioneer — Latty or Talty?

— DR. GRAHAM, an old citizen of Kentucky, has given to the public library of Louisville the rifle owned by Daniel Boone when he went to Kentucky from North Carolina, in 1767. The shot pouch, powder horn, hunting knife, and calf-skin vest of the old pioneer are also part of the gift.



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